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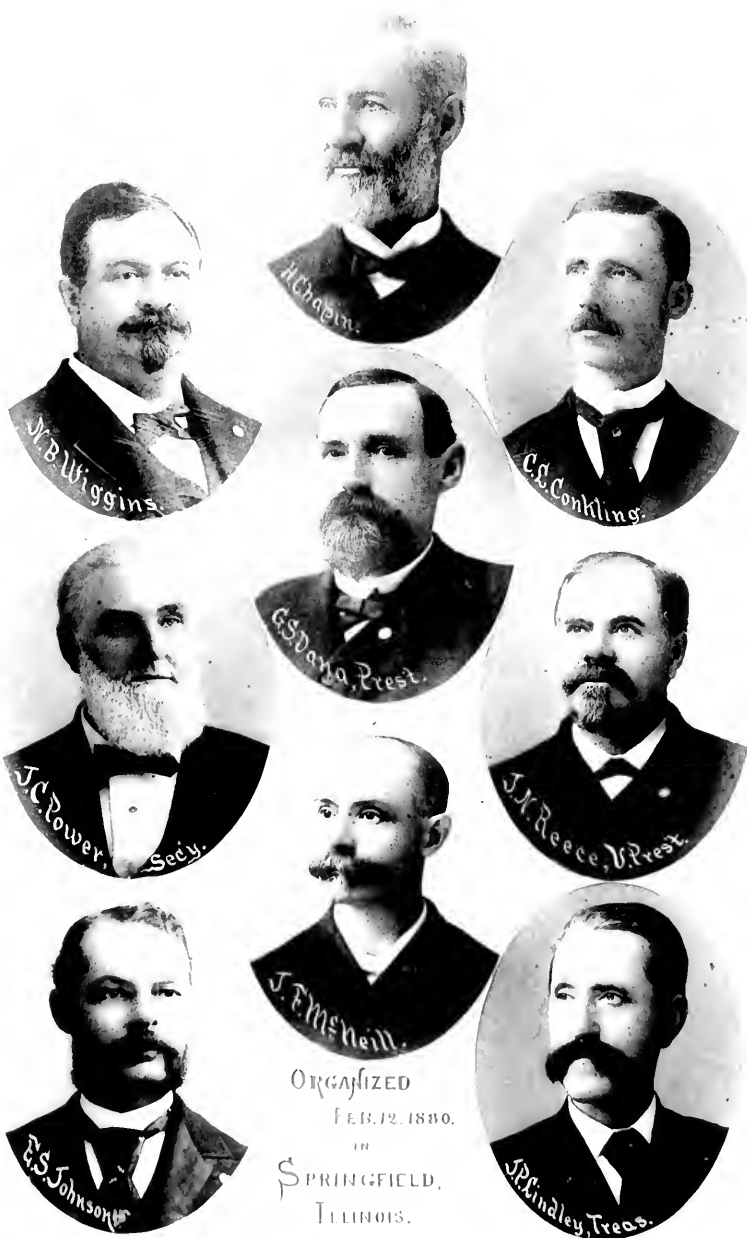












# THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

Published by C. A. ...

HISTORY  
OF  
AN ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE BODY  
OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
(LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)

INCLUDING A HISTORY OF  
THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
WITH EIGHT YEARS LINCOLN MEMORIAL SERVICES.

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EDITED BY  
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CUSTODIAN OF THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT AND  
SECRETARY OF THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

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SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:  
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1890.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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This volume is a record, in the plainest language possible, of the plottings prior to, and of the attempt to steal, the body of Abraham Lincoln, in order to make merchandise of it. Man, in the order of creation, is justly regarded as the master-piece. He is endowed with attributes that bring him nearer the throne of Deity than any other created being in the physical world. He also has within him a germ of evil, which, if not kept under subjection by the good and the true, drags him down to unfathomable depths of infamy. There could not be a more forcible manifestation of the truth of the latter than the undisputed fact, that there are always beings in human form who, for the sake of obtaining money, would first unlawfully gain possession of the dead body of one of the greatest benefactors of the human family, and then make use of the advantage thus gained to extort wealth from those who are in sympathy with his life and public services. That this is all true, the reader will be convinced by a perusal of the succeeding pages of this history.

The Memorial Services conducted by The Lincoln Guard of Honor, were, primarily, to keep the members of our own organization in line, ready for action against any threatened demonstration to once more desecrate the resting place of the Martyr, terminating in the burial of his body beyond reach, in one night, of all ghouls and vandals combined. Then it was all-important that we should present a tangible reason to the public for the existence of such a society, which we could only do by holding these services. To have explained to too many friends, night, by the indiscretion of some, have had the same effect as treason to our trust. These services will furnish a variety of expression that will be pleasing to all lovers of their country and of human freedom—especially to all patriotic Americans.

J. C. P.

MEMORIAL HALL, NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,  
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *October, 1889.*

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## DIVISION FIRST.

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Respect for the Resting Places of the Dead almost Universal—Deseccration of the Tomb of Rev. George Whitefield and of George Washington—First Plot to Steal the Body of Lincoln by a Lawyer—Second Plot by a Counterfeiter—Counterfeiters and Thieves to put it into Execution—The Scheme well laid, but Whisky Defeats It—Principal Conspirator Changes his Base.

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Respect for the remains and burial places of the dead is an instinct of our nature, or a principle implanted by Diety in the breasts of the human family. Unswerved by passion, prejudice or cupidity, this feeling would always control the actions of men. But there is another principle, or rather a want of it, in human nature, in direct conflict with the Divine one just alluded to. When men are moved by the latter, a demoniac frenzy, sometimes mistaken for religious zeal, and at others, believed by those who act in the matter to be patriotic fervor, governs them. Instances might be mentioned in history where, years and even centuries after death, the bones of distinguished divines and statesmen have been exhumed, burned, their ashes scattered to the winds, and other indignities practiced towards them. It is not my purpose to cite any of those cases in other lands, but will confine myself to two in our own country, one through mistaken religious zeal and veneration for the subject, the other without apparent motive.

Rev. George Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, after a life of marvelous success in turning men from lives of sin and ungodliness to embrace Christianity, both in England and America, died Sept. 30, 1770, at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He had often felt his soul so much comforted while preaching in the Presbyterian church at Newburyport, that he expressed a desire to be buried beneath its pulpit, if he should die in that part of the country. In compliance with this request, a vault was prepared under the pulpit, and his remains deposited in it Oct. 2, 1770. For more than half a

century his tomb was visited by thousands, without any act of desecration. Whitefield was buried in his gown, cossack, bands and wig, and some time anterior to 1827, an act prompted by thoughtless zeal, without an element of malice, was committed. Rev. L. Tyerman, in his *Life of Whitefield*, relates the incident in this way: "Many years ago, Mr. Bolton, an Englishman, and one of Whitefield's admirers, wished to obtain a small memento of the great preacher. A friend of Bolton's stole the main bone of Whitefield's right arm, and sent it to England. Bolton was horrified with his friend's sacrilegious act, and carefully returned the bone, in 1337 (another account says 1349) to Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns, then pastor of the church at Newburyport. Great interest was created by the restoration of Whitefield's relic. A procession of two thousand people followed it to the grave, and it was restored to its original position. That bone now lies cross-wise near the region of the breast, and the little box in which it was returned is laid upon the coffin."

Having learned that an attempt was once made to steal the remains of George Washington, I searched every old newspaper file, and "*Nile's Register*," the most popular periodical of its time, without finding a word on the subject. I wrote to Col. J. McL. Hollingsworth, then Superintendent of Mount Vernon. In a letter from him under date of March 29, 1877, I find this language: "I would say that the only attempt that was ever made to steal the remains of Washington, was during the year 1830. The offender was detected and captured, and it was found that he had the skull and some of the bones of one of the Blackburn family." (What relation the Blackburn family bears to Washington, or how their remains came to lie in his tomb, I have never learned.)

Col. Hollingsworth referred me to a book entitled, the "*Home of Washington*," by Benson J. Lossing. Finding so little there, I wrote to the venerable historian and received the following reply:

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., June 19, 1877.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 15th instant reached me last evening. I regret that I cannot add anything to what I have stated in "*Home of Washington*." So much and no more was told me, about thirty years ago, by George Washington Parke Custis, at Arlington House. I first published the facts in my "*Field Book*

of the Revolution." Mr. Custis gave me no other clue to the culprit, than that it was a physician, living some distance from Mount Vernon, and that he obtained only a skull and a few bones of remains in the old vault, which were not Washington's."

George Washington Parke Custis having died in 1857, probably very soon after giving the information to Mr. Lossing, there is now no opportunity to obtain further information from any person connected with the Washington family.

Mr. Lossing, in the "Home of Washington," says: "For thirty years the remains of Washington lay undisturbed in the old vault, when the tomb was entered and an attempt made to carry away the bones of the illustrious dead. Others were taken by mistake, and the robber being detected, they were restored."

We have no intimation of the motive of the robber, but the absence of any attempt to extort money, leaves it a matter of conjecture. If it was for scientific purposes the robber defeated his own object, for he would not dare to make use of the knowledge thus obtained. It is most probable that he was simply moved by a morbid desire to obtain a relic connected with an illustrious name, and that if he had been permitted to keep it he never could have enjoyed the poor privilege of boasting of his possession.

George Washington and our fathers won their independence of a foreign foe, but, in framing the new government, they were, from the force of their surroundings, compelled to choose between the danger of falling a prey to some other national power, for want of a stronger band of union than that under which they had achieved their independence, and leaving a fetter for their children to break. The true patriots among them vainly hoped that the fetter of human slavery would gradually yield to the principle they had so boldly enunciated and sustained through seven years of bloody war, that all men are created equal. But slavery, like a torpid viper warmed into life, at first sectional, was for a time humble and supplicating, until it gradually gained strength and acquired almost a complete mastery over the nation. By unwarranted assumptions of authority, extending over more than half a century, and the prostitution of the judicial ermine to its base purposes, it was in the very act of making freedom sectional, or subordinate, and itself becoming

national. Faithful sentinels appeared on the battlements of liberty. Many polished writers and eloquent orators sounded their warning notes. Some were stricken down with bludgeons, both out and in the councils of the nation. Some were hung by the neck and others shot to death in their efforts to arouse the people in defense of their liberties. At length, one arose out of the very depths and degradation of slavery, uncouth in person, uneducated in the schools, uninfluenced by the marts of trade, honest and fearless. He defines the relative position of slavery and freedom in language so plain and simple as to charm the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the polished educator and the illiterate citizen. He was soon recognized as a born leader of the hosts of freedom in the impending struggle, and Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States of America. Four months before he could exercise any official authority, slavery saw that it could no longer rule the nation, and commenced the work of destroying it by forming another and hostile nation from its territory. The chief corner-stone of this new nation was avowedly to be, not human freedom, but human slavery. Near the beginning of the struggle to establish this new nation on the principles of human bondage, Lincoln said:

"It seems as if God had borne with this thing—slavery—until the very teachers of religion have come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it a divine character and sanction; and now the cup of iniquity is full and the vials of wrath will be poured out."

After four years of war, the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of human lives, and billions of dollars in treasure, slavery was overthrown and the Nation saved. In its death throes, slavery, by the hand of an assassin, slew the good President. Slavery was dead but its spirit lived, and there was a lower depth of infamy to which it could sink. It could no longer, by the lash, extort money from the flesh and blood of the living slave; its next move was an effort by demons in human form, under full control of its diabolical spirit, and in utter disregard of the rights and decencies of humanity, to speculate on the dead body of the great Emancipator, as if in revenge for his having rescued so many victims from its cruel grasp.



In 1867, only two years after the death of President Lincoln, a lawyer in Springfield, unknown to fame, conceived the brilliant idea of stealing the body of the President, conveying it South, perhaps outside of the United States, secreting it, and waiting for the offer of a ransom, to reveal its place of concealment. He communicated his designs to two young men, one a telegraph operator, the other a mechanic, and tried to induce them to take part with him in the conspiracy. They both declined, and he abandoned the project, most probably because in his offer to them he had furnished witnesses against himself. The lawyer died a few years later. Neither of the young men are living in Springfield now.

But the plot of all plots, for infamy, in conspiring to steal the dead body of a human being, and hold it in concealment, with the hope of extorting ransom money, originated with a man by the name of James B. Kinealy, alias big Jim Kinnelly. He was convicted of having passed a counterfeit fifty dollar note in Peoria, Illinois, and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at Joliet. He was serving out that term in 1870, when Elmer Washburn was warden there. At the expiration of his five years, he went to St. Louis, Missouri, and there either really or ostensibly became partner in a livery business. Most likely his livery business was only a cover to other movements. He was in league with expert engravers and printers of counterfeit money. By methods which he seemed to understand well, he organized bands of men at different points, and somehow got into communication with other bands already organized, all of whom he supplied with coney, or bogus money, at a greatly reduced rate, for all the good money they could raise. He would transact business with one only of any given band, and would never permit that one to introduce another of the band, or gang, to him. That one might gather all the good money his gang could raise, go to Kinealy with it, and let him know what was wanted in return. Kinealy would, in a round-about way, go to his engraver and printer and let him know what was wanted, and agree upon a place where it should be deposited, either by a tree or stump, or the corner of a building or fence, in a sewer or under a rock, any good hiding place, where it never was expected to stay

long. He would then return to his visiting patron, get all his good money, take a walk with him, and from a safe distance point out the spot where the bogus money could be found, keep in waiting until his patron obtained it, and gave a preconcerted signal that all was right, then each would go his way without coming within speaking distance of each other, until another visit. In this way Kinealy, who was an Irishman by birth, was doing more than any other ten or twenty men to put counterfeit money into circulation, but his natural shrewdness was such, that although his methods were known to detective officers, they could never get a legal hold on him, for he never touched a dollar of bad money. He was the man who originated the scheme to steal the remains of President Lincoln.

In June, 1876, the Chief of Police for the City of Springfield, Mr. Abner Wilkinson, called the Custodian of the Lincoln Monument aside, while he was walking along the streets, and told him confidentially, that in the discharge of his official duties he had discovered a plot to steal the remains of President Lincoln. The plan, as he understood it, was to take the body from the catacomb at the monument, conceal it in some safe place, and when a sufficient amount of money was offered as a reward for revealing its place of concealment, have some accomplice who could prove himself to have been a long distance away at the time it was taken, find it in a seemingly accidental manner, obtain the reward and divide it among the parties concerned in the scheme. Mr. Wilkinson closed with the suggestion to the Custodian that he should inform the members of the Monument Association, in order to give them an opportunity to take some precautions to guard against the contemplated desecration. Acting on this suggestion the Custodian conveyed the information to Hon. John T. Stuart, Col. John Williams and Jacob Bunn, then the Executive Committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association, and it seemed to them so incredible that no attention was given to it.

The beginning of the Centennial year found a band of thieves and counterfeiters, numbering sixteen men,—the names of whom are all in the possession of the writer,—with their headquarters at the town bearing the name of our martyred President, Lincoln, the county seat of Logan county, Illinois. It

is thirty miles north of Springfield, on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. One of this band has been heard to say, that when in the full tide of their operations, there was more counterfeit than genuine money in circulation in Logan county. Five of that band came to Springfield in March, 1876, rented a store room at the north side of Jefferson street, second door west of Fifth, opened a drinking saloon, and fitted up the room over it for dancing. One of the five was selected as the bartender and was the ostensible proprietor. The others were present by ones and twos, as hangers on. The object of keeping this establishment was that they might be enabled to ply their business of shoving counterfeit money, and use it as a rendezvous where they could, without arousing suspicion, lay their plans to steal the body of President Lincoln. They had frequent meetings, each and all visited the monument, mingled with other visitors, and one and another would ask such questions as would bring out all the facts about the different enclosures of the body, including the sarcophagus, as would be important for them to know. Early in June every detail was arranged, and the night of July 3, 1876, agreed upon as the time for putting their diabolical designs into execution. They were to open the marble sarcophagus, and take the body in the leaden and wood coffins, convey all to the Sangamon river about two miles north, and bury it in a gravel bar under a bridge, then disperse and wait for a reward, or an opportunity to negotiate for its return.

The time was chosen with demoniac shrewdness. The miscreants judged that, on the morning of July 4th, while the people in every part of our nation, with the most elaborate preparations, were in the very act of giving expression to a hundred years of self-sacrificing patriotism, in founding and perfecting a system of government under which all men are free, to have the news conveyed to them by lightning flashes, that the remains of the beloved central figure, in the crowning act, had been ignominiously torn from their resting place in the stately Mausoleum erected for the purpose, by the people, would call forth fabulous sums of money, as free-will offerings, that they might be rescued from vandal hands.

But Satan sometimes furnishes the means to defeat his best laid schemes, and thus overleaps himself, and this was one of

such occasions. Gen. Peter Horry, of South Carolina, a local historian of the American Revolution, makes use of the following language: "That great poet, John Milton, who seems to have known him well, assures us that the devil was the inventor of gunpowder. But, for my own part, were I in the humor to ascribe any particular invention to the author of all evil, it should be that of distilling apple brandy. We have Scripture for it that he began his capers with the apple; then, why not go on with the brandy, which is but the fiery juice of the apple."

Gen. Horry then relates a number of instances of the disastrous effects of intoxicating drinks among the soldiers who achieved our independence, closing with one in which it accidentally did good by preventing a battle between two parties of patriots. This makes it in order here to relate how whisky defeated the best laid scheme ever devised, by the conspirators, to steal the remains of President Lincoln.

When their preparations were all complete, there were two or three weeks' time to while away in idleness, while waiting for the night of July 3d. This was the most trying point. Until that time, all had gone along smoothly, for each and all had kept their secrets, and not a shadow of suspicion had been aroused. During this period of waiting, one of the five who came to Springfield in March and opened the saloon, a man of more intelligence than either of the other four, or all of them combined, but of exceedingly depraved morals, became elated as he mentally dwelt upon the prospect of the great wealth they expected to obtain as a reward for giving up the remains or revealing the place of their concealment, took on board an unusual quantity of whisky, went around among the women of the town, and confidentially told one of the keepers of a house of ill-repute that he was in a conspiracy to "steal old Lincoln's bones," and would by that means extort so much money from some source, of which he did not seem to have any definite idea, as a reward for giving up their secrets, that they would all be rich, and would pay for her and her friends to help them spend the money.

It was through this channel that Chief of Police Wilkinson obtained the information he gave to the Custodian of the Government, as already stated. The man who divulged the secret was the editor of a political paper at Lincoln. He left

Springfield while he was yet intoxicated, but returning in a few days sober, found that the free use of his tongue when drunk, had defeated the whole scheme. The contents of the saloon were soon after loaded into wagons and driven away in the middle of the night, leaving a rent bill unpaid. Whisky alone is entitled to the credit of having thwarted this well-laid scheme to steal the remains of President Lincoln, but the fact that there was such a scheme did not at the time become generally known, and the half suppressed rumors of it gained but little credence with those who heard it.

Those sixteen men, shoving counterfeit money in the town of Lincoln and Logan county, constituted one of Kinealy's bands. After perfecting the scheme in his own mind, he communicated it to the messenger, who acted between him and the band, when the messenger was on one of his trips to St. Louis, to exchange good for bad money; and entrusted that messenger with the execution of the plot. It was he, with four others whom he had selected from the sixteen, who came to Springfield, in March, 1876, and opened the drinking saloon and dancing room. After the plot was divulged by the drunkenness of one of their number, in June, Kinealy had nothing more to do with any of the Logan county band, and for a time disappeared from their sight. But we will have something more to say about him in due time.

## DIVISION SECOND.

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Plots and Counter Plots Discovered by a Former Government Officer—Correspondence with several parties who were Cognizant of some parts of the Plots—Ignorance and Whisky Defeat Them.

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After the scheme wrought up in Springfield and exploded by the loquacity of one of the conspirators when under the influence of intoxicating drinks, the writer heard that there had been a plot, and perhaps counter plots, in Logan county, to capture the body of President Lincoln and hold it for a ransom. For years it would advance and recede like an *ignis fatuus*. At one time the information came that a cavity was left between two brick walls so constructed that it would appear to be but one wall or part of a building, after the casket had been put in and built over. It was said that a certain man knew of the plot, and after a long time the writer succeeded in obtaining an interview with him, but he proved to be so fearful of saying something that would bring vengeance down upon himself, that everything he said was vague and enigmatical. After six or seven years play of this kind I met him on the streets of Springfield in the autumn of 1886, when he voluntarily said that he would write a statement and place it in my hands, which he did in January or February, 1887, coming from Mt. Pulaski, for that purpose, rather than risk it by mail. By previous arrangement I met him at the depot of the Illinois Central railroad, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and he returned in less than an hour by the same road. He had been a government officer in Mt. Pulaski for many years. I shall designate him in the succeeding pages by the initials B. S. L., and his informant as M. S. W., and his informant, the discover of the plot, as G. R. K. These initials do not give any clue to the

real names of the parties, but are used because two of them, in giving the information, made special request that their names should not be mentioned. This getting my first information at third hands and going back from one to another was the only way I could obtain it, and it seemed to me the proper way to present it. The following is the statement of B. S. L. in condensed form:

"On a dark, dismal night in the fall of 1876, I was accosted by a reputable professional man, an every-day acquaintance, who appeared greatly excited and was laboring under the influence of alarm, and desired an immediate interview. I inquired if a friend was dead, or if some great calamity had befallen himself or family. He motioned to silence and to my own home, and in the stillness of the night, with bated breath, he proposed an appalling story, and that I should become the medium of action to prevent a great wrong, or to obtain redress in the event of its consummation. I at first declined to listen to any statement that would lead me to become an interested party. Being assured that the importance of the case justified some sacrifice, I finally consented to hear. I was asked to give a pledge of eternal secrecy, should I decline to enter into the plan about to be developed. After much hesitancy, I took the desired affirmation to be true to the trust and divulge nothing.

"This professional friend then proceeded to say that he was in possession of the fact that a scheme was on foot to steal the body of President Abraham Lincoln from the sarcophagus in the monument at Springfield. He then proposed that I should hear the whole story, go to the proper authorities of the State, and make such terms as I could for giving the information, because there was another party between this professional man and the conspirators who would expect a liberal compensation. This third party was a business man in that part of Logan county. He had, in a legitimate way, come in possession of the fact of the conspiracy, and that it was the work of about eight persons, mostly citizens of the vicinity of Mt. Pulaski; that they were every day in view and could be apprehended without difficulty. They had an earthly cavern prepared in a place so secluded that it could not possibly be discovered. The professional man did not pretend to know anything except through the business man or third party, who would come forward at the proper time with the inside secrets of the plot and the location of the cave. The whole soul of my informant seemed aglow with the importance of the subject, and I became greatly interested, but had misgivings as to the propriety of entering into an agreement that might lead to serious consequences, should the guilty parties be apprehended and discover their prosecutor in the person of a go-between.

"Hearing all, and having promised, I accordingly found myself next morning hastening towards the capital of our State. There I presented myself to Gov. Beveridge, and in his private office related the story substantially as given me. The Governor expressed himself as willing, but unable to render or promise any aid. He referred me to Hon. John T. Stuart, chairman of the executive committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association. I called on him, and detailed the story and its requirements. He became greatly interested, but the conditions amazed him. He said good citizens did not usually demand returns for their good acts, especially in aiding to thwart such a sacrilegious scheme as the one in con-

temptation. His remarks made me feel that my mission should have been to give the information regardless of conditions. I reminded him that I could not do that under the promise made, and could not give any actual information, because it had not yet been given to me. He kindly recommended and insisted that I go to Chicago, and lay the matter before Messrs. Robert T. Lincoln, Leonard Swett and Elmer Washburn, the latter being at that time chief of the United States Secret Service. I reached that city next morning, called on Mr. Lincoln at his office, who, after hearing the story, made an appointment for himself and the other gentlemen, to which I was invited. The story was told, and the conditions named. To me it was a most humiliating interview. I found myself acting in the capacity of a rogue's backer. When the story was related and the questioning that followed, my position became most unenviable. Mr. Swett particularly had no patience with, or willingness to offer or give rewards to, 'such fiends incarnate.' Mr. Lincoln thought justice would overtake the villains, without rewards or favors. Mr. Washburn could take in the situation better by looking over the ground, see the party, and hearing particulars from first hands. As before, I assured him that I could neither give the name of my informant, nor point out places; that I absolutely knew neither beyond my informant; that the most I could do, would be to point out my informant, and that I would only do under compulsion. My name and position was accepted by them as entirely satisfactory, so far as I was concerned. They would not for an instant reflect upon me, but why should so unreasonable a demand be insisted upon by a good and true citizen, whom I was representing but he claimed himself as innocent of all knowledge of the matter as a new born babe, except such information as came to him from the third party. Bidding all a hopeful good bye, I departed, and in the evening took the 8:30 train on the Illinois Central railroad, via Gilman, for home. Not until I stepped from the train at Mt. Pulaski, about four o'clock next morning, did I realize that the shadow which had been continually near me from the time I left the law office where I held the interview with the three gentlemen in Chicago, was still following me, and remained in sight for a week after.

"I reported to my informant, but nothing could be done because no rewards were offered, without which he could not control the party next to him. If harm came to any of the conspirators, I began to realize that both myself and my informant were in imminent danger. I would not willingly be placed in such a position again under any circumstances. I informed Mr. Washburn and the other gentlemen by letter, of the situation. Matters came to a focus soon after by the arrest of two parties, who were afterwards tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary. From the facts developed on the trial, and the conclusion of the same, it is more than evident that but one-fourth of the guilty crew were caught, or if those caught were not a part of the gang—of eight—here in the Mount, then two different sets were at work with the same end in view. From the fact that the guilty fellows caught were tracked in their flight, in the direct line of the intended route over which the body was to be taken, leads to the conclusion that there was but one crew. [The parties tried and convicted never belonged to this gang.—Editor.] The plan was to carry the body by relays. The first ones were to be met north of Springfield, pass it to the second ones, when the first would retire to their usual haunts and thus allay any suspicion that might arise. The second relay would do the same on passing it to the third, who were to carry it to the cave. Various circumstances pointed to a bluff as the location of the cave. This bluff was among the Salt Creek hills, a wild, weird place, where many murders had been committed.



It was within two hours drive, going and coming from Mt. Pulaski. The distance, therefore, must have been less than nine, and probably not more than eight miles, in a northeast direction. A warning voice advised no betrayal of what was said, done or seen, and no adventurous lookout. I strictly obeyed orders. Sooner or later that cavern will be discovered, and the location pointed out, unless it is filled up or otherwise destroyed. Time will lead one of the eight to unfold the story and make known the facts concerning it. My informant, as already said, was a professional man of this place, (Mt. Pulaski). His duties led him into the secret by accidentally coming upon and into the trail of the gang. Later, one of them, after the body stealing effort failed, proposed to turn State's evidence in the manner and upon the conditions heretofore mentioned. That my informant was innocent of any part or had any knowledge of the matter, is most apparent. None of the circumstances could possibly implicate him. Although the effort failed, the rendezvous was not entirely abandoned, and it was on one of these occasions that found him face to face with the villain or villains. From where they came I never heard, or who they were I never learned. Neither name nor place was ever given me. Circumstances alone were given. The place is only guessed at from direction and the time required in making the trips. It was my first experience of the kind, and I will never again be found accepting a part that belongs alone to officers of the law."

The foregoing is the substance of what the editor received from Mr. B. S. L., after so many years watching and waiting. I asked to be put in communication with his informant, who had left Illinois. Failing in that, I wrote to the postmaster of Mt. Pulaski, and learned that the professional man had moved to Kansas. Addressing him there and giving him a somewhat lengthy account of the information I already possessed, and that I desired a statement from him on the subject. After waiting until I began to think he did not desire to give me any information, I received a postal card as follows:

WALLA WALLA, Washington Ter. Dec. 18, 1886.—J. C. Power, Springfield, Ill., Sir: Your letter of the 9th instant has been forwarded to me here from W—, Kansas, and will try and answer you fully in a few days. Will render you any service I can, consistently. You may be in possession of more facts than I can give you without permission.

Very truly yours,

M. W. S.

Five days later I received a letter from him, of which the following is the substance:

WALLA WALLA, Washington Ter., Dec. 23, 1886.—J. C. Power, Springfield, Ill., Dear Sir: Your very interesting letter of the 9th instant, directed to me at my home in Kansas, reached me a few days ago. I left Kansas Oct. 1st, and am traveling for the health of my family and self. Referring to the attempted abduction of the remains of President Lincoln, will say that the material facts have long since passed from my memory, because, after the arrest of Mullins and Hughes, I became incredulous about a plot having ever existed. But your details of the whole trans-

action, revives and confirms many reports, which now convinces me that a plot was really consummated in Logan County. When you say that K—y concocted the scheme and put it into the hands of the representatives of the Lincoln gang to execute, I am persuaded there was some truth in the statement, from the fact that I now remember that some of the parties w. o I understood were connected with the plot were afterwards sent to the penitentiary for counterfeiting. I am still more convinced of a second plot existing from the further fact, after you recite the details and incidents of the arrest of Mullins and Hughes, you say that showed that after the miscarriage in June, he (K—y) changed his base and formed a new plot. You are very correctly advised that all the information I once had came to me involuntarily. But it is true I used my every endeavor to bring to light this supposed plot; and, as no names have ever passed my lips, I will give you the facts, as I remember them, of the manner in which I received my information, my endeavor to have the secondreds arrested and brought to justice, and my not revealing any names. I think it was on the night after the attempted steal I came up on the night train from Springfield to Mt. Pulaski, and at the depot was a prosperous business man of Logan county in waiting for me, who said that he had a burden on his soul that he wished to unload; that he felt as if his life was in jeopardy every moment and the matter might probably terrify me. After he demanded my pledge, and I promised never to reveal his name in any manner without his written consent, he then told me that he knew the men who attempted to steal the remains of Lincoln, and that they lived within ten miles of where we stood; that one of the gang made a statement of the whole matter to him before it took place, and, judging from the actions of some of them, he feared that they knew he was in possession of the facts, and he felt that if the proper officials could be apprised through other sources than himself, the arrests would take the whole gang out of the country and he would be relieved. I agreed with my friend to communicate the fact to Gov. Beveridge and to Robert Lincoln, and to shield him from harm. Strange to say, while we were talking in the dark, one of the gang appeared and walked by. I think this was about 10 o'clock P. M., but am not positive. I went direct from the depot and found Mr. B. S. L., a government officer, and told him I knew who desecrated the tomb of Lincoln, and that I wanted his assistance to get the news to the proper officials, and that I wanted him to go to the Governor and see what kind of a guarantee could be given me that, under no circumstances, would my name or the name of my friend, whom I was bound to protect, for, judging from the character of the gang, they would assassinate any one who would divulge the plot. The government officer took the 3 o'clock A. M. train for Springfield, and one of the gang went on the same train, and that day stood around the Governor's office, watching who went in and out. The Governor referred him to Leonard Sweet and Robert Lincoln, of Chicago, whither Mr. B. S. L. went on the next train, and I gave him instructions that, were it impossible for them legally to protect our names, to give them certain substantial evidence, upon which any ordinary detective could work it up. He returned without accomplishing anything. Mr. B. S. L. and myself next went to Springfield, that I might have a personal interview with the Governor. When I boarded the train at Mt. Pulaski, who should appear but the man whose name had been given me as the leader in the plot. His actions were so suspicious that Mr. B. S. L. suggested to me that there was something wrong and that he believed him to be one of the gang. This, before I had told B. S. L. that the man's name had been given me as the leader. This leader,

with whom I was very slightly acquainted, had the audacity to come and sit down by me, and asked all about my business in going to Springfield, and what B. S. L. was going for, and if I was acquainted with the Governor and Chief of Police, etc., etc. After our arrival in Springfield, this leader was everywhere at our heels. I became alarmed and refused to go to the Governor's office with B. S. L., but arranged with him to have an interview with the Governor in the parlors of the Leland Hotel. When B. S. L. returned he said the leader was near the Governor's office door all the time he was there. I had the interview with the Governor at the hotel, in presence of B. S. L. I told the Governor that I could put the authorities on the track of the would-be robbers, provided our names could be kept in the back ground, as otherwise to remain at our homes would be almost certain death. The Governor could not make any promises, but thought the friends in Chicago could do something. After this interview, the first person I met on the steps of the hotel was this same vicious looking "leader," who wanted to know what B. S. L. was doing about the Governor's office, and if I did not come down on purpose to see the Governor myself. I evaded his questions but was terribly wrought up with fear of personal danger, and hastened B. S. L. off to Chicago to see Swett and Lincoln again. I wanted this gang out of the country very much. In due time B. S. L. returned from Chicago without gaining much satisfaction. The time weighed heavily on my mind until I saw in the papers that Mullins and Hughes were arrested in Chicago. Then I went to see my friend who had come to me to unburden his soul, and who I then believed had betrayed me, and put me in the light of a fool before the Governor and Messrs. Lincoln & Swett. I went to him for an explanation. He could not account for the arrest of the Chicago thieves. It was utterly beyond his comprehension. But he emphatically reiterated his previous statement, that they were all true, and although he could not explain the Chicago arrests, he said he knew that a plot did originate with the parties that he had told me of, and that all plans were previously matured for that night. He knew it beforehand, and looked for it in the morning dispatches. I have had several talks with my friend on this subject since, and he has always told me that the plot did exist and that he was in no manner deceived or mistaken. But I became incredulous and concluded that he must have been the innocent victim of some confidence game, and that there was nothing in it. Still I call to mind that subsequent to the Chicago arrests a good number of this gang were arrested, convicted and sent to the penitentiary at Joliet for counterfeiting, and I indistinctly recollect that they were in some way connected with the St. Louis thieves and counterfeiters. I do not now remember all the details of their movements, but will give it to the best of my recollection. A gentleman by the name of Daniel Clark owned a piece of land six miles northeast from Mt. Pulaski, two miles west of Chestnut and one mile west of old Yankee town, and was near the old Isaac De Haven grist mill. It was along the bottom lands of Salt Creek and was fairly timbered. About two or three hundred yards from the bridge to the right as you go north, was a large patch of paw paw bushes, and in that undergrowth lay a large hallow log. Within this log was where the remains of Abraham Lincoln were to have been deposited. The wagon with the casket was to have been driven rapidly from Springfield and put in there before day light. The land was known as Uncle Dan Clark's pasture. The strangest thing about this is that when a sufficient ransom should be offered by the government, as they supposed would be, one of the most respectable and honored citizens of Logan County was expected to go

gunning for squirrels, and accidentally run across the remains, get the booty and divide with the gang. His high character was expected to disarm suspicion. This respected man I had long known, and up to this time I am not aware of his name having been connected with anything disreputable, but he is badly connected by marriage.

As near as I can remember, there were six or seven men and one or two women connected with the affair, but I would prefer not to give any names on paper, for it would cause a sensation that would surprise the citizens of Logan county. What also gave color to the statement of my friend was, that shortly after the explosion of the plot by the more rapid movements of others, his place of business was destroyed by an incendiary fire supposed to have been the work of the gang. I have no documentary proof or anything that I would consent to have published, for it was all second hand to me, and I only acted as any patriotic citizen should have done. It not only placed me in danger of being foully dealt with, but I was put to a great deal of trouble and expense. When I can learn the address of my friend I will ascertain his views on the subject, and if he will permit me to give you his name and address, I will communicate with you later.

Very respectfully,

M. S. W.

As soon as I applied to M. S. W., for information, he took measures to ascertain the address of his friend who had discovered the conspiracy in Logan county to steal the remains of Lincoln, and had communicated the facts to M. S. W., under a solemn pledge, which the latter regarded as almost equal to an oath, never to reveal his name except with his consent in writing, and who, like himself, had left Illinois. The following note does not require explanation:

WALLULA, Washington Territory, Jan. 25, 1887.

*Mr. J. C. Power:*

DEAR SIR:—To-day I received my friend's address, and will forward to-night all your letters (that I have received) to him, to answer me at once whether I can or cannot have written consent to forward you his name and address. I have advised that he do so, and I earnestly hope that he will. I will write you when I hear from him.

Very respectfully,

M. S. W.

It is proper for me to repeat that all the initials I use as to names are fictitious, but the incidents are real, and the three men whom I give as authority, B. S. L., M. S. W., and G. R. K., are all of the highest respectability. Here is another letter:

WALLULA, W. T., Feb. 16, 1887.

*Mr. J. C. Power:*

MY DEAR SIR: The enclosed letter will explain itself. G. R. K., once a prosperous merchant at C — —, Illinois, but more recently a granger near G — —, Kansas, is the gentleman who gave me all the information I ever had concerning

the attempted robbery of the remains of Abraham Lincoln. Please retain his letter as this is the authority I have for revealing his name. In writing him please state that I have forwarded you his letter to me. I believe now this will put you in possession of every fact. It may be unnecessary for you to write him so elaborately as you did me, from the fact that I forwarded him all your correspondence with me, and this is his answer, received to-day. Please acknowledge the receipt of the same.

Very respectfully,

M. S. W.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the gentleman who discovered the Logan county plot, or plots, to steal Lincoln's remains. It was written in February, 1887:

G———, R——— county, Kansas.

M. S. W.

"OLD FRIEND.—Yours of recent date received and contents noted. Would say in reply that all the information I have on the subject was obtained in a legitimate way, and while I would not wish my name used in the contemplated history, I would not object to telling what I know of the matter in a confidential way. \* \* \* \* You may refer Mr. Power to me as one whom you think able to throw some light on the subject."

G. R. K.

I next wrote direct to the writer of the above, and received the following reply:

G———, R——— county, Kansas, April 3, 1887.

*J. C. Power, Springfield, Ill.:*

DEAR SIR.—Yours, with reference to the plot to steal the remains of President Lincoln, is received. The information obtained by me was from B—— S———, while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. At the time I did not attach much importance to his statements, but thought it was only the vapors of a drunken man. After the attempt was actually made, I, in conversation, told M. S. W. that I could find the guilty parties. He at once put himself in communication with the authorities, but the arrest of the criminals followed so quickly after the attempt that I came to the belief that B—— S——— and his gang had organized for the purpose stated, but had been forestalled by the Chicago band. The plan as detailed to me was, that a party of five or six was to go to Springfield with a strong spring wagon, just a day's drive from our place, thirty miles, stay in the city until after dark, then drive to the cemetery, make an entrance into the grounds at the nearest point to the Monument, drive to the foot of the hill on which it stands, leaving one of their number to watch the team. The others would go to the Monument, break it open, get the casket containing the body, carry it to the wagon and drive away, he saying that it would be impossible to track them very far on the sandy roads, across the Sangamon river bottoms, on which the line of flight was planned. He further stated that they would be a long distance from Springfield before morning, and would have the body deposited in a secure hiding place, where they would defy any one to find it. There it was to remain until the reward, which they believed would be offered, should be large enough to satisfy the gang. Then it was to be discovered by a reputable farmer, by the name of M—— C———, who was related to B—— S——— by marriage.

The wagon proposed to be used on the trip belonged to M—— C——. He is a good man, respected by all who know him; was a strong Lincoln man; served three years in the Thirty-second Illinois Infantry. I do not think the project was ever mentioned to him. He would not have consented to be concerned in any such undertaking. I feel sure that B—— S—— did not tell me where the body was to be concealed, but intimated that the place was not far away. I have since found the place, I am confident. B—— S—— lived about two miles west of C——, and three-fourths of a mile west of old Yankeetown, in a small frame house, one-quarter of a mile south of the wagon road leading from C—— to Mt. Pulaski. The place of concealment was under this house. B—— S—— had dug a pit, or cellar, three and a half feet wide, seven or eight feet long, and two and a half to three feet deep. The pit was dug secretly, no one having any knowledge of the time or manner, nor noticed any fresh earth about the place. It is thought that it was dug at night and the earth taken and dropped into a small stream of running water that flowed near the house. There was a long door constructed in the floor of the house over the pit, not having any hinges or ring by which to open it, and while B—— S—— occupied the house, this door was always covered by a long strip of carpet, the other parts of the floor being bare. There was no necessity for digging a cellar under the house, as there was a good one outside, and there being no conveniences for opening and closing the door showed that it was not intended for daily use. B—— S—— also told one G—— D——, who, I am confident, belonged to the Logan county counterfeiting gang, of the plot to steal Mr. Lincoln's body, and he (G—— D——) told it to W—— H—— D——, a merchant of C——, who communicated the same to Fox & House, hardware merchants of Springfield, they agreeing to put the proper ones on their guard. Now, as to the dates, I am all at sea. I know it was in the fall of 1876, and only a short time before the attempt was made, that B—— S—— and I had the talk. I am of the opinion that there were two or three plots; I think, three. The one with which B—— S—— was connected was composed of Logan county crooks, some of the men whose names you sent me being in frequent consultation with him, also some whose names you do not mention, namely, G—— D——, already spoken of, J—— H—— P—— and M—— S——, cousins of B—— S——. This is all I remember now. If there is anything further you wish to know, or any questions you wish to ask as to anything I have written, ask, and I will answer as best I can. The long time elapsed since the events has caused my memory to lose many of the details, of which I was cognizant at the time. Thanks for the list of names of the counterfeiters. I was acquainted with many of them. Respectfully,

G. R. K.

The main point I expected to, and have gained through the revelations of these three men, was to satisfy myself whether the scheme or schemes they reveal, did or did not originate with the five men, who, as a delegation from the sixteen counterfeiters at and around Lincoln in Logan county, did the plotting and made the failure in Springfield in June, 1876. The names given me in these revelations are the same as those belonging to that band, indicating that when the five left Springfield they immediately commenced plottings of their own, but were delayed by the same causes that led to defeat here,—

lack of intelligence and too great fondness for intoxicating drinks. That is a sufficient reason why all their schemes ended in utter failure.

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## DIVISION THIRD.

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Thieves, Counterfeiters and Counterfeit Engravers—Operatives of the United States Secret Service—Chicago—Talents and Character of Ben. Boyd.

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In September, 1874, a man known to detectives and other officers of the law, as Jack Hughes, of a dozen years' experience in that line, passed five counterfeit bills of five dollars each, government money, at Washington Heights, near Chicago. In January, 1875, the grand jury of the United States Court in Chicago, found an indictment against him for the offense, and for more than a year and a half, he eluded the officers. Officers of the United States Secret Service and commissioned detectives, often find it necessary to use a class of men in ferreting out offenders against the law, who have not always been straight themselves. These men are technically called ropers. One of this class, Lewis C. Swegles, on the 28th of August, 1876, gave information of the whereabouts of Hughes to P. D. Tyrrell, chief operative of the United States Secret Service, for the district composed of the States of Wisconsin, Missouri and Illinois, with headquarters at Chicago. Two days later, Tyrrell arrested Hughes in a drinking saloon called the "Hub," at 294 Madison street, Chicago. The fact that Swegles gave the information was kept secret. By the aid of friends, Hughes deposited two thousand dollars in the First National Bank at Chicago, as security for his appearance for trial in the following January, and he was released from custody, September 13, 1876.

Hughes having been arrested for passing counterfeit money and released on bail, it became an easy matter for Swegles to converse on that subject with him, and Terrence Mullen, the keeper of the saloon where Hughes was arrested. Swegles, hoping to learn something more of their operations, in-

gratiated himself with them by gradually intimating that he was or had been in some kind of crooked business himself, such as horse stealing, and even intimated that he had been in the penitentiary of a western State for that crime, but thought he would like passing counterfeit money better. In something like this way he gained their confidence so thoroughly that they openly revealed to him the fact that they were in that business, but were then preparing for something much better, which was to steal the remains of President Lincoln, and secrete and hold them for a great ransom. They then proposed to let Swegles share in the profits, provided he would assist them.

Swegles approached Tyrrell again Oct. 25, 1876, and said that there was something brewing in which a wrong was contemplated, and although it was not a counterfeiting operation, was of National importance, and that he—Tyrrell—as a government officer, ought to take notice of it, and that he had been legally advised to give him all the facts, which he then proceeded to do.

Chief Operative Tyrrell under the same date, Oct. 25, 1876, as part of his report for the day to James Brooks, chief of the whole United States Secret Service, at Washington, gave the main points of what he had received from Swegles. The substance of it was, that a band of counterfeiters, anxious for the release of Ben. Boyd, one of the most expert counterfeit engravers, who was then serving a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary at Joliet, were preparing to remove the remains of President Lincoln from the Monument, at Springfield. They expected, after the remains were safely hid away, to give the secret of their hiding place to Boyd, and let him negotiate with the Governor of the State for his own release, and as much more as he could obtain.

To show the importance to shovers of counterfeit money that Ben. Boyd should have his liberty, it is necessary to make a statement of some length. On the 5th day of February, 1875, Elmer Washburn, who was then Chief of the United States Secret Service, at Washington, in a communication to P. D. Tyrrell, chief operative of the district in which Chicago is included, stated that Ben. Boyd and Nelson Driggs were the most expert and important counterfeit engravers then at liberty in



our whole country, and that if he, Tyrrell, could get them "dead to rights," that is, with evidence to convict, he would break the back bone of counterfeiting in the United States. Tyrrell then commenced a series of operations by which he traced them in Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota and Illinois, calling to his aid from time to time such assistance as he found necessary. He was not long in learning that Boyd was at work at Fulton, Whiteside county, Illinois, and Driggs was at work in Centralia, Marion county, in the same State. To arrest one would give warning to the other, if left unmolested. To make sure of both, Tyrrell arranged with Washburn to move on Driggs, on the same day and hour that he went for Boyd.

They were both arrested at nine o'clock in the forenoon of Oct. 21, 1875, and both tried and sentenced to the penitentiary. When Boyd was arrested he was in the act of engraving a plate for a \$20.00 bill on the First National bank of Dayton, Ohio.

In order to give the reader a proper understanding of the desperate straits coney men were thrown into, by the arrest, conviction and long sentence to imprisonment of Boyd, of the workings of counterfeiters generally, and of the diabolical means they were more than willing to adopt, with the hope of securing his release, I here quote from a lengthy article in Dye's Government Counterfeiter Detector, of April, 1883, published in Philadelphia, although it involves some little repetition:

"Benjamin Boyd, alias B. Wilson, alias B. F. Wilson, alias Charles Mitchell, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1834, where his mother and sister resided in 1875, and were counted quite wealthy. His father was an engraver, and Ben. learned the art at an early age, serving one year with an engraver named James Edward Smith then and now a citizen of good repute in Cincinnati, also improving, as supposed, by observing his parent's skill, and finishing by taking instructions of Nat Kinsey, a cutter of superior ability in Cincinnati. Kinsey cut the fine one hundred dollar "greenback" counterfeit plate in 1864, bills from which for a time defied detection by the most experienced tellers and best experts. Kinsey was arrested at last, while engaged in engraving a plate for printing counterfeits of ten dollar bills, and served a long time: since which, so far as known, he has given the public no trouble. While still an apprentice, and not twenty-one years of age, Ben. Boyd engraved his first counterfeit plate on the State Bank of Ohio, in his father's house at Cincinnati, before the war of the rebellion. \* \* \* \* \*

In 1865, Ben. Boyd was arrested with Pete McCartney, at Mattoon, Illinois, and both of them committed to jail at Springfield, Illinois. About the same time Ed.

Pierce and Allie Ackman, or Ackerman, two of McCartney's dealers, the woman being his wife's sister, were arrested at the Everett House, (now Brunswick Hotel,) in Springfield, Illinois, by Operative John Eagan. In a traveling basket taken with the couple, Operative Eagan found twenty-five thousand dollars of representative money, in fifty dollar, twenty dollar and ten dollar counterfeits of United States Treasury Notes, and five thousand dollars of representative money, counterfeits of the fractional currency. Pierce was convicted and sent to Jefferson (ville) penitentiary for fifteen years, while Operative Eagan turned the woman over to Operative P. C. Bradley, of Chicago, Illinois. Ben. Boyd managed to release himself from arrest, and finally secured the freedom of Allie Ackman, or Ackerman, by surrendering a plate, the property of McCartney, for printing counterfeits of the fifty dollar United States Treasury Notes, series of 1863. Ben. Boyd had for some time been very attentive to Miss Ackman, or Ackerman, and soon after their release they were married at Marine City, St. Clair county, Michigan, Boyd being then thirty-three years of age, Almira Ackman or "Ackerman," as the family has been called, was the daughter of an accomplished pair of counterfeiters, and the step-daughter of John B. Trout, a well known and desperate coney man, once the terror of the whole Mississippi Valley, now in the Kentucky penitentiary, serving out his second long term of imprisonment for counterfeiting. By this marriage, Boyd became the brother-in-law of Peter McCartney. Of Boyd, McCartney acquired additional skill in engraving, and the two did a heavy business in counterfeit money, as partners. Boyd and his wife resided at Decatur, Illinois, where he was known as Charles Mitchell; at Des Moines, Iowa, where he passed as B. F. Wilson, and at Le Claire, Iowa, Clinton, Illinois, and Fulton, Illinois, where Boyd called himself B. Wilson. He finally purchased some property at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where he and his wife made their home, and still retain possession of the place. Boyd has no children.

Boyd engraved plates for printing counterfeits of the fifty dollar United States Treasury Notes, series of 1863, for the Sleight and Frisby, or "Frisbie" gang of counterfeiters, but not having delivered them, they were sold to Peter McCartney, who, during February, 1865, surrendered them, to effect the release from custody of E. B. Pierce and Miss Almira Ackman or "Ackerman," the woman Boyd afterwards married, as has already been related. In 1866 Boyd engraved the plates for counterfeits of the twenty dollar United States Treasury notes, series of 1862, which plates were owned jointly by Ben. Boyd, Peter McCartney and John B. Trout, and captured by the Secret Service Operatives during 1866. In 1869 Boyd engraved plates for counterfeits of the United States Treasury Notes, series of 1862, which were worked jointly by Joseph Kincaid, alias Joe Miller, James Burdell, alias Charles Hamwood, and Ben. Boyd himself. These plates were captured by the Secret Service Operatives, at Greensburg, Indiana, during February, 1869. Boyd also engraved the celebrated plates for printing counterfeits of the five dollar bills on the "Traders National Bank" of Chicago, Illinois, (one of the finest counterfeits ever issued,) afterwards changed to the "First National Bank of Canton, Illinois," "First National bank of Aurora, Illinois," "First National Bank of Peru, Illinois," "First National Bank of Paxton, Illinois," and two false notes, purporting to be on "The First National Bank of Cecil, Illinois," and the "First National Bank of Galena, Illinois," there being no such banks of Cecil or Galena. All these plates were captured by the Secret Service Operatives, in the possession of Nelson Driggs, a partner of Boyd, at Centralia, Illinois, October 21st, 1875.

In 1859 Boyd was arrested at Davenport, Iowa, being engaged at the time in engraving plates for printing counterfeit money, for Jim Veasey and Charlie Hatha-

way, who were in Springfield, Illinois, although the Hathaway family lived at Fort Madison, Iowa. Boyd being convicted, was sentenced to two years imprisonment, in the Iowa penitentiary, at Fort Madison, of the same State. After his release from the Iowa penitentiary, Boyd removed to Springfield, Ohio, and operated there for Sleight and Frisbie. He soon after went to Decatur, Illinois, where he had his residence at the time of his marriage in 1865, as noted in preceding paragraphs. From this time on, for a number of years, the place in the criminal calendar to which the deeds of Boyd entitled him, remained vacant: he was sagacious, wary and fortunate in his selection of partners; beside his skill made him serviceable to the entire fraternity of coneymen, all of whom were interested in his seclusion and safety. The counterfeits from the plates made by Boyd were in extensive circulation for years, the Illinois fives were especially current. It was Boyd, also, who manufactured the fifty cent Lincoln vignette counterfeit plate, and he is considered the best letterer on steel in the country or the world. The source of these bills was a subject of diligent inquiry by Government officials, and a kind of dissolving view was obtained of the same, in Canada, St. Louis, and elsewhere, now here, and now there. After a time, the talents and activity of Boyd, as well as the ability and wealth of his partners, became known to the Treasury Department and the Secret Service Division came to recognize the imperative necessity of breaking up the combination of which the skill of Ben Boyd was the heart and soul. On October 5th, 1875, the work was committed, especially, to Operative Patrick D. Tyrrell of St. Louis, Missouri, who was left very much to his own discretion in the matter, being told by Elmer Washburn, then Chief of the Secret Service, that his success would break the backbone of counterfeiting in the United States.

Thus directed and stimulated, Tyrrell began business in a way he considered prudent, and in June, 1875, had located the parties and secured an interview with Driggs. The course of events with Driggs, will appear in the succeeding sketch of him; but at present the relation follows the fate of Ben. Boyd, who was also brought under watch at the same time. About the 20th of June, 1875, Ben. Boyd moved his wife and furniture, from his residence at Le Claire, Iowa, to Fulton, Illinois, at which last place, under the name of B. F. Wilson, he rented a large frame house situated on Prairie street. Soon after this removal to Fulton, it was evident Boyd had commenced work, and arrangements were at once made by Tyrrell for a conference with his chief. Accordingly Elmer Washburn, Chief, and James J. Brooks, Assistant Chief, with John McDonald, Operative, all of the Secret Service Division of the United States Treasury Department, arrived at Lyons, Iowa, October 19th, 1875, when a consultation took place between them and Operative Patrick D. Tyrrell, who met them there by appointment.

The plan developed was to capture Ben. Boyd and Nelson Driggs, his partner, at the same time, and in order to give Chief Washburn time to reach Centralia, Illinois, where Driggs and much material was located, it was decided to defer the raid until October 21st, at nine o'clock in the morning. Chief Washburn then started for Centralia to superintend active operations there, leaving his reliable Assistant Chief, Brooks, (now—1883—himself chief), and Operative McDonald, at Fulton with Tyrrell, to co-operate in the arrest of Boyd.

"Promptly at nine in the morning, of the twenty-first, the men were on hand at Fulton, each ready for the especial duty assigned by their joint arrangement. It had been decided that Tyrrell should lead off, by entering the front gate and going round to the back door. Brooks was to follow Tyrrell, at a distance of about twenty feet, while McDonald coming about one hundred feet in the rear, was to direct his course to the front door. This would bring each of the men into the position required and ready for action at the same moment. All this was carried out with military promptness and precision, as might be expected from the character of the men engaged. When Tyrrell, who knew the premises, was about a hundred feet from the front door, a man drove up in a carriage and in a loud tone asked if B. F. Wilson lived there. That was imagined by Tyrrell to be a signal, in some way contrived to alarm the inmates of the house and likely, at least, to arouse them to notice the surprise party intended in their honor. Calling to Brooks to hurry up and keep his distance, Tyrrell walked swiftly by the house and entered it by the back door. While making his approach in this manner to the premises, Tyrrell saw a man escape from the house, who he supposed from the general appearance was Nat Kinsey, the engraver already mentioned, of whom Boyd acquired the better part of his skill as a cutter. There was nothing against Kinsey at the time, at least nothing regarding which the Operative had instructions, so that the fugative was allowed to pass unchallenged, lest any delay on his account should defeat in some way the grand object of the expedition.

"Passing through the kitchen into the dining room, the Operative met Mrs. Boyd, who intercepted him, and although she had never seen him, nor had any reason to suppose him a Government officer, or anything of that kind, still she caught him by the collar of his coat and undertook to detain him. Seizing her sharply by the wrist, Tyrrell at once freed himself and called upon Brooks to take charge of the woman, which the Assistant Chief, then as now, quick at the call of duty, did with the utmost promptness. Tyrrell being relieved of Mrs. Boyd, turned quickly toward the adjacent stairs when he discovered Ben. Boyd at the top of them in his shirt sleeves and just about to step down. Boyd paused an instant as he was confronted by Tyrrell, when the Operative ascended the stairs quickly, and at once arrested him. 'Who are you?' said the prisoner, with considerable emotion? 'United States Detective Tyrrell,' answered the Operative. 'I have heard of you, Tyrrell,' remarked Boyd, very quietly. Tyrrell then put the irons on the prisoner without objection or opposition, and stepping to the front window began rapping upon it as a signal for McDonald to come round by the rear and relieve Brooks. The signal being obeyed, Brooks went up stairs and took charge of Ben. Boyd, while Tyrrell commenced a thorough search of the premises, of which Brooks and Boyd were witnesses above stairs and McDonald and Mrs. Boyd on the first floor. In the room up stairs from which Boyd doubtless came, just before Tyrrell saw him, the Operative found every evidence of the occupation of the counterfeiter, and there, without question, Boyd was at work, when the agents of the law invaded his habitation. The room contained a convenient work bench, covered by a large quantity of engraver's tools, among which lay a genuine bill upon the First National bank of Dayton, Ohio, of the denomination of twenty dollars, and near by a partly engraved plate for counterfeits of the same. In the front room up stairs Tyrrell found a dry goods box of large size, which he emptied, and found nothing but a lot of old clothes and rags. In tipping the box about, however, one of the boards of which it was made dropped out and revealed a mortise in the lumber, from which fell a plate, engraved for printing the centre back

of counterfeits of twenty dollar National Bank notes, of which the border or rim to match, was the unfinished plate on Boyd's work bench.

"Leaving Brooks in charge of Boyd up-stairs, Tyrrell went down and commenced investigations on the first floor. He asked Mrs. Boyd if there was any money in the house. She was unwilling to give information on that point, but, when pressed, with an intimation that it would save trouble if she answered the question, she said she would reveal nothing without consultation with her husband. The operative told her he would give her half an hour to consider the matter, left the house, and, going to the railroad depot, telegraphed in cipher to Chief Washburn what had been accomplished at Fulton. While Tyrrell was on this errand, Mrs. Boyd took occasion to offer McDonald a thousand dollars, if he would let her take what she wanted into her possession and keep the matter secret. This McDonald, like an honest man and good officer, refused. When Tyrrell came back, McDonald told of the liberal offer that had been made him. Mrs. Boyd wanted to go and get the money alone, or in company with McDonald, but this Tyrrell would not permit. After a great deal of hesitation, she led the way to the bed-room and went to a box near the window. The box was of considerable size and had a cleat nailed across the end of it, contrived to serve the purpose of a handle. There was nothing about the box, outside or in, to indicate that it contained money, but upon investigation, by breaking the box, the handle or cleat described was discovered to be hollow, and in the cavity of the same was found seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-four dollars and seventy-five cents in good money, made up of three one thousand dollar notes, with other small bills and a few pieces of twenty-five cent fractional currency. In breaking the box, the money came out.

"While Tyrrell was at work upon the box which proved so rich a treasury, the Operative shrewdly noticed that Mrs. Boyd very adroitly endeavored to divert his attention from a smaller box near by, which she cunningly tried to conceal, when she supposed he was fully occupied with the larger one. Mrs. Boyd, as if quite by accident, carelessly threw a piece of carpet over the small box, as if it were of no consequence. But the movement did not escape the notice of the quick-witted Tyrrell, and after he had secured the money and counted the amount, he turned his attention to the smaller box, which Mrs. Boyd seemed so anxious to conceal. He broke it up into small pieces, and did not expect from the general appearance that either the box or its ruins contained anything. In this, however, he was mistaken, for, upon closer inspection, one of the boards was found to be mortised, and in the cavity thus made were two well executed plates, the front and back of a set for printing counterfeits of the one hundred dollar 'greenback' United States Treasury notes. These plates were stuck together, face to face, with putty, and covered with some kind of water-proof composition to keep them from rusting. But for the acumen and thoroughness of Operative Tyrrell, these plates would have remained undiscovered. Tyrrell also found six copper and four steel plates in blank, of which two were large plates intended for counterfeiting United States bonds, two for duplicate title lines, and the rest counterfeiting the 'Dexter Head' and 'Stanton Head' fractional currency. The last lot were discovered wrapped up in an old linen summer coat, between the beds where Boyd and his wife were in the habit of sleeping. A number of small blanks for engravers' tools were found, and a small box of such tools in a finished condition fit for work. The search was made very thorough and involved considerable labor. As Brooks and McDonald were detained with the prisoners, Tyrrell had to work unaided, and the business gave him active employment for about six hours.

"During all this time Assistant Chief Brooks, had been closeted above stairs, with the man whose hand guided the facile burin which had created the works of criminal art Tyrrell had taken possession of. The successful search for the plates was a task demanding no little shrewdness and patience; but an attempt to fathom the mind of a criminal like Ben. Boyd, was, under the circumstances, an enterprise demanding consummate tact and discretion. These qualities were not wanting in the custodian of Ben. Boyd, and the counterfeiter was induced to be communicative. Boyd made certain clear and unequivocal statements, to the effect that he had engraved the plates found, and that at various times he had engraved some fifteen other plates, for other parties. He also stated it took him eleven months to engrave the plate of the Traders Bank of Chicago, Illinois. He admitted, too, that he had engraved plates for printing counterfeits of the fifty dollar United States Treasury Note, Series of 1863, from which he printed and sold about six thousand pieces, representing some three hundred thousand dollars. Thus, what had long been a great mystery of felony, was cleared up, the evidence made complete in the case of Ben. Boyd, and information gained which became of great use in still other operations against similar offenders, at other times and elsewhere. What Chief Washburn and his men had been about, at the other end of the line, in Centralia, Illinois, during these hours, is stated in the annexed account of Nelson Driggs.

It is not my intention to go into a detailed statement of the capture of Driggs, and its effect on the counterfeiting business, for it was Boyd that the coneymen hoped to release for their own advantage by stealing the body of Lincoln. But it is proper to say that Driggs was tried, found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years, and a fine of \$5,000, and was sixty-three years old. At the same time he had \$43,000 in good money, and 28,000 acres of land in Texas.

"The three officers, Brooks, Tyrrell and McDonald, conducted their prisoners, Ben. Boyd and Almira Boyd, to the Fulton Railroad station, taking with them the varied materials and mass of evidence they had captured. They all left Fulton on the four o'clock afternoon train for Chicago, Illinois. As they were seated in the train, Brooks and Tyrrell being with the prisoners, Boyd began a conversation with Tyrrell, by remarking: 'Tyrrell you are not long in the Secret Service are you?' Tyrrell replied: 'No, not long; why? Anything the matter?' Boyd assumed a very cunning style and responded: 'Oh! I thought if you were an old member of the Service you would take the property now in your possession and let me skip out the back door.' 'But that is not my way of doing business,' said Tyrrell, whereupon Boyd became reflective, regarding the modern and original ideas of such men as Brooks, Tyrrell and McDonald, and his misfortune in being compelled to keep honest company.

"Finding his attempts at bribery and corruption unavailing, Boyd began negotiations of a different nature for his own benefit. Unaware of the comprehensive character of the movement which involved in the toils Nelson Driggs, as well as himself, he volunteered some statements in regard to his relations with that famous capitalist and manager among coney men, and suggested that the testimony of a partner and an engraver would be heavy against a principal counter-

feiter, should such an one be arrested and brought to trial. To all of Boyd's talk in this direction, Tyrrell made answer that he had no power to promise anything, but if a prisoner said anything which might result in the conviction of another party, it might have some effect in favor of such a witness with the authorities. Boyd then made some further explanations, which were never allowed to criminate him; but what he subsequently did, upon the understanding arrived at as above, will appear in a succeeding paragraph of this narration, and also in the account of Nelson Driggs, to follow. Without any other incident of note, the party arrived in Chicago, and the prisoners were detained to be examined. The good money Tyrrell captured was, at Boyd's request, deposited in the Fidelity Bank, and in due time turned over to the charge of his legal attorney and counselor.

"An examination was held Oct. 27, 1875, before United States Commissioner Philip A. Heyne, of Chicago, Illinois, and Ben. Boyd bound over in the sum of thirty thousand dollars, to await the action of the Grand Jury. Almira Boyd, his wife, was bound over in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to await the action of the Grand Jury, also. In default of bail, both defendants were committed to the Cook county jail, in Chicago, Illinois. While they were confined there, an attempt was made to break jail. A counterfeiter named Edward J. Wright, alias Lee, alias Dommitell, of Richmond, Indiana, was engaged in the affair, and a pattern for some keys found upon another prisoner was said to have been made by the especial skill of Ben. Boyd.

"At the October, 1875, term of the United States Court, for the Northern District of Illinois, held at Chicago, in that State, Ben. Boyd was indicted for engraving twenty dollar plates, for counterfeiting National Bank notes; also for engraving plates for counterfeiting the fifty dollar United States Legal Tender notes, series of 1869, 'Henry Clay head'; also for engraving plates for counterfeiting the five dollar bills of the Traders National Bank of Chicago, Illinois; also for engraving plates for counterfeiting the fractional currency of the United States, of the denomination of fifty cents, the 'Stanton head' and 'Dexter head' series, and an unfinished plate for counterfeiting the hundred dollar United States Treasury Notes. A true bill was also found against Almira Boyd, and the defendants were held for trial.

"The trial of Ben. Boyd and Almira Boyd occupied the attention of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, held in Chicago, January 19 and 20, 1876. The court-room presented an animated appearance when it was understood the case of the distinguished counterfeiters was about to be called. The court opened at ten o'clock in the morning. After the transaction of some business of minor importance, the case of Benjamin Boyd and Almira Boyd was called.

"Messrs. Bangs and Burke appeared to prosecute, and Messrs. Stiles and Tully represented the defendants. Considerable time was spent in examining jurors. By a quarter past eleven, twelve men, 'sufficiently good and true' to pass upon the merits of the case, were obtained, and the prosecution began its attack. Mr. Bangs addressed the jury for the government, giving, as that which he was prepared to prove, a candid and careful general statement of the facts compiled in this account of Ben. Boyd and his doings, and claimed that Almira Boyd was, in all that, an accomplice, who had not as yet established her pretended character as the wife of the prisoner.

General Stiles followed with a long speech for the defense, in the course of which he said they would prove that Almira Boyd was the prisoner's wife, and

could not be punished for protecting her husband, and anything which might go to connect her with her husband in crime, was simply what any other loving and dutiful wife would have done under the circumstances. The possession of the plates was admitted, but counsel would endeavor to show that another counterfeit engraver, named 'Kinsey,' had prevailed upon Boyd to engrave the plates, with the object of giving them away to the Government, as soon as the work was advanced enough to prove conclusively the intent to counterfeit. In this way Kinsey sought to obtain pardon for his own past offenses. There had been thrown around the prisoner a net work of circumstances which seemed strong against him, but which would, when unveiled, place his client in a different light. It would be impossible to prove that the prisoner engraved the plates in his possession; the furthest the prosecution could go, was to prove possession. It was not charged that the one hundred dollar plates had been used, and the fact was, they never had been used, unless after the government obtained possession thereof. [Laughter].

The defendants attracted much notice throughout the proceedings from a large crowd of spectators, and during the eloquent reference of General Stiles to her case, Mrs. Boyd became much affected and shed tears freely, often quietly hiding her face in her handkerchief.

The first witness examined was Patrick D. Tyrrell, for the Government, who gave the Court in the most clear and straightforward manner, a succinct narrative of all the particulars of his operations as an agent of the Treasury Department, in the detection and arrest of Ben. Boyd and his wife, substantially as given in the preceding pages. Witness undertook to state what Boyd said to him, but it was ruled inadmissible.

The second witness was Mr. G. J. Verreck, bank note engraver, who passed upon the plates found in the prisoners' possession. His evidence was purely technical.

The third witness was James J. Brooks, Assistant Chief of Secret Service. His evidence was mainly corroborative of that of the first witness. Mr. Brooks was not allowed to state admissions made by Boyd.

The fourth witness was Operative John R. McDonald, of the Secret Service, and the only new point brought out by him, was the offer of Mrs. Boyd to give him a thousand dollars, as has been related.

This mass of testimony made the case strong for the Government, and pending further proceedings, the court adjourned to ten A. M., the next morning.

"At a succeeding session of the Court, the evidence being closed and all arguments heard, his honor, the judge, directed the jury to find Almira Boyd not guilty; she being the wife of Ben. Boyd, it was her duty to obey her husband and protect him. Boyd was found guilty, and remanded for sentence to Cook county jail, at Chicago, Illinois, the place of confinement from which he had been brought into court. Prisoner's counsel gave due notice of a motion for a new trial.

"On February 7th, 1875, Operative Patrick D. Tyrrell conducted Ben. Boyd from the Cook county jail to Springfield, Illinois, where he and his wife were both used as witnesses for the Government in a very important case, the particulars of which are part of the history of Nelson Driggs. Tyrrell returned Boyd to the place from which he had taken him for the above named occasion, and on February 16th, 1875, General Stiles argued a motion for a new trial, which the court, upon consideration denied; but taking note of the fact that Boyd had become a witness for the Government, as already stated, his honor, the judge, was pleased to mitigate



the sentence. Boyd was then condemned to serve a term of ten years imprisonment in the Joliet (Illinois) penitentiary, and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and costs of court.

"The conviction and imprisonment of Ben. Boyd, and the breaking up of his business with Nelson Driggs, was a heavy blow to the trade of a host of coney men in the West and South. They could, of course, get the 'queer,' but they were no longer 'next the plate,' so, having to buy of middlemen, the profits were small, the 'stuff' mostly poor, and the risk very great. Every means was used to prevent the conviction of Boyd, and when he was at last imprisoned for ten years, all sorts of devices were employed to effect his release or secure for him a pardon, the most despicable of which was the effort to accomplish it by capturing the dead body of President Lincoln.

To produce a single plate for printing a bill, representing five, ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred dollars of our Government money, requires the use of thousands of dollars worth of the most complicated machinery, rooms well lighted, warmed and ventilated, with all the surroundings for comfort and ease, with pay sufficient to remove all anxiety about reasonable provision for self and family, and to enable the operative to take sufficient open air recreation to keep the mental and physical organs in perfect health.

But here we find a man, Benjamin F. Boyd, with God given talents, and skill which can only be acquired by years of practice and the most diligent industry, who could and did, without elaborate machinery, and with the simplest tools, in secreted rooms, often without proper ventilation, making every movement by stealth, like a hunted beast of prey, reproducing these plates so perfect as to defy detection by any but the most expert. Such talents and skill, honestly and industriously directed, would have placed him at the head of all those employed by the Government, would have secured for himself honor, wealth and fame, and the society of the good, the wise and the great. He voluntarily chose to put the talents so bountifully bestowed upon him by the Deity, and the skill acquired by years of toil, on the side of fraud, and by so doing place himself outside the protection of law, under the delusive hope of gaining sudden wealth. This, too, when he knew that if he succeeded, his wealth must come through the hands of the most vile and depraved of his race, not one of whom he could trust for a moment with his ill gotten wealth.

We find, however, that there is a lower depth to which beings in the form of men can sink. Those who had been

putting counterfeit money in circulation until they came to depend upon it as a legitimate business. When they found their supply cut off by the imprisonment for a term of years of the man who furnished that supply, were willing to commit the hitherto unheard of crime of robbing the tomb of the greatest benefactor of his race, and making merchandise of his dead body, that they might restore to liberty the man who could restore to them their lost source of gaining a dishonorable livelihood.

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## DIVISION FOURTH.

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Plot in Chicago—P. D. Tyrrell, Operative of the U. S. Secret Service—The United States Secret Service in general—Custodian informed that the Thieves would Visit the Monument—Their Visit—The Attempt is made to Steal the Body—The Result—Remarkable Coincidence in Connection with the Assassination of Lovejoy—Important Letter from Hon. Leonard Swett—Capture of the Thieves.

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In the absence of Tyrrell from Chicago, Swegles, after obtaining the information related in the preceding pages about the conspiracy, consulted an attorney, C. W. Dean, without giving the names of the conspirators, and was advised by Dean to lay all the facts before Tyrrell on his arrival. In the meantime Dean informed Hon. Leonard Swett and Robert T. Lincoln of what was being done. On the arrival of Tyrrell, Swegles unfolded to him the scheme, as far as it had come to his knowledge. He said that a party or parties from St. Louis had been in consultation at a drinking saloon called the "Hub," at 294 West Madison street, with Terrence Mullen, the proprietor, one Jack Hughes, alias Shepherd, and a well known contractor of Chicago. They were all to meet at Springfield early some evening, steal the body, place it in a light, strong spring wagon, prepared by the contractor, who was to drive with all possible speed, by the aid of relays of horses previously arranged, to the sand hills in the northern part of Indiana, and bury it where the moving sand, caused by the winds, would soon obliterate all evidences of their

crime, and by measurements to some natural landmarks, such as trees or rocks, make it possible to find it themselves.

Upon receiving this revelation from Swegles, Tyrrell directed him to return to the conspirators, accede to their proposition that he should become one of them, learn all he could of their plans, and report to him daily, or otherwise, according to circumstances. In reply to some disparaging remarks about employing men in the detective work, who were not always true and honest, in fact, who were thieves such as Swegles was known or afterwards proved to be, the writer once heard Tyrrell say, in substance, that, "when men go fishing, the most important thing is to learn what kind of bait the fish they wish to catch will swallow: that if an officer wishing to catch a thief or murderer, should bait his hook with a minister of the gospel in good standing, all men could see that the officer was a fool, because thieves and preachers do not naturally seek each others society."

Friday, Oct. 26, 1876. Tyrrell had a consultation at the law office of C. W. Dean, in company with Lewis C. Swegles. Upon inquiry being made, Swegles was unable to give the names of the parties in St. Louis, as he had not then learned them. He said that one of the Chicago parties had been to St. Louis to perfect arrangements, and another had been to Springfield to examine the location and position of the remains in the Monument. The same day Tyrrell had a consultation with Hon. Leonard Swett, a life long legal, personal and political friend of President Lincoln, also with Robert T. Lincoln, son of the late President. Either Swett or Lincoln sent a telegram to Hon. John T. Stuart, at Springfield, chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association. Mr. Swett wrote a letter to Mr. Stuart, giving particulars, and suggesting that the Monument be guarded. In consequence of this information, the writer, as Custodian of the Monument, was directed by Major Stuart to put one or more watchmen on the Monument grounds, and keep them there at night until the attempt was made or the danger averted. The orders were executed, and after that two men, armed each with a revolver, were kept there every night. I was there at nearly all times of night myself, to see that the watchmen were on duty, and had to be very careful about signals to avoid being shot on my own orders.

Some days were spent by the parties in Chicago trying to change the bail of Jack Hughes, in order to obtain the two thousand dollars in bank to aid them in their satanic scheme. They also tried very hard to induce the wife of Ben. Boyd to furnish money for the same purpose, in both of which they failed. Meanwhile Tyrrell reported daily to Chief Brooks. In reply to his report of November 1st, he was directed by Chief Brooks to go to the bottom of the matter.

A brief account at this point, of the United States Secret Service, will no doubt be as interesting to the reader as the study of the subject has been to the writer. It was entirely an outgrowth of the war to suppress the great slaveholders rebellion. The securities of the government were increased in such a multiplicity of ways, and in such vast amounts, that it became the most inviting field for counterfeiting and other schemes of fraud ever opened to dishonest men. The talents and industry displayed in defrauding and attempts to defraud the government, would have brought wealth to their possessors in almost any other calling. Were it not for some such system as the United States Secret Service, for the detection and punishment of crime, none of the securities of the United States would now be secure.

The statements I shall make, are drawn principally from a report, under date of Washington, D. C., Sept. 17, 1877, by James J. Brooks, Chief of the United States Secret Service, to Hons. R. C. McCormick, Kenneth Raynor and Green B. Raum, a committee appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury to investigate and report on the workings of the Secret Service Division.

In 1861, the sum of \$10,000 was appropriated for the detection and bringing to trial, counterfeiters of United States Treasury notes, etc. The work of that kind suddenly assumed immense proportions, and,

In 1862, the sum of \$300,000 was appropriated, and,

In 1863, the sum of \$600,000 was appropriated, all for the same purpose.

A system of rewards was instituted, and with these large amounts to draw upon, jobs were set up, criminals detected, the money squandered and the criminals set at liberty under pretense of using them for the detection of others, and with it all counterfeiting increased. The funds were disbursed through various channels, generally through the solicitor of the Treasury, and for years reports were made to that officer.

In 1864, the sum appropriated by Congress for the purpose of detecting frauds on the Treasury was reduced to \$100,000.

July 6, 1865, Solicitor Jordan appointed Mr. William P. Wood, Chief of the Secret Service, being the first time any officer was designated by that title. The follow-

ing are the sums appropriated by Congress for the United States Secret Service for the years named :

In 1866 .....	\$59,000
In 1866 .....	150,000
In 1868 .....	150,000
In 1868 .....	25,000
In 1869 .....	100,000
In 1870 .....	125,000
In 1871 .....	125,000
In 1872 .....	125,000
In 1873 .....	125,000
In 1874 .....	125,000
In 1875 .....	125,000
In 1876 .....	100,000
In 1877 .....	100,000

I have not the information to follow this further, nor is it necessary to my purpose.

The Chiefs of the Secret Service Bureau have been :

William P. Wood, appointed in 1865.

H. C. Whiting, appointed in 1869.

S. B. Benson, Assistant, and acting Chief, appointed Sept. 10, 1874.

Elmer E. Washburn, appointed Oct. 2, 1874.

James J. Brooks, appointed Oct. 27, 1876.

The commission of Mr. Brooks reads :

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Oct. 27, 1876.

*James J. Brooks, Esq.*

SIR:—Under the provision of the act of Congress approved March 3, 1875, you are hereby appointed Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, at a compensation of four thousand dollars per annum, to take effect from this date.

I am, very respectfully,

LOT M. MORRILL,

*Secretary.*

Chief Brooks was allowed an Assistant Chief, four head clerks for as many branches of the work, a custodian and a messenger, all in the office at headquarters in Washington. For outside work he then had thirteen chief operatives, each in charge of a clearly defined district, the thirteen districts covering the whole of the United States and Territories. He also had five special operatives and sixteen assistant operatives.

In the early days of the Secret Service, opportunities presented themselves, under the veil of secrecy, for squandering large sums of money, without placing the responsibility clearly upon any officer. But all has since been changed. With the accumulation of knowledge by experience, the work has been reduced to such a perfect system that it is as easy to detect and expose wrong doing in this, as in the postoffice department, or any other division of the Government. It is unnecessary to name in detail all the thirteen districts and the work then being done in them, whether by a chief only or by assistant operative.

In speaking of the district including Illinois, Chief Brooks uses stronger language of commendation concerning the work of the district Chief Operative, than in any other case, by saying, that "One Chief Operative, keeps his district clean by

hunting for criminals." In the language quoted above he of course alludes to P. D. Tyrrell, who less than a year before had charge of the Lincoln Tomb robbing case. It is not necessary to my purpose for me to follow the reports of Chief Brooks any further in detail, except to give results for the last fiscal year previous to his report. The following table shows the amount and character of counterfeit and stolen money; also stolen and altered United States bonds (registered) captured and secured by and through the operatives:

	Amounts.
United States Treasury notes .....	\$22,994 00
National bank notes.....	15,470 00
Currency .....	11,574 00
Genuine money stolen from the cash room of the United States Treasury. ....	11,471 50
By F. S. Winslow, stolen.....	\$11,990 00
By F. S. Winslow, recovered. ....	11,471 50
Net loss .....	518 50
Altered and registered United States bonds .....	65,050 00
Coin .....	8,181 70
Nickels .....	280 50
Spill marks.....	1,105 00
Flash notes .....	100 00
Genuine raised notes.....	100 00
State bank notes .....	4,839 00
	<u>\$111,165 70</u>

The following shows the number and character of the counterfeit plates captured and secured by and through the operatives:

#### PLATES FOR TREASURY NOTES.

\$5 00 copper obverse.....	1
5 00 copper reverse.....	1
5 00 copper tint.....	1
5 00 copper seal .....	1
Total plates.....	<u>4</u>

#### PLATES FOR NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

\$2 00 copper, electrotype.....	1
2 00 copper, border of back, electrotype.....	1
2 00 copper, centre of back, electrotype.....	1
10 00 German silver, obverse .....	1
10 00 German silver, border of back .....	1
10 00 German silver, centre of back .....	1
10 00 German silver, seal .....	1
10 00 copper, obverse, electrotype.....	20

10 00 copper, border of back, electrotype.....	19
10 00 copper, centre of back, electrotype.....	10
10 00 brass title plate. ....	2
Total plates.....	<u>58</u>

## PLATES FOR FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

50 cent, brass, Dexter head, obverse.....	2
50 cent, brass, Dexter head, reverse.....	2
50 cent, brass, Dexter head, seal. ....	1
50 cent, brass, Dexter head, obverse, electrotype.....	35
50 cent, brass, Dexter head, reverse.....	16
50 cent, brass, Dexter head, seal.....	1
50 cent, steel, Stanton head, obverse.....	1
50 cent, steel, Stanton head, reverse.....	1
50 cent, steel, Stanton head, seal.....	1
50 cent, steel, Spinner head, reverse.....	2
50 cent, steel, Dexter head, obverse (lithographic stone).....	2
50 cent, steel, Dexter head, reverse (lithographic stone).....	2
50 cent, steel, Dexter head, seal (lithographic stone).....	2
Total plates.....	<u>68</u>

## STEEL DIES FOR COIN.

	Sets.
10 cent silver coin. ....	1
50 cent silver coin.....	3
25 cent gold coin.....	1
50 cent gold coin.....	1
\$1 00 gold coin.....	3
5 00 gold coin.....	1
1 00 Mexican silver coin.....	1
Total sets of dies.....	<u>11</u>

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Presses for coin.....	1
Presses for bills.....	2
Fur caps, 6; pair of gloves, 7 (stolen).....	13

There were 241 arrests made during that fiscal year, ending June 30, 1877, and of those convicted the sentences amounted to three hundred and fourteen years.

Every chief of the Secret Service up to and including Elmer Washburn, did more or less operative work. It will be remembered that while Washburn was Chief of the Secret Service, two of the most important arrests, in the dangerous character of the men arrested, the amount of good and

bad money secured, and the implements for and its effect on counterfeiting, ever planned before or since, by one member of the Service. The result was the capture of Benjamin F. Boyd and Nelson Driggs. It will be remembered that the case was given by Chief Washburn to Capt. P. D. Tyrrell, at the Palmer House, in Chicago, Feb. 5, 1875, for him to work up in his own way. When Washburn gave the case to Tyrrell, he remarked that if he could capture those men, with facts and evidence to send them to the penitentiary for a long term, it would break the back bone of counterfeiting in the United States. Tyrrell gave almost his entire time to the case for more than eight months, when he located both the men, and satisfied himself that they were each hard at work. He then wrote to Chief Washburn, who met him in Chicago, where two parties of officers were organized, one to be led by Tyrrell for the capture of Boyd at Fulton, and the other by Washburn for the capture of Driggs at Centralia, both in the State of Illinois. Both parties moved at the same hour, nine o'clock, on the morning of October 21, 1875, and each captured his man.

While this work was going through the press in January, 1889, I wrote to Tyrrell, at Topeka, Kansas, to ascertain what effect the arrest and conviction of Boyd and Driggs had on the spinal column of counterfeiting. He replied that it would be egotistical for him to say, but referred me to the Ridgely National Bank, in Springfield. Mr. William Ridgely said that the amount of counterfeit money gradually decreased from the time Boyd and Driggs were captured, and long since ceased to be presented, and now there is less counterfeit money in circulation than at any time within his recollection. He referred me to the teller, Mr. E. W. Payne, who said that at the time of the arrest, counterfeit bills were presented at the bank every hour of the day, but now he does not see one in a month. He said the younger men in the bank complained that there was not enough counterfeit money in circulation for them to learn how to detect it. Other bankers talked the same way. James J. Brooks, appointed Oct. 27, 1876, Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, never travels, or does any operative work outside his office in the city of Washing-



ton. He finds that by requiring daily reports from each and every operative, he can conduct the business better than if he went into the field himself. I find so much of interest in his reports that it is difficult to stop. But I have given enough to make the reader wonder what would become of our circulating medium for the transaction of business, without the United States Secret Service.

We will now return to the reports of Tyrrell to Chief Brooks, at Washington. In his report for Nov. 2, 1876, Tyrrell says: "Louis C. Swegles informs me this day, that last night the gang met at his room. While speaking of the probable amount to be realized from President Lincoln's remains, Terrence Mullins said, 'they could obtain from the government two hundred thousand dollars, besides the liberation of Ben. Boyd from Joliet penitentiary, and the respect of the American people into the bargain,'" which shows that he had very queer ideas about what the people would think of their villainous performance.

Nov. 4, 1876, Tyrrell reports that there is no doubt about the parties being in earnest, and that they seem to be proud of the prospective reputation they will gain by it, still believing they will be able to obtain two hundred thousand dollars, and the release of Ben. Boyd for future use in counterfeiting. Hughes and his friends tried hard to put in some other securities for his appearance at court, and to draw the two thousand dollars out of the bank, to enable them to work their plot with greater prospects of success. Tyrrell, knowing the importance of the money to them, and that he could thwart them much easier without money, exercised the greatest energy and shrewdness to prevent their obtaining it, and succeeded.

Nov. 5th, being Sunday, Tyrrell did not make any report, but learned that the gang met and decided upon Tuesday night, Nov. 7th, as the time to rob the tomb of Lincoln.

Nov. 6th, Monday, at nine o'clock in the morning, Swegles reported to Tyrrell that the gang were going to Springfield that night, in order to be ready. They selected the night of Nov. 7th, because that was the day for holding the election for President and Vice President of the United States, and they shrewdly judged that the excitement attending the elec-

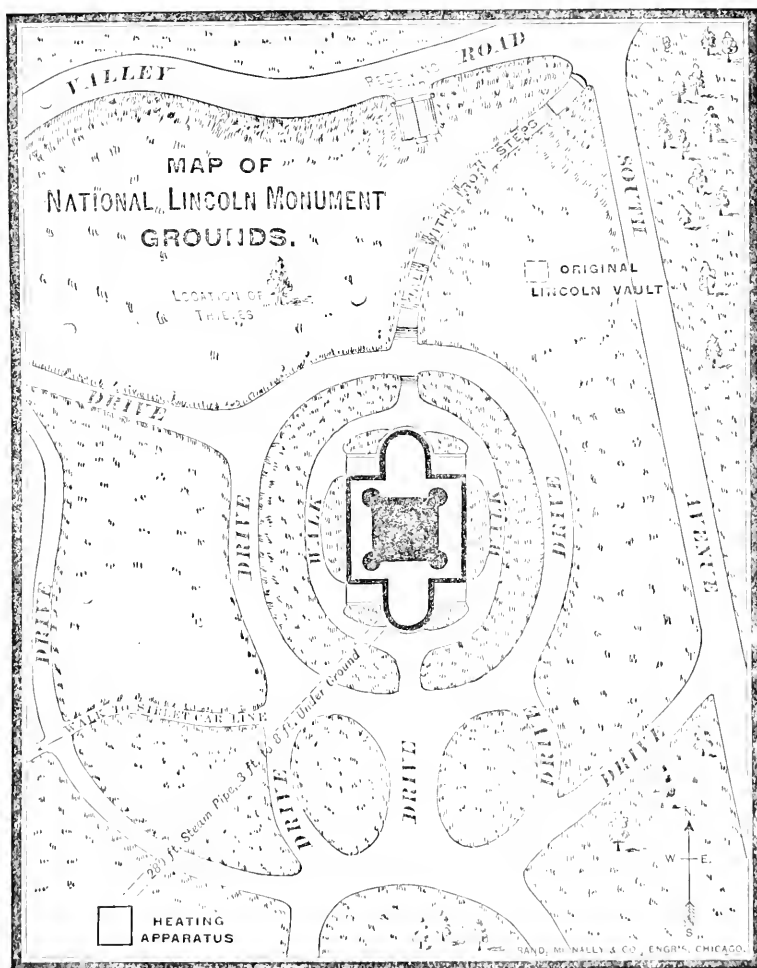
tion would draw away any attention that might otherwise be given to them, and in the event of their coming in contact with other parties at an unusually late hour of the night, there was a chance that each party would think the other was out in search of election news. Upon learning that the time was agreed upon, Tyrrell arranged for a meeting at the office of Robert T. Lincoln, at three o'clock that afternoon, when Lincoln, and Isham his partner, ex-Chief U. S. Secret Service Washburn, and C. W. Dean, an attorney at law, whom Swegles consulted in all the earlier stages of his discoveries of the plot. The object of the consultation was to arrange for assistance. Before night they secured the services of John McDonald, a detective in the employ of the Illinois Humane Society, and John McGinn and George Hay, of the Pinkerton detective force. Robert T. Lincoln sent a telegram to Hon. John T. Stuart, at Springfield, to call early next morning at the St. Nicholas Hotel and inquire for C. A. Demorest, the name Tyrrell assumed for the occasion, in order to evade any suspicion that might be raised by any of the conspirators seeing his name on the hotel register.

At nine o'clock that evening, Mullins, Hughes, Swegles and another man boarded the front platform of the front passenger car. Tyrrell, McGinn and Hay boarded the last sleeping car of the same train as it moved out of the depot of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. It was understood with Tyrrell, that ex-Chief Washburn and John McDonald were to follow on the next train leaving Chicago at nine o'clock on the morning of Nov. 7th, and would reach Springfield, 185 miles south, at four o'clock that afternoon. As the train moved out on the evening of the sixth, Tyrrell moralizing on the situation, fully realized that the mission was a perilous one and might end in death to one or more of both parties. The train arrived at Springfield at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th, nearly two hours behind time, Tyrrell, McGinn and Hay, stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

At half past eight, Swegles, who had kept with Mullins and Hughes, informed Tyrrell that they had registered at the St. Charles, a small hotel only a square and a half west of the St. Nicholas. Mullins registered as T. Durnan and Hughes as James Smith, both of Chicago. They were then both asleep,

with orders at the office to be called at ten o'clock. About nine o'clock, Hon. John T. Stuart called at the St. Nicholas, and asked for C. A. Demorest, which was responded to by Tyrrell. Mr. Stuart accompanied Tyrrell to the Monument and introduced him to J. C. Power, the Custodian, with instructions to the Custodian to co-operate with Tyrrell by giving all the information and assistance possible. Tyrrell and Power then made a thorough examination of the grounds and of the interior of the Monument, and settled upon the proper point to place a man inside to hear any work that might be done on the sarcophagus. That point is marked by a star in the ground plan. Tyrrell informed the Custodian that during the afternoon two of the conspirators would visit the Monument. He gave a description of them and instructed the Custodian to show them everything usually shown to visitors, and to answer truthfully all questions. Near three o'clock two men appeared answering the description given by Tyrrell. They paid the usual fee and registered, the one I afterwards found to be Swegles, as Henry S. Lewis, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, and the other Hughes, as James Smith, Racine, Wisconsin. Mullins did not come to the Monument at that time, and it is not known that he was ever there until he came that night expecting to accompany the remains of the President to a safe hiding place. The Custodian answered all their questions truly and without hesitation, thinking that they were the real conspirators, but on learning who Swegles was, found that he understood the instructions given by Tyrrell to the Custodian, and was watching closely to see how the questions were answered, but failed to see any evidence of doubt or hesitation on the part of the Custodian.

While Hughes and Swegles were at the Monument, Mullins secured an old axe at a German drinking saloon, for use in breaking open the sarcophagus. At five o'clock that afternoon Elmer Washburn, John McDonald and John English arrived. Tyrrell collected all immediately in his room at the St. Nicholas Hotel. There were present, Tyrrell, Washburn, McGinn, Hay, McDonald, Swegles and English. The latter had been the private secretary of Washburn while he was Chief of the U. S. Signal Service, and was there by invitation of his former chief officer. While they were all together,



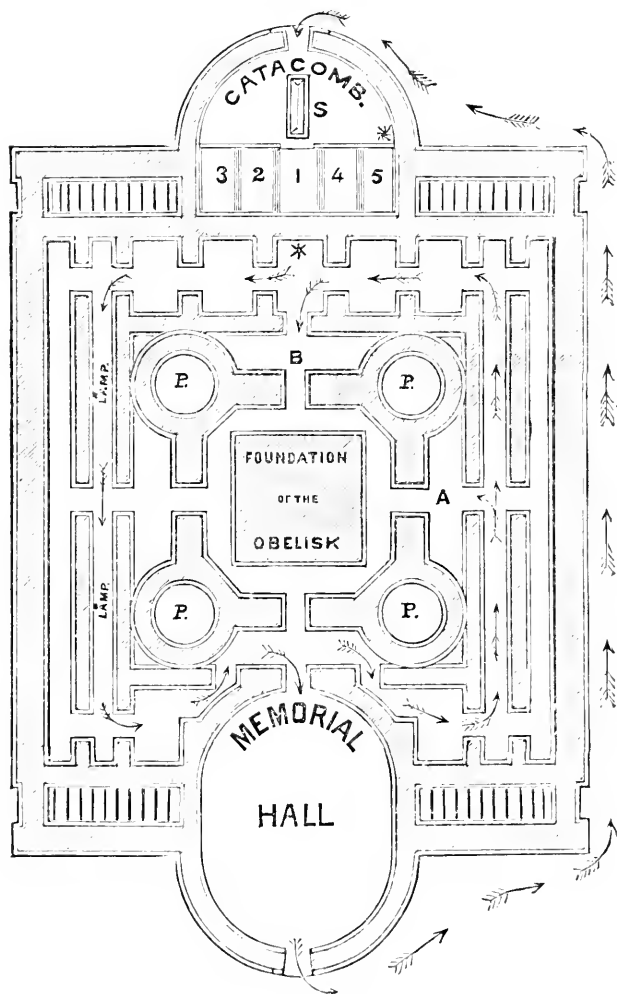
Map of Monument Grounds—Six Acres.

Washburn catechised Swegles very closely and sharply, in order to satisfy himself and all engaged of Swegles' honesty and sincerity in the matter. Tyrrell then detailed all his plans to Washburn in presence of the men, that each and all might fully understand what they were expected to do, and all received the entire approval of Washburn. When the time approached for action, Tyrrell sent George Hay to the Monument, with a note to the Custodian that he might know they were coming. When Hay arrived a little after five o'clock

there was barely sufficient light to enable the Custodian to read the note.

The sun had not been visible during the whole of that day, and thick clouds hung like a pall over the earth, making it so dark as early as six o'clock that a man could scarcely have seen his hand before him outside, but inside Memorial Hall the darkness could almost be felt. The Hall was warmed with steam, and a supply of lamps and matches were ready. When Hay arrived, the Custodian took him inside the Hall, closed the doors, and they remained quietly without lights, until about forty minutes past six o'clock, when Tyrrell, Washburn, McDonald, McGinn and English appeared at the door, and were quickly admitted by the Custodian, Hay standing by to identify each one. When they were all safely inside, the Custodian fastened the doors, took a lamp and some matches in one hand, and with the other took the hand of Tyrrell, and he one of his men, until all joined hands. The Custodian then led the way through the back door of Memorial Hall, as seen in the Ground Plan, turned to the left, winding among the labyrinth of walls until a point was reached where lights could not be seen from the outside, when a light was struck and all given up to Tyrrell, who continued along the line marked "Lamps," in the opposite direction from the way the arrows run, until he reached the spot marked with a star. There John English was stationed, that he might hear and convey the information back to Memorial Hall, when the miscreants began to work on the marble sarcophagus. Although there was a solid wall of brick and stone more than two feet thick, and without any opening, between English and the sarcophagus, it had been tested by the Custodian and Tyrrell, on the first visit of the latter, the previous morning, when it was found that light blows on the sarcophagus could be distinctly heard where English stood. After examining the whole interior, lamps were placed along the line indicated by the arrows and the word "lamps," in order that English might find his way out. The five officers and the Custodian returning to Memorial Hall, were assigned positions, and all ordered to draw their boots and remain perfectly quiet.

Memorial Hall has but one outer door, and this has two shutters, one of iron rods and the other of wood and glass.

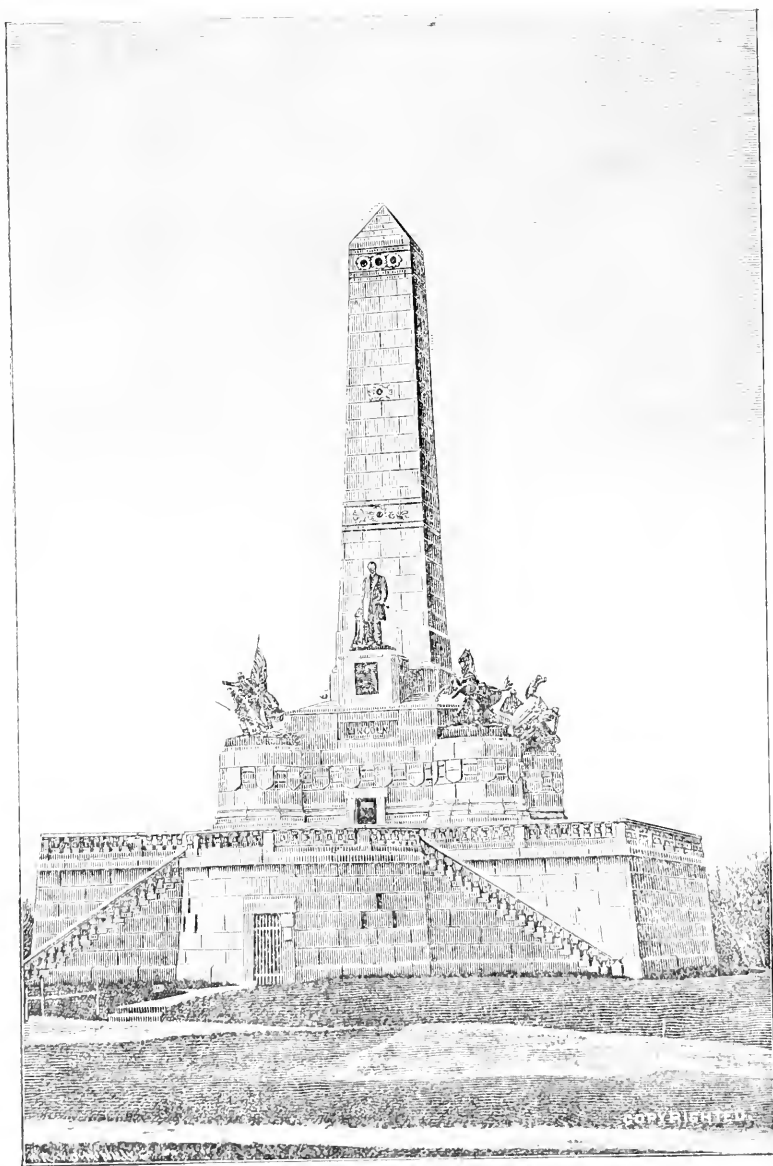


Ground Plan, Lincoln Monument.

These were both closed and locked, and a white cloth screen placed near the door inside, so that it would not be possible to distinguish any object in there, by looking from the outside. Tyrrell took a position inside where he was shielded from view by the screen, and yet near enough to the door to see every movement on the outside. Each and all remained in the positions assigned them, from about seven until about nine o'clock. I say about, because it was not possible for us to consult our watches without danger of revealing our presence to the thieves.

About six o'clock, and just before starting to the Monument, Tyrrell sent Swegles to meet Mullens and Hughes. How Swegles managed to keep up the delusion to them that he had a wagon and team, and yet arrive at the Monument with them, or near the same time they did, I do not know, but the first intimation we inside had of the presence of the conspirators, was a very brilliant light from a bull's eye or dark lantern, being thrust in between the rods of the outer door to Memorial Hall. It almost touched the glass of the inner door, and was turned about quickly, as though finding all locked, satisfied the parties with the lantern that the Hall was unoccupied. The light soon disappeared, and footsteps as of more than one person were heard retreating towards the catacomb at the north end of the Monument. It was Swegles and Hughes. Tyrrell then directed the Custodian to unlock the doors, but leave them closed, which he did, and had barely time to resume his position when the lantern appeared again, this time carried by Swegles alone, who gave Tyrrell the password adopted for that night, "Wash," and informed Tyrrell that Hughes and Mullens had commenced sawing the lock at the rod door of the catacomb. Next, Hughes passed around alone without the light. About this time English, who had remained at the point marked by the star in the Ground Plan, came by the course of the arrows and lamps into Memorial Hall, and reported that the conspirators were hard at work on the sarcophagus.

For fifteen or twenty minutes after that not a man moved out of the Hall, and yet there were hurried movements and whisperings going on inside. The Custodian had never seen a single one of those men until within a few hours of that time. Thoughts ran thick and fast through his mind, and he soliloquized: "What if they are playing a farce, or some desperate game?" Here they are ostensibly to capture a lot of miscreants bent on committing a most infamous crime. They know that the conspirators are at work, and so far as I can understand, not a man moves hand or foot to arrest their progress. Can I accomplish anything? The answer came quickly. No, there is nothing you can do, for you do not know how to make a single move, therefore you must keep quiet and await developments. All this and much more passed through his mind in less time than it takes to write



National Lincoln Monument—South View.



it. Then came a slight movement at the door. More whisperings were heard and a hurried exit, followed by a few moments of deathlike stillness, and he began to realize that he was alone in the blackness of darkness. A man soon entered and called his name. It was the voice of Tyrrell. He directed the Custodian to bring the lamps from the interior of the Monument which was quickly done. Tyrrell had gone out without his boots that his footsteps might not be heard. He put them on hurriedly and departed again. He had been out but a few moments, when—

Hark! What is that? Crack! crack!! crack!!! A succession of pistol shots rang out on the night air. As the men filed in to the light, hurried words were spoken. "The villains are gone." "Oh, Lord! What a narrow escape," one exclaimed. All were pale and quivering with emotion. With the lights we proceeded to the Catacomb, and the sights we beheld are faithfully illustrated in the cut of the interior.

In order to understand it clearly, let the reader first turn to the Ground Plan. The form of the Catacomb is the exact half of a circle twenty-four feet in diameter, as will be seen by reference to the cut. Imagine yourself standing in the door of the Catacomb, and you see a true representation of the interior as it appeared when the ghouls made their exit.

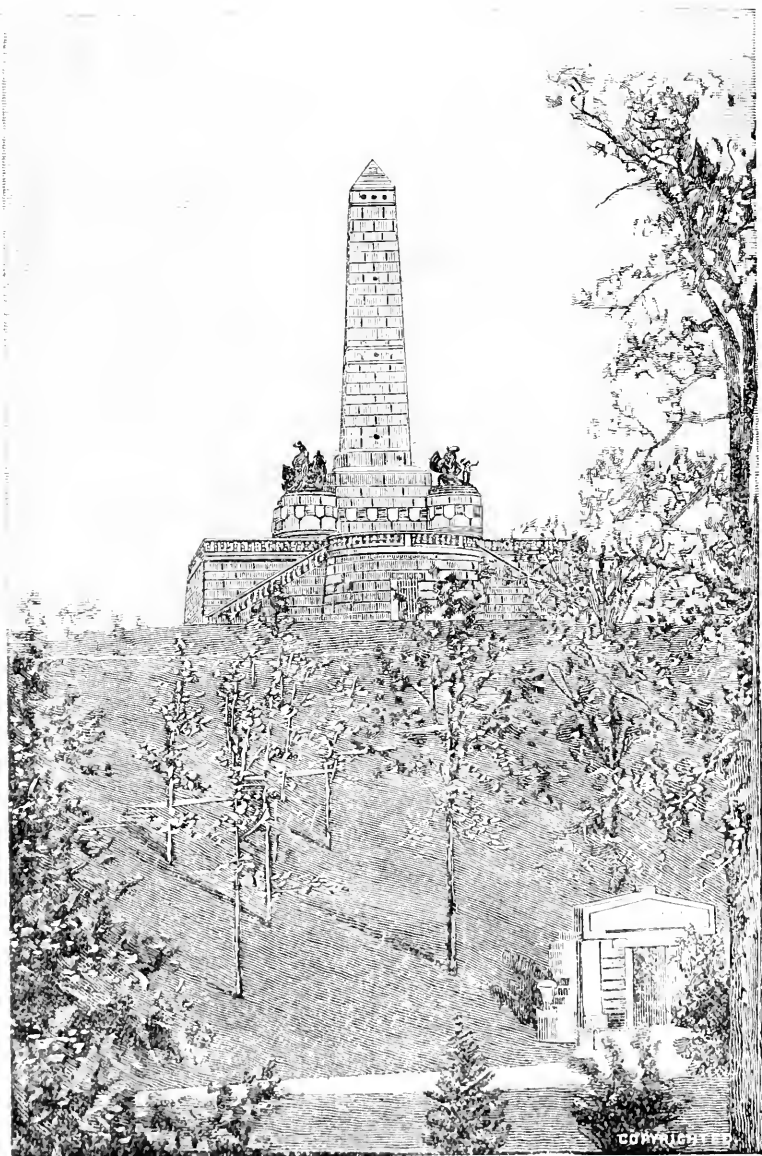
The marble walls and tessellated marble floor, with the position of the cedar coffin, and each piece of the marble sarcophagus is well defined. By reference to the numbers and letters it will be easily understood.

No. 1, is the extreme back part of an open crypt, eight feet deep, designed as a receptacle for the body of President Lincoln, in which it rested from September, 1871, until October, 1874, when it was taken from the iron coffin, placed in one of lead, and that in one of red cedar, and all put in the marble sarcophagus.

No. 2, is a marble panel, back of which there is a crypt, containing the bodies of Mr. Lincoln's two sons, William and Edward.

No. 3, is a panel, back of which there is a crypt containing the body of Mr. Lincoln's son Thomas, whom he called Tad.

No. 4, was then unoccupied, but the body of Mrs. Lincoln was placed in it July 19, 1882. Two days later, at the request of Robert T. Lincoln, through Hon. John T. Stuart,



National Lincoln Monument—North View.

chairman of the executive committee of the Monument Association, The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled in the night time and moved her remains to the interior of the Monument and buried them by the side of her husband. That was done July 21, 1882, the second night after her body had been deposited there.

No. 5. In arranging the cripts for the family, this one was set apart for Robert T. Lincoln, but without consulting him. Now that he has a wife and children, and is making his own history, it is not known what disposition he will make of it. No. 4, being unoccupied, it is probable that both will be held subject to any directions that may be given by him or his family. It is not expected that No. 1 will ever be used for sepulture. The empty sarcophagus may be put in there, or a bust of the martyred President may be made to fill the niche.

A, is the top or false lid of the marble sarcophagus.

B, is the main lid of the marble sarcophagus, a sufficient distance from the wall to admit of a man passing between the two.

C, is one of the wooden temporary trestles supporting the sarcophagus.

D, is the top of the red cedar coffin.

E, is the end of the cedar coffin, drawn about eighteen inches out of the sarcophagus, ready to be carried away.

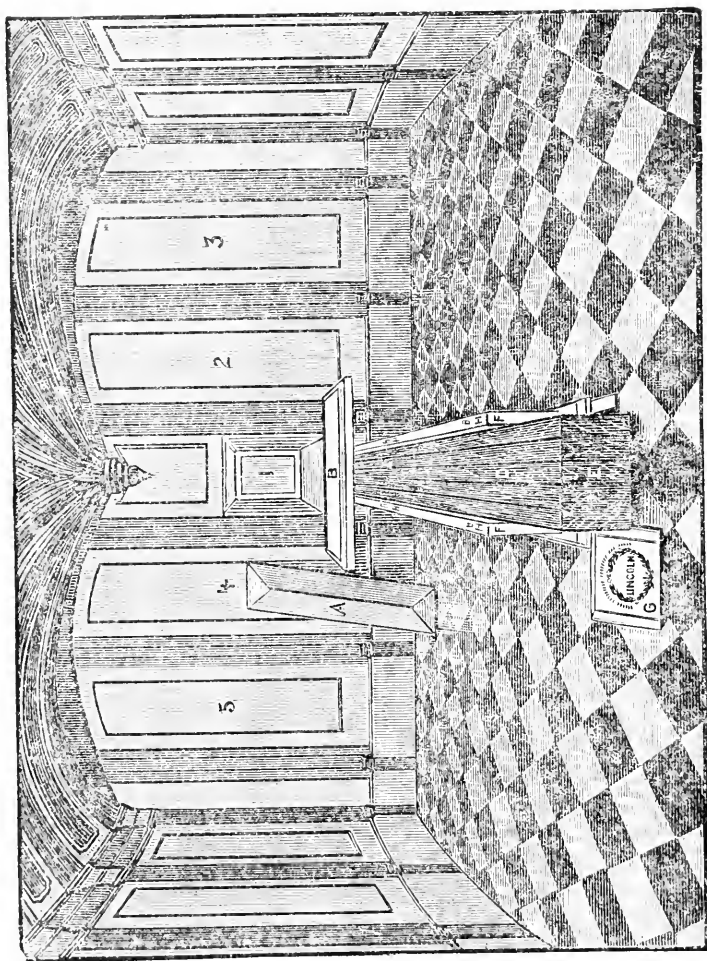
F F, are the marble sides of the sarcophagus.

H H H H, are copper dowels in the marble sides of the sarcophagus, for holding the main lid in position.

G., is the marble end piece of the sarcophagus, bearing the inscription LINCOLN, surrounded with an oaken wreath in marble. It is proper to state that this piece did not occupy the place it does in the picture, but was left by the vandals where it could not be seen from the door.

Each and every piece remained as the miscreants left them, until the afternoon of November 9th, the second day after their visit, when all were replaced and cemented as though nothing had been done.

The red cedar coffin is put together with brass screws from the outside. Every screw was examined before it was put back in the sarcophagus, and the creases in them were found, one and all, to be filled with rust or verdigris, proving beyond a doubt that neither the wood nor lead coffin had been



Interior of the Catacomb, as the Thieves Left It.

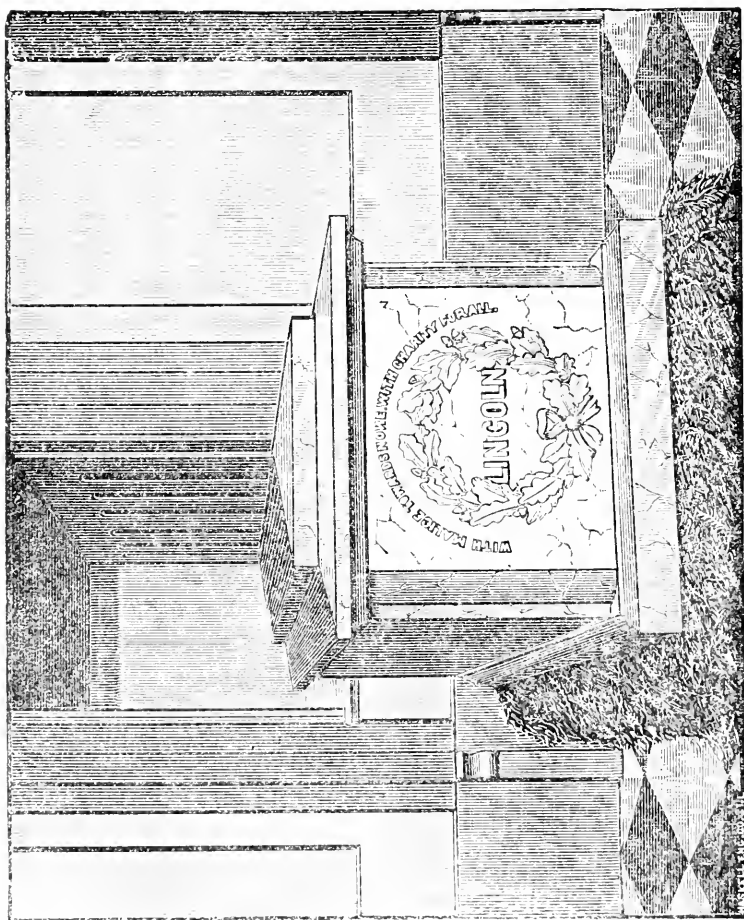
opened, so that the remains up to that time were absolutely safe. The broken lock, pincers, chisel and axe were left promiscuously about the door, but do not appear in the picture.

By way of explaining the apparent tardy action of those in Memorial Hall, it may be said that the placing of English inside to listen, was merely an extra precaution, in order that the first movement to break open the sarcophagus might be known beyond a doubt, but was not the intention to move out on information thus obtained. It was previously arranged

between chief operative Tyrrell and Swegles, that the latter, on his arrival with Hughes and Mullins, and while they were busy opening the sarcophagus, was to go around outside, and if anything prevented their getting sufficiently near each other to exchange pass words, Swegles was to stand in front of Memorial Hall, strike a match and light a cigar, which was to be the signal that the way was clear for the entire force to close in upon the conspirators. Swegles walked around once and gave to Tyrrell the pass word, for that night, "Wash," as previously stated, and informed him that Hughes and Mullins were sawing and filing at the padlock to the catacomb. I merely digress to say that Mullins broke a very fine steel saw, and was under the necessity of finishing with a hand saw file, which caused them to be much longer effecting an entrance than they would otherwise have been.

(Note—The lock thus broken is still preserved in the Memorial Hall, but the key belonging to it was carried by the Custodian until February 12, 1887, when he presented it to his friend, Gen. Edwin A. Sherman, of Oakland, California.)

On entering the catacomb, an incident entirely unlooked for, occurred. When the door was forced, the dark lantern was placed in Swegles' hands, and he was pushed in to the southeast corner of the catacomb, marked with a cross, and instructed to stand there and hold the light. Mullins proceeded to open the sarcophagus, and Hughes to patrol outside, keeping close watch about the door. Swegles saw at a glance that if he undertook to dispose of the lantern and pass out of the door, one or the other of them would probably shoot him dead. There seemed to be nothing left for him to do but stand where he was and hold the light, studying meanwhile how to make up for lost time. It may be inferred that Mullins and Hughes suspected Swegles' fidelity, but I think that move simply meant that they did not know him as well as they knew each other, and they were determined to have him in as close quarters as they were themselves. When the sarcophagus was taken to pieces and the wooden coffin drawn partly out, ready to drive away, as shown in the broken sarcophagus, Hughes and Mullins stepped outside with Swegles and told him to bring up the team, and they would wait for him at the door. He had no team, nor never intended to have, but had agreed to do so, and made them believe he



Sarcophagus and Interior of Catacomb, as the Thieves Found It, and as Restored.

had one at the east gate, in a north east direction. When he was told to bring it up, he ran about half way down the steep bluff, until he knew they could not see him in consequence of the thick darkness. He then turned abruptly to the right, ran south on the sward until he came opposite the entrance to Memorial Hall, and again turned squarely to the right, crossed the drive around the monument, and approaching the door, gave the password to Tyrrell and explained to him the situation, that he was supposed to be bringing up the wagon and a teamster, and that Hughes and Mullins were waiting his return at the door of the catacomb. Tyrrell

then told Swegles to remain in the back ground, stated the situation to Washburn, and summoning Hay, McGinn and McDonald, started for the catacomb, as indicated by the arrows on the outside of the ground plan. Tyrrell entered the catacomb first, with revolver in hand, cocked and ready for quick work, called upon whoever was inside to surrender. Not receiving any answer, he called the second time, and still no answer, he struck a match, when the scene, of the broken sarcophagus was revealed to him, and in his own language he was surprised that "no fiend was there."

Tyrrell immediately gave orders for McGinn and Hay to examine the grounds on the slope of the bluff north, and returned to Memorial Hall, for his boots, as previously stated. He held a short consultation with Washburn, then went outside, and ascending a flight of steps, he walked out to the southwest corner of the Terrace, thinking the ghouls may have gone up there, by one of the four flights of steps, to wait for the team. It was now approaching the time for the moon to rise,—which it did that night at ten o'clock and twenty-four minutes,—and being elevated sixteen feet above the surrounding level of the ground, he was enabled to see the outlines of two men on the northwest corner of the Terrace, about seventy feet north of where he stood. He drew up his revolver and fired at them. They returned the fire and then ran to the northeast corner. Tyrrell moved as quickly to the southeast corner where they exchanged two shots each, and both parties ran back and assumed the positions occupied by each when the first shots were fired. The two men were maneuvering to keep under cover of the granite pedestals and get another shot at Tyrrell. He went to the head of the stairway where he had ascended, called down to Washburn, addressing him as he had done while at work under him in the U. S. Secret Service, said: "Chief we have the de'ils up here." Then calling to his men to come up, which was responded to by McDonald only, Tyrrell supposing that his whole force was supporting him, gave orders to surround the obelisk and capture them. A voice then came from behind one of the four pedestals adjoining the obelisk, "Tyrrell is that you." Tyrrell made no reply for the reason that one of the miscreants, Hughes, knew his voice, and he declined to exchange words with him, and again called for his men to

come up. The same voice once more came from behind the pedestal. "Tyrrell, for God's sake, answer, is that you shooting us.?" It was then found that while Tyrrell was putting on his boots and ascending at the south end, McGinn and Hay had hastily examined the grounds as well as they could in the intense darkness, and ascended to the terrace at the north end, and it was McGinn's voice that revealed the mistake. They all then came down into Memorial Hall, uttering the exclamations previously recorded. It was afterwards learned that when Mullins and Hughes started Swegles off for his mythical team, agreeing to remain at the door of the catacomb until his return, they, too shrewd to remain at the door, lest some other parties might be looking for them, quietly withdrew about 110 feet northwest down the bluff to a small oak tree. [See map, at the point marked "Location of Thieves."] They were watching the door of the catacomb at the north front, when the officers came around the east side of the monument from Memorial Hall. [See *ground plan*.] The thieves started to meet the officers, thinking it was Swegles and his teamster, coming for the body, and were in the act of going to meet them quickly, when within twenty or thirty feet of the door, they discovered that instead of two, the dim outlines of four or five men were seen filing into the catacomb. That was entirely too many. The thieves halted, and assuming a listening attitude, soon learned that it was a party of officers hunting for them. In speaking to Swegles about it before they were captured, and consequently previous to their learning that he had "given them away," they said that they thought it would be decidedly "more healthy for them to go the other way." Swegles had some marvelous hairbreadth escapes to relate to them in order to retain their confidence, until he could decoy them into the hands of the officers. The robbers had time to get out of the grounds of Oak Ridge Cemetery, by way of the east gate, and were near the foot of the bluff, close to the northern terminus of Fifth Street Railway, when the firing took place on the monument. One of the conductors on the Fifth Street Railroad having just reached the end of the track with his car, in time to hear the firing, also heard a voice coming up from the darkness below, saying: "D—n you, you cannot shoot us, you are not smart enough for that." At the same time the con-



ductor distinctly heard the strong voice of Tyrrell, a quarter of a mile away, ordering his men to surround the obelisk and capture what he supposed were the thieves, but soon after found them to be his own men.

When the officers had just emerged from Memorial Hall on the way to the catacomb, one of them, in cocking his revolver, accidentally let the hammer slip and explode the cap. Putting that with the failure to capture the robbers, the incident was readily caught up and turned into a charge that there was a traitor among the officers, who gave that as a signal to the thieves of approaching danger. Tyrrell and those with him were exceedingly mortified at the termination of the affair, and at the time I shared the same feeling with them, although I was in no way responsible for the failure, and would not in any sense have been entitled to credit, if it had been a success. But I am now satisfied that it could not possibly have terminated as well in any other way. If Tyrrell had found them in the catacomb, entering the door as he did, they could and would have seen and shot him before he could have learned which one of the dark corners they were in. The escape of all parties on the terrace, after leaving the catacomb, was most providential. Each party came so near being shot, as to feel the wind from the balls fired by the other side as they whistled by their faces. The report at the time that the firing took place among the trees was a mistake. It was all done on the terrace, sixteen feet from the ground.

In his report of the affair to Chief Brooks, of the United States Secret service, Tyrrell speaks of it as "One of the most unfortunate nights I have ever experienced, yet God protected us in doing right." Further on he says: "The encounter on the Lincoln Monument will ever be remembered by me as an escape from death most miraculous, and I thank God from the bottom of my heart."

With all this there are men who affect to believe that the whole affair was a sham and a pretense. It appears so much smarter, and is so much easier to look wise and say it was a "put up job," than it would be to ascertain what is true, and give a fair statement of it. Whatever may have been done formerly, or may be doing now by private detectives, in the way of put up jobs, for the purpose of making ephem-

eral reputations and extorting money, the time has long since passed for that kind of work in the United States Secret Service. There is too much real work to be done. The most daring ambition in that direction may find an ample field in hunting for real criminals, and the wonder is that there are competent men willing to do it. It requires greater courage to be a successful operative in the Secret Service of the United States, than to be a private soldier of the line. The soldier may go courageously through battle, amid the roaring of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and shouting of victorious numbers, who would quail in a single hand-to-hand conflict in the dark with a desperate criminal. The operative in the United States Secret Service requires all the courage of the private soldier, combined with the skill of the trained commander. As evidence that many of them possess these qualifications, we have only to call to mind the vast amount of work done by them among the moonshine distillers, in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, and the large number of deaths of the brave men accomplishing it.

The street cars stopped running at ten o'clock, while all was yet in darkness, but soon after the tragedy the moon arose and the light struggling through the clouds enabled us to find our way back to the city. Washburn was lame from a sprained ankle, and unable to walk to town. The writer went over on the opposite hill to the residence of Wm. Bickes, the sexton of Oak Ridge Cemetery, and asked for a horse and spring wagon, telling him that one of the men was unable to walk, and we wanted it to take him to the city. We arrived a little after eleven o'clock.

We let the broken sarcophagus and the interior of the catacomb remain as the robbers left it, with the exception of putting a new lock which I had in Memorial Hall, on the door, and gathering up the tools. Large numbers of people came out and saw the effect of their work, as it is shown in the broken sarcophagus. As previously stated, on the afternoon of the ninth, we had workmen come out, push the coffin back in its place, put the marble together, cement the joints and leave all as the robbers found it on the night of Nov. 7th, and as it is restored, as will be seen by the engraving.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the attempt to steal the remains of President Lincoln, should have occurred on the

thirty-ninth anniversary of the assassination of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, the first prominent martyr in the cause of abolishing human slavery in the United States of America, which occurred at Alton, Illinois, about the same hour on the evening of Nov. 7, 1837.

Many visitors have expressed surprise that the marble was not broken. Swegles explained that to the writer, when he was here the next May at the trial. He said they found no difficulty in removing the extreme top piece, but when they attempted to remove the main lid, which projects over the sides, it was found that although the cement was broken, they could not turn it around. Mullins was in the act of striking upward with the axe, to break off the edges of the projecting marble, when Swegles caught his arm and reminded him that it was but a short distance to the residence of the sexton of the Cemetery; and that they might be heard and compelled to leave without accomplishing their object. He then proposed that they all join in removing it, which they did by lifting until the fact was revealed that there were three copper dowels on each side. By lifting it above these dowels, they were able to turn it across the sarcophagus, when they pushed it back against the wall, as shown in the engraving.

When we all went from the Monument into the city, some visited the telegraph and newspaper offices, and an account of the events of the evening was read next morning, not only in the papers of our own country, but in all other countries reached by the telegraph, producing a sensation which for a time overshadowed the election news. Tyrrell, Hay and McDonald boarded the midnight train on the Chicago and Alton road for Chicago. Swegles went on the same train, but kept as much under cover as possible. Washburn and McGinn remained to examine the field next morning. There was some expectation that Hughes and Mullins would also go on the midnight train for Chicago, but they were too shrewd for that. The next morning they called for breakfast at a farm house north of the Sangamon river, about seven miles north-east of Springfield, and after that disappeared for nearly ten days, when Swegles reported to Tyrrell that they were together at the "Hub," Mullins' drinking saloon 294 West Madison street, Chicago. A warrant was procured and placed

in the hands of Dennis Simms, of the Chicago city police force. About eleven o'clock on the evening of Nov. 17, 1876, officers Simms, McGinn, Tyrrell and ex-Chief Washburn entered the "Hub," and at the same time captured both Mullins and Hughes, handcuffed them, drove to the Central police station and lodged them in prison. They were brought to Springfield, arriving on the Chicago and Alton train, Saturday morning, Nov. 18th. They were visited at the county jail and identified by several persons,—the Custodian among them,—who had seen them while here on their ghoulisn expedition.

As previously intimated, it was so much easier to dispose of the whole question of the Lincoln tomb robbery by crying "put up job," on the part of the detectives, than to investigate the subject and obtain the facts, that charges of that kind were freely made, and rung on all the changes up and down the scale. They especially charged that the plot was gotten up in the interest of Elmer Washburn, who had until a short time previous to that event been Chief of the United States Secret Service. A letter from Hon. Leonard Swett, in the Chicago Tribune of Nov. 23, 1876, very emphatically refutes that charge, and I think in justice to him that it should form a part of this history. The letter is as follows:

CHICAGO, Nov. 22 (1876).—As in imations have been made in the daily papers that the arrest of the parties charged with desecrating the tomb of Abraham Lincoln was fraudulent, and induced by Elmer Washburn, and as the facts of his connection with the case are known to me, and based upon my request, I consider it my duty, in justice to him, and without his knowledge or solicitation, to state what I know in reference to the facts involved.

One day during the Sullivan trial, a lawyer came to me manifesting great earnestness, and said a client of his had revealed to him the fact that a plan was on foot to steal the body of Abraham Lincoln. I do not consider it proper to state anything more in reference to this plan or its objects, than to say that it had no connection with politics, but was simply crime, and to accomplish criminal and mercenary ends.

I asked permission to state the facts to Robert Lincoln, and upon consultation with him wrote to John T. Stuart, of Springfield, who had been prominently connected with the Lincoln Monument Association, stating simply what I had heard, and expressed no opinion upon the facts, but suggested that perhaps the slightest intimation of danger ought to induce proper safeguards, if the body was in a position where it could possibly be exposed to such a scheme. The next day brought to my knowledge the fact that any public guard, or open precaution would simply postpone the attempt, and therefore, upon the belief that the officers themselves would catch the parties in the net, it was thought best to let them do it.

I therefore wrote to Mr. Stuart again, telling him that the plan had been matured to catch the perpetrators in the act, but while this was promised, and in deference

to it our precautions should be secret, still they should be so effectual as to leave no danger of the success of the thieves. Some ten days elapsed, the details of which I purposely omit, but the result was that the parties got ready and selected election night, because public attention would then be absorbed.

Up to this time, all I had done was at the request of Robert Lincoln, to induce the precautions at Springfield above stated. He also asked me, as he did not wish to act in the matter, to do anything I might consider prudent and proper. He came to me the day of the night the parties were going, and said he was fearful generally about what would be done, and the result, and I suggested, as Elmer Washburn was in town, and I placed full reliance both in his discretion and integrity, that we should consult him generally on the situation.

That afternoon Mr. Washburn was consulted by Robert, but I was not able to be present, and that night after this consultation, Mr. Washburn informed me that the parties had gone to Springfield on the evening train. This was the first information I had that they were going at a definite time, or that they had gone. If I had known certainly that they were going, I should have procured Washburn to follow them at once, but then it was too late.

I begged Washburn to go down the next morning, but he expressed reluctance because he had no authority, and it might seem like interfering. I told him I was authorized by Robert to act, and urged him in every way I could to go to Springfield on the morning train. He finally promised that, after voting at the Twenty-second Street Station, he would then take the Chicago and Alton train if he could, and if he failed he would report to me, and I said I would get a special engine for him.

After leaving him I became fearful, that in thinking the matter over his disinclination to interfere might finally prevail, and I went to Twenty-second street station a few minutes after the polls opened and waited until nine, for the purpose of placing in his hands a written request on behalf of Robert and myself for him to take charge of the matter in connection with Mr. Tyrrell.

Missing him there, as he, in fact, voted near the Palmer House, I went to Roberts' house, and after becoming satisfied that he had gone on the nine o'clock train, we telegraphed him at Bloomington, en route, to take charge of the matter, and we would back him in whatever he might do. The object of this was that he might feel authorized to act, as far as we could authorize him. That night Washburn telegraphed me that the parties had escaped, but although temporarily baffled, he and Mr. Tyrrell worked with skill and caution, and finally caught the men.

Nobody in connection with this whole matter has been trying to make any money or affix any conditions to their work, or in any way secure any compensation. The only money that has been paid out is a matter of \$2.00 per day to some parties connected with the case who are poor and could not give their time without compensation.

The conduct of the officers has been such as would meet with the approval of all, provided they knew the facts involved. The arrests having been made, I employed the Hon. Charles H. Reed to go to Springfield to take charge of the prosecution. I did this because I thought my feelings might misguide me, and I knew him to be one of the best prosecutors in the country. When all the facts are known, the gentlemen I have named will be entitled to, and doubtless will receive, the thanks of all who loved Mr. Lincoln and who wish that his ashes may rest in peace.

Yours truly,

LEONARD SWETT.

The capture of these miscreants brought about a remarkable revelation. The reader will remember that James B. Kinealy, who originated in St. Louis the first plot to rob the tomb of Lincoln, put it into the hands of a go-between, or messenger between himself and his band of coney men at the town of Lincoln, Logan county, Illinois, to carry into execution. The messenger selecting four others, they five came to Springfield, and when all things were about ready to consummate their designs, the drunkenness of one of their number exploded the scheme, and Kinealy went under cover, and was seen no more by officers until after the arrest of Hughes and Mullins, when it was found that he was partner with Mullins in the "Hub" saloon. He was the party from St. Louis mentioned by Swegles in his reports to Tyrrell of his first interviews with the conspirators. The officers then having no charge against Kinealy, he was left there. His good fortune or natural shrewdness seems afterward to have forsaken him. He was arrested in St. Louis, Missouri, April 14, 1880, for dealing and having in his possession counterfeit \$10 U. S. Treasury notes, and Nov. 18, 1882, he plead guilty in the U. S. District Court in St. Louis, and was sentenced to serve one year in Chester, Illinois, penitentiary, and he served that term.

At that time there was not a law on the statute books of Illinois that made it a penitentiary offense to rob a grave or in any way steal a dead body. A law was enacted and approved May 21, 1879, which came in force July first of the same year, under which a party convicted of that offense is subject to a penalty of not less than one nor more than ten years in the penitentiary. In order to inflict anything like an adequate penalty, these men had to be tried for something more than an attempt to steal the remains of President Lincoln. The circuit court of Sangamon county was in session at the time they were captured, but its grand jury for that term had transacted all the business that came before it, and had been discharged. This case was so shocking to the finer feelings of humanity that it was thought by the court to be of sufficient importance to summon a special grand jury, to proceed with the case at once, and it was accordingly done.

I shall not attempt to give a detailed report of the evidence and pleadings on the subject. I think it will be reasonably

satisfactory to the public to give a transcript from the records of the court, certified in due form, which I here proceed to lay before the reader.

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## DIVISION FIFTH.

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Grand Jury of Sangamon County find a True Bill of Indictment against the Thieves—Their Trial and Conviction in Springfield—Their Removal to the Penitentiary at Joliet.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, }  
SANGAMON COUNTY. } ss.

In Circuit Court—November Special Term, A. D. 1876.

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Pleas, before the Honorable Charles S. Zane, one of the Judges of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit of the State of Illinois, and sole presiding Judge of the Circuit Court of Sangamon county, in the State aforesaid, and at a special term thereof, begun and held at the Court House, in the city of Springfield, in said county, on the thirteenth day, being the twentieth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, and of the independence of the said United States the one hundred and first.

Present—Honorable Charles S. Zane, Judge of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit of the State of Illinois; James A. Winston, Clerk; R. H. Hazlitt, State's Attorney; L. H. Ticknor, Sheriff.

[Attest.] E. R. ROBERTS, Clerk.

Thereafter, to-wit, on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1876, the same being one of the term days of the special November term, A. D. 1876, the following proceedings were had and entered of record, to-wit:

And now comes the Sheriff of Sangamon county and returns into open court the names of the persons summoned by him according to law, and the special venire issued by the clerk in obedience to the order of the court, this day entered of record, to serve as a special Grand Jury at the present term, to-wit: William C. Greenwood, Henson Robinson, John O. Rames, D. W. Peden, Val B. Hummel, William Chamberlain, Ninian W. Taylor, Edward R. Perkins, William H. Holland, B. F. Fox, Edward R. Roberts, George N. Black, John W. Chenery, G. A. Van Dorn, O. F. Stebbins, A. M. Sims, James M. Garland, Joel B. Brown, Charles A. Helmle, Samuel Haines, R. W. Diller, Thomas C. Jewell and S. Cook Hampton; who are now called and all answer to their names. Thereupon the Court appointed R. W. Diller as Foreman of said Grand Jury, and the said Foreman and said Grand Jury being first duly sworn, according to law, as a grand inquest for the People of the State of Illinois, to inquire for the body of the county of Sangamon, are then by the State's Attorney charged touching their duties, and retire to consider of their presentments, in charge of an officer of the court, who for that purpose was duly sworn.

And on the same day and date last aforesaid, the following further proceedings were had and entered of record, to-wit: And now comes the Grand Jury into open court, and presents the following bill of indictment, endorsed as follows, which, by order of court, is filed, the case docketed, and said indictment spread at large upon the records:

The People of the State of Illinois, vs. Terrence Mullen alias, and Jack Hughes alias,	}	Indictment for attempt to com- mit larceny.
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#### A TRUE BILL.

R. W. DILLER, Foreman of the Grand Jury.

#### WITNESSES.

Thos. C. Smith, Elmer Washburn, Patrick D. Tyrrell, Lewis C. Swegles, John C. McGinn, Peter Engel, John C. Power. Additional witnesses, on the other side, William Bickes, Geo. Hay, Wm. Neely, O. M. Hatch, Geo. H. Harlow, John W. Bunn, William Jayne, Fred. Schlitt, Geo. P. English, John T. Stuart, O. H. Miner. Said indictment is in the words and figures following, to-wit:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.  
SANGAMON COUNTY, }

Of the November special term of said Sangamon county, A. D., 1876.

The Grand Jurors chosen, selected and sworn in and for said Sangamon county, in said State of Illinois, in the name and by the authority of the People of said State of Illinois, upon their oaths present.

That Terrance Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, on the seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, in said county and State, did unlawfully and feloniously attempt to steal, take and carry away certain personal property, to-wit: One casket, otherwise called a coffin, of the value of seventy-five dollars, the personal goods and property of the National Lincoln Monument Association, the said Lincoln Monument Association being then and there a corporation organized under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Illinois, contrary to the statutes and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State of Illinois.

ROBERT H. HAZLETT,

State's Attorney.

Filed Nov. 20, 1876.

JAMES A. WINSTON, Clerk.

And now comes again the Grand Jury in open court, and presents the following bill of indictment, endorsed as follows, which by order of the court is filed, the case docketed, and indictment spread upon the records.

The People of Illinois vs. Terrence Mullin alias, and John Hughes alias,	}	Indictment for Conspiracy.
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#### A TRUE BILL.

R. W. DILLER, Foreman of the Grand Jury.

#### WITNESSES.

Thomas C. Smith, Elmer Washburn, Patrick D. Tyrrell, Lewis C. Swegles, John C. McGinn, Peter Engel, John C. Power, William Bickes, George Hay, William



Neely, O. M. Hatch, George H. Harlow. Additional witnesses on the other side, John W. Bunn, William Jayne, Fred. Schlitt, Geo. P. English, John T. Stuart, O. H. Miner.

Said indictment is in the words and figures following, to-wit :

STATE OF ILLINOIS, )  
SANGAMON COUNTY, ) ss.

Of the special November term of the Circuit Court of said Sangamon County, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-six.

The Grand Jurors chosen, selected and sworn, in and for said Sangamon county, in the name and by the authority of the people of the State of Illinois, upon their oaths present, that heretofore, to-wit : On the Seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, there was situated and located in said Sangamon county, a certain place for the interment of the remains of a human body, called a tomb, and that the said place for the interment of the remains of a human body, called a tomb, then and there contained and had deposited in it a certain casket, otherwise called a coffin ; and that the casket otherwise called a coffin, then and there contained the human remains of Abraham Lincoln, before then deceased, and lawfully put and deposited in said casket, otherwise called a coffin ; and that on the said seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord aforesaid, in said Sangamon county, Terrence Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, did unlawfully, wickedly, knowingly and feloniously combine, conspire and agree together willfully and without authority to forcibly break open and enter said tomb and unlawfully, feloniously, willfully and without authority, take, remove, convey and carry away from said tomb the said casket, otherwise called a coffin, and the said human remains of said Abraham Lincoln,\* contrary to the law and against the peace and dignity of the said People of the State of Illinois.

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, further present that the said Terrence Mullen, alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes, alias J. Smith, on the day and year aforesaid, did unlawfully, wickedly, knowingly and feloniously combine, conspire and agree together unlawfully and feloniously to steal, take and carry away, certain personal goods and property, to wit: the said casket, otherwise called a coffin, of the value of seventy-five dollars, the personal goods and property of the National Lincoln Monument Association, the said Association being then and there organized under the laws of said State of Illinois, contrary to statutes, and against the peace and dignity of the said People of the State of Illinois.

ROBERT H. HAZLITT,

Filed Nov. 20, 1876.

State's Attorney.

JAMES A. WINSTON, Clerk.

The People, Plaintiff,  
vs.

Terrence Mullen alias, and John Hughes alias, Defendants. }

Attempt at larceny.

Upon motion of the State's Attorney, the defendants bail is fixed at six thousand dollars each, and this cause is continued.

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\*This is a mistake, they never got the remains out of the coffin, nor the coffin out of the sarcophagus. *See cut of the sarcophagus as the thieves left it.*

The People, Plaintiff,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen alias, and John Hughes alias, Defendants. } Conspiracy.

Upon motion of the State's Attorney, the defendants' bail is fixed at four thousand dollars each, and this cause is continued.

Thereafter, to wit, on the 14th day of March, A. D. 1877, the same being one of the term days of the February Term, A. D. 1877, of said court, the following further proceedings were had in said cause, and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiff,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen and John Hughes, Defendants. } Attempt to commit larceny.

And now comes the State's attorney and the defendants in proper person and by counsel, and leave is given State's attorney to endorse names of John Dixon, Thomas Keagle, T. J. Sharp and William Beertsall, as witnesses for the prosecution.

And upon motion of defendants' attorney, it is ordered that the venue in this cause be, and it is hereby changed to the county of Logan, State of Illinois, and that the clerk make up and transmit to the clerk of the Logan County Circuit Court, a transcript of the record, and original papers herein.

The People, Plaintiff,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen and John Hughes, alias, Defendants. } Conspiracy.

And now comes the State's attorney, and the defendants in proper person and by counsel, and leave is given State's attorney to endorse the names of John Dixon, Thomas Keagle, T. J. Sharp and William Beertsall, on the indictment herein, as witnesses for the prosecution, and upon motion of defendants' attorney, and petition filed, it is ordered that the venue in this cause be, and it is hereby changed to the county of Logan and State of Illinois, and that the clerk make up and transmit to the clerk of the Logan County Circuit Court a transcript of the record, and original papers herein.

Thereafter, to-wit, on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1877, the same being one of the term days of the February term A. D. 1877, of said court, the following further proceedings were had in said cause, and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiff,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen and John Hughes, alias, Defendants. } Attempt to commit larceny.

And now comes the State's attorney and the defendants in proper person, and upon their motion the order changing the venue of this cause of Logan county, Illinois, is set aside, and the defendants' bail is fixed at thirty-five hundred dollars each, and this cause is continued.

The People, Plaintiffs,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen and John Hughes, alias, Defendants. } Conspiracy.

And now comes the State's attorney, and the defendants in proper person, and upon their motion the order changing the venue of this cause of Logan county, Illinois, is set aside, and the defendants' bail is fixed at three thousand dollars each, and this cause is continued.

Thereafter, to-wit, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1877, the same being one of the term days of the May term, A. D. 1877, of said court, the following further proceedings were had in said cause, and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiffs,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen alias, and John Hughes alias, Defendants. } Conspiracy.

And now comes the State's attorney and the defendants, each in proper person, and by counsel, and file their affidavit and enter their motion for a continuance herein. (said affidavit is in the words and figures following, to-wit):

STATE OF ILLINOIS, )  
 SANGAMON COUNTY. )

In the Circuit Court—May Term, A. D. 1877.

The People,  
 vs.  
 Terrence Mullen and John Hughes. } Conspiracy.

Terrence Mullen and John Hughes, after first being duly sworn, on oath say, that they are the defendants in the above entitled cause, and that they cannot safely proceed to trial at the present term of this honorable court, on account of the absence of A. F. Ryan, T. C. Latre, Henry Hughes, Daniel Hughes, Michael Hickey, Dennis Simmons, Davis (a policeman), Patrick Carlisle, Bridget Lewis, Frank Wilder, R. C. Bennett, James Shaw, James Carroll, Herbert Nelson, John P. Barnes, Boyington, of Boyington & Murphy, James Caroney, James C. Clare, Peter Carey, John Murphy, Joseph Shultz, Frank Hatch, James B. Kennedy, who are material witnesses for affiants on the trial of the above entitled cause.

And affiants further say that they are informed that the witnesses for the prosecution in this case will swear that the alleged conspiracy was concocted and entered into on the night of the 5th day of November last, at the house of one Swegles, at about the hour of 9 P. M. of said day, and that certain plans to rob the tomb of Abraham Lincoln were formed at that time, and which were afterwards carried out at Springfield, Illinois, the affiants being there present, and taking part in said plans.

Affiants expect to prove by said Patrick Ryan, James Carroll and James Kennedy, that affiants were not at any meeting at Swegles' house, or with the said Swegles on the said night, and that they did not take part on said night in any meeting with the said Swegles, or any one else, for the purpose or in connection with any conspiracy to rob the tomb of said Lincoln, but that they were with the said witnesses during all of said night until twelve o'clock of said night, and that affiants nor either of them saw or spoke to the said Swegles on the night in question.

That said witnesses above named reside in the county of Cook, State of Illinois, except Daniel and Henry Hughes, who live in Iroquois county, in this State. Affiants expect to prove by said Frank Hatch and Thomas McMann, that the said Swegles, about one year before the 7th day of last November, proposed to them to assist him in robbing the said tomb, and then stated to them that he was going to form a conspiracy to rob said tomb, and wanted them to take a part therein.

Affiants expect to prove by said Shaw, that said Swegles has been convicted of an infamous crime, and was confined for said offense in the State penitentiary of Wisconsin.

Affiants expect to prove by said Bennett, that they did not come to Springfield on the 7th day of November, to rob said tomb, but came here on lawful business.

Affiants expect to prove by Bridget Lewis that the said Swegles offered her in consideration of two thousand dollars to be paid him, to secure the discharge of an

acquittal of these affiants of this charge, and to furnish evidence to show that this prosecution was concocted by one Tyrrell, a witness in this case.

Affiants expect to prove by the remainder of witnesses above named that they, the affiants, have hitherto a good reputation for honesty in the city of Chicago, where they lived previous to the finding of this indictment, and that Tyrrell and Swegles, the principal witnesses in this case, are unworthy of belief. That on the day this cause was set for trial, affiants caused subpoenas, directed to the sheriff of Cook county, to be issued for said witnesses, except Kennedy, who promised affiants to attend as a witness in this cause, without subpoena. That they put said subpoenas in the hands of Bridget Lewis, and sent her to Chicago on the first train after said cause was so set down for trial, with directions to put the same in the hands of the sheriff of Cook county as soon as she arrived in Chicago, and use her utmost endeavors to have the same served.

That they are informed and believe that the said Bridget Lewis has followed their directions, and that some of said witnesses have been served; but the sheriff of Cook county has not yet returned any of said subpoenas. That affiants know of no other witnesses by whom they can prove the facts above set forth.

And affiants say they are not guilty of the crime charged in said indictment, and if they can procure the attendance of said witnesses, they can make their innocence appear beyond all question.

That this application is not made for delay, but that justice may be done. Affiants further say that they gave said subpoenas to said Bridget Lewis, because they believed she would give the matter her personal and earnest attention, and would see that each of said witnesses were found and served. That the said Bridget Lewis promised to pay the fare of each of said witnesses as were unable to pay their way to this city.

JOHN HUGHES,

T. MULLEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by John Hughes and T. Mullen, this 28th day of May, A. D. 1877.

JAMES A. WINSTON, Clerk.

And said motion and affidavit of defendants being now submitted and heard, and duly considered by the court, as well as the admission of the State's attorney herein that the conspiracy alleged in said indictment was not formed at the house of Lewis C. Swegles, on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1876, or on the night of the 5th day of November, A. D. 1876, upon which admission, and the court being fully advised, said motion for a continuance of this cause is overruled and denied. To which decision of the court in overruling and denying their motion for a continuance, said defendants, by their counsel, then and there excepted. And upon motion of the State's attorney, it is ordered that a special venire issue, directed to and commanding the sheriff to summon twenty-four good and lawful men to serve as petit jurors at the trial of this cause on to-morrow morning.

Thereafter, to-wit, on May 29th, A. D. 1877, the same being one of the term days of the May Term, A. D. 1877, of said court, the following further proceedings were had and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiff,	}	Conspiracy.
vs.		
Terrence Mullen, alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes, alias J. Smith, Defendants.		

And now on this day come again the State's attorney, and the defendants, each in proper person as well as by counsel, and upon motion of the State's attorney,

it is ordered that one additional venire issue, directed to and commanding the sheriff to summon twenty-four good and lawful men, to serve as petit jurors upon the trial of this cause, on the instant.

And the said defendants, Terrence Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, being brought to the bar of this court to answer unto the charge presented against them in the indictment herein. They having been furnished with a copy thereof, a list of the prosecuting witnesses and a list of the regular panel of jurors in attendance at the present week of this term, and said defendants being now arraigned for trial, and interrogated as to their guilt or innocence, for plea, each say they are not guilty, in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and issue being joined to try the guilt or innocence of the accused, then came by order of court and call of the clerk, a jury of twelve men as follows: L. V. Johnson, Samuel Hammons, John Curran, Frank B. Ryan, Miles Gramwell, J. H. Barrett, Archie Maxwell, Hobart T. Ives, D. M. Hamlin, Isaac Wallace, Thomas C. Jewell and Edward Hes, who were selected, tried and sworn, well and truly to try the issue joined and true verdict render according to the law and the evidence, and hearing the evidence in this cause having occupied the time of the court until the hour of the adjournment, the said jury are placed in charge of an officer of the court, who for that purpose is first duly sworn, and the cause is continued until to-morrow morning.

Thereafter, to-wit, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1877, the following proceedings were had in said court, and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiff,	}	Conspiracy.
vs.		
Terrence Mullen alias, and John Hughes alias, Defendants.		

And now comes the State's attorney and the defendants in proper person as well as by counsel, and also the jury heretofore empaneled and sworn herein, and on motion of State's Attorney leave is given him to endorse the names of Charles Elkin and John Harrison on the indictment as witnesses for the People. And hearing the evidence in this cause having occupied the time of the Court until its adjournment, the said jury are placed in charge of officers of the Court who, for that purpose, are first duly sworn, and the case is continued until to-morrow morning.

Thereafter, to-wit, on the 31st day of May, A. D. 1877, the following further proceedings were had in said court, and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiff,	}	Conspiracy.
vs.		
Terrence Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, Defendants.		

And now comes again the State's attorney, and the defendants, Terrance Mullen alias, and John Hughes alias, as well as the jury heretofore empaneled and sworn herein, and said jury having now heard the evidence, arguments of counsel, and receiving the instructions of the Court, retired in charge of the officers of the Court, who for that purpose were first duly sworn to consider of their verdict, and said jury having deliberated and agreed, were by said officers again brought into open Court and for their verdict say: "We the jury find the defendants guilty as charged in the indictment, and fix the term of their confinement in the penitentiary at one year each.

Thereupon the defendants by their attorneys entered their motion in arrest of judgment, and for a new trial of this cause.

Thereafter, to-wit, on the 2d day of June, A. D. 1877, the same being one of the term days of the May term, A. D. 1877, of said court, the following further proceedings were had in said cause, and entered of record, to-wit:

The People, Plaintiff,	}	Conspiracy.
vs.		
Terrence Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, Defendants.		

And now again comes the State's Attorney and the defendants, Terrence Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, in proper person and by counsel also came, and the court now hearing the motion in arrest of judgment, and for a new trial of this cause, and the defendants having nothing further to say, said motion is overruled and denied.

Therefore, it is ordered and adjudged by the Court that the defendants, Terrence Mullen alias T. Durnan, and John Hughes alias J. Smith, be confined in the penitentiary of the State of Illinois at Joliet, for the term of one year each, one day of which is to be in solitary confinement, and the balance at hard labor, and that they pay the costs of this prosecution, and that fee bill execution issue therefor.

It is further ordered that the Sheriff of Sangamon county convey the bodies of said defendants to the penitentiary aforesaid, and deliver them to the proper officers in charge thereof.

STATE OF ILLINOIS,     )  
SANGAMON COUNTY,    ) ss.

I, E. R. Roberts, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Sangamon County, in the State aforesaid, and keeper of the records and files of said Court, do hereby certify the above and foregoing to be true, perfect and complete copy of the proceedings of said court, in a certain cause in said Court, on the criminal side thereof, wherein the People of the State of Illinois are plaintiffs, and Terrence Mullen alias, and John Hughes alias, are defendants, as the same appear from the records and files of said Court now in my office remaining.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of  
[SEAL.]     said Court, at Springfield, this 30th day of August, A. D. 1881.

E. R. ROBERTS, Clerk.

## DIVISION SIXTH.

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Precautions to Protect the Remains from further Attempts at Robbery—The Lincoln Guard of Honor—The Custodian Warned of Danger—The Body Identified Twenty-two years after Death—Final Burial—Custodian's Historical and Descriptive Statements to Visitors—The Remains now Absolutely Safe.

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Having disposed of the thieves, we will return to the remains of Mr. Lincoln. The following historical statement properly belongs to the Eighth Memorial Service, held by The Lincoln Guard of Honor, because a synopsis of it was read as part of that service by one of our members, but it is more in harmony with the design of this work, to have the account of our labors in guarding the body of Lincoln, immediately follow the history of the attempt to steal it.

It is a matter of history that after the funeral journey of nearly seventeen hundred miles, through hundreds of towns and cities, traveling night and day, from Washington City to Springfield, Illinois, the body of President Lincoln was deposited in the public receiving vault in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Thursday, May 4, 1865.

One week from that day, May 11, 1865, the National Lincoln Monument Association was organized for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States of America.

Their first work was to build a temporary vault (*see map of Monument grounds*) on the grounds secured for the monument, and about seventy-five yards from the receiving tomb in a southeast direction, and half-way up the slope of the bluff. The body was removed to that vault December 21, 1865.

"In process of transferring the remains, the box containing the coffin was opened, in order that the features of the deceased might be seen and identified; and six of his personal

acquaintances—R. J. Oglesby, O. H. Miner, Jesse K. Dubois, Newton Bateman, O. M. Hatch and D. L. Phillips—filed a written statement with the Secretary of the Association that it was the body of Abraham Lincoln.”

The Monument was so far advanced that the remains of Thomas Lincoln, a son of President Lincoln, who died in Chicago, July 15, 1871, were brought to Springfield, and deposited in the crypt at the extreme west, on the 17th of the month; and the remains of the President and his two sons, William and Edward, were removed from the temporary vault, September 19, 1871, and deposited in the Monument. The six personal friends of Mr. Lincoln, who identified his remains on the occasion of their being deposited in the temporary vault, again viewed them, and again certified in writing that it was the body of Abraham Lincoln. Both papers are on file with the Secretary of the National Lincoln Monument Association. the evidence of identity is thus far unbroken.

Preparatory to moving the body from the vault to the monument, in 1871, it was taken out of the original coffin because the lead lining was broken, and put in one made of iron. When the sarcophagus was made, it was found that the iron coffin with the lid projecting over the ends, was too long to go into it. Then the coffin of red cedar was made, and heavily lined with lead, to which the body was transferred on the ninth of October, 1874. Hon. D. L. Phillips, —since deceased,—a member of the National Lincoln Monument Association, was present. There was no formal record made of the identity of the body, but Mr. Phillips, Thomas C. Smith, the undertaker, and Col. Babcock, who put the lead lining in the coffin, all distinctly recognized the features as those of Abraham Lincoln.

When the thieves visited the National Lincoln Monument, on the evening of November 7, 1876, for the purpose of stealing the body of President Lincoln, concealing and holding it until they could extort a ransom of two hundred thousand dollars from the people of the United States of America, they found the marble sarcophagus containing his body, as seen in the engraving of the sarcophagus restored. The sarcophagus is inside the catacomb, a room at the north end of the monument. The catacomb is in the form of the exact half of a circle twenty-four feet in diameter. The door from



which this view is taken, is in the centre of the outer circle. As will be seen, the end of the sarcophagus bears the word "LINCOLN," in large, raised letters surrounded by an oaken wreath, and outside of that a quotation from his last inaugural address, "With malice towards none, with charity for all," the whole raised in the marble. Another engraving shows the sarcophagus as the thieves left it, looking at it from the same point in the door of the catacomb. Everything was permitted to remain as the thieves left it from the night of November 7th until the afternoon of Thursday, November 9th. In the forenoon of that day the writer went to Hon. John T. Stuart, chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association, and former law partner of Mr. Lincoln, to ascertain what was to be done about repairing the damage done by the vandals. Mr. Stuart said he would send men out, and wished me, as Custodian of the Monument, to co-operate with whoever came to do the work. Late in the afternoon Mr. Adam Johnston, then a marble dealer in Springfield for more than thirty-five years, and one of its most respected business men and citizens, came out with two workmen. The coffin is made of narrow strips of red cedar, on a frame work of wood, and put together with brass screws from the outside. The first thing we did was to examine those screws, and finding the creases in each and every one of them filled with rust or verdigris, we accepted that as conclusive evidence that the thieves did not get any nearer the body than the wood coffin, and that the lead on inside of that had never been broken. Then we put all back in the marble sarcophagus, closed and cemented it just as the thieves found it on the Tuesday evening before. Mr. Johnston and myself were the only ones present who paid any attention to the condition of the coffin and sarcophagus. His two workmen seemed to understand the English language imperfectly, and simply did what they were told to do, without asking any questions. There were none of the members of the Monument Association present.

Six days later, Wednesday, November 15, 1876, Hon. John T. Stuart came to the Monument and told the writer that he could not sleep for thinking how unsafe it was for the remains of Mr. Lincoln to be thus exposed, that the executive committee had determined to make a change, that Mr. Adam

Johnston would come again with his workmen, and that he desired me to co-operate with him again. Mr. Johnston came with the same workmen, late in the afternoon, opened the sarcophagus, drew the coffin out, lay it in the north west curve of the wall of the catacomb, so close to the wall that it could not be seen from the outside door, and closed the sarcophagus again, cementing all the joints. Mr. Johnston dismissed his assistants, and in a short time went away himself. It so happened that on both occasions when the workmen were engaged on the sarcophagus, there was not a visitor appeared, and if there had been it would have made but little difference, for there was a rule then not to admit visitors inside the catacomb. The thought did not occur to the Custodian, during the two days that everything was permitted to remain as the thieves left them, nor at the subsequent opening of the sarcophagus to have a photograph taken of the situation. The engraving of the broken sarcophagus was copied from a drawing, made by an architect, from what he could see and from descriptions given him. It was certified to as essentially correct by several citizens who saw the wreck.

At nightfall, according to previous arrangement, Mr. Johnston returned, and the three members of the Executive Committee, Hon. John T. Stuart, Colonel John Williams and Jacob Bunn, arrived about the same time. The Custodian, in anticipation of their coming, remained in waiting. We five then carried the coffin from the catacomb, around the east side of the monument, to Memorial Hall, and deposited it on some timbers inside near the base of the obelisk, at the point marked A, in the *Ground Plan*.

Arrangements were made by the Executive Committee with Mr. Johnston to have a box made to enclose the coffin, and that he and the Custodian were to put the coffin in the box and bury all. He brought the box in pieces, so as to avoid observation, put it together inside the Monument, and by laying it on the side, we were able to work the coffin into it, turn it on its back and put on the lid. This for two men, was a laborious operation, for there was so much and such thick lead used in making the lining or inside coffin, that the weight is about 500 pounds. The Custodian relieved Mr. Johnston from further assisting him, and undertook to bury

it alone. It was a most villainous atmosphere to breathe, for in the original construction there was no provision made for ventilation. Pieces of scantling and plank left in there when the monument was enclosed not more than seven or eight years before, were so completely decayed that it could be crumbled to dust between the fingers.

The Custodian spent many hours and half hours digging, and when he would hear steps on the terrace overhead would extinguish lights, go out, give whatever attention might be required from visitors, and return to the work, for he had not then any assistant, and it would not do to trust a chance laborer he might have on the grounds. The entire locality proved to have been saturated with water from leakage in the terrace, and without the slightest opportunity for ventilation. With the increasing depth it grew worse, and the terrace was leaking at every rain. The Custodian reported the situation to Mr. Stuart, who suggested that the coffin be permitted to remain on the timbers where it was, and covered with plank, which was done. That was in the latter part of November, or early in December, 1876. The Custodian regarded that as only a temporary disposal of the matter, and fully expected to have further orders with reference to it in a short time. The following from the only two members of the Executive Committee now living, and from the man employed to do the work, speaks for itself:

"We, whose names are hereunto annexed, do hereby certify that the parts we each individually acted in the removal of the remains of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, for the purpose of securing greater safety, are truly set forth in the preceding statement.

"JOHN WILLIAMS,

"JACOB BUNN,

*"Executive Committee.*

"A. JOHNSTON."

During the summer and autumn of 1877, the infantry and naval groups of statuary were placed on the monument. The man who superintended that work was employed to take down and rebuild the outer walls at the southeast corner of the terrace, and at some other points. In doing the latter work it was necessary for him to go inside, under the terrace,

near where the coffin lay. The Custodian had in his own employ, temporarily, with the consent of the Executive Committee, a man to assist him part of each day, in order that he might complete some literary work commenced before he took charge of the Monument. He furnished this assistant with a key to the back door of Memorial Hall, that the superintendent of the work might be admitted during his absence. He knew that those two men would be almost certain to discover the coffin, and he did not think it would be prudent to let them do so accidentally. After appealing to their honor, and receiving a pledge of secrecy from each, in a way that one with the smallest particle of manhood would have respected if it had cost him his right arm, the Custodian took them to it. In less than forty-eight hours he heard enough, through them, down in the city, to convince him that his confidence had been betrayed by each of them in a half-suppressed way. In utter mortification and chagrin, he reported the facts to Maj. John T. Stuart, and asked for instructions. Mr. Stuart said that the weather was so hot and the atmosphere in there was so bad that it would be impossible for the members of the Association, all elderly men, to do anything then, and there were no instructions given. The Custodian thought it better to ignore the treachery of the man assisting him than to openly charge him with it, and thereby make it more public. Perhaps it is owing to that fact that it never found its way into the newspapers from that source.

The body of the great merchant, A. T. Stewart, of New York city was stolen from its tomb, between nine o'clock on the evening of November six, and daylight on the morning of November seventh, 1878; within twenty-four hours of two years from the time the attempt had been made to capture the remains of President Lincoln. On hearing the news of the success of the thieves in the Stewart case, all minds involuntarily turned to the tomb of Lincoln, and the question came from every tongue, is the body of Lincoln safe? Will there be another attempt to steal it?

On the first day of November, 1879, the evidence came to the Custodian unsought, that beyond a doubt the man who, while acting as his assistant, had so shamefully betrayed the secret as to where the remains of President Lincoln were concealed, had been systematically stealing, both of the funds

collected for the admittance of visitors, and of what he had received from sales of books and pictures for the Custodian. Instead of dismissing him in a summary manner, the Custodian was quietly arranging his business so as to do without an assistant, and was nearly ready when the news came that the body of A. T. Stewart had been stolen and held for a ransom; and this villain was still in possession of the secret with regard to Lincoln's body, for there had not been any change in the situation. His feelings may be imagined. There was one man only to whom he felt at liberty to speak on the subject, Hon. John T. Stuart. When he was unable longer to bear the suspense, he went to Mr. Stuart and laid the facts before him, and implored him to do something, expecting that he would summon the other members of the executive committee, and a sufficient number of the members of the Monument Association, to make all safe. Mr. Stuart reminded the Custodian of that which he already knew, namely: that what Mr. Stuart had done before in the first removal of the body, had disabled him and made it difficult for him to get about for months; and that the other members of the Association were many of them nearly as old as himself.

Mr. Stuart then placed the entire responsibility in his hands, by saying that he must select men whom he could trust, and have them assist in making all secure. The Custodian had before that sustained such relations to Major Gustavus S. Dana and Gen. Jasper N. Reece, as suggested to his mind that they were the right ones to begin with; he immediately called upon them and made a statement of the situation. The three at once invited Joseph P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson and James F. McNeill to join them. All six agreed to meet at the corner of Monroe and Fifth streets at eight o'clock that evening, and take the Fifth street cars for the Monument. The Custodian had made all necessary preparations in the way of lamps, spades, shovels, rollers, and a sufficient quantity of two-inch plank to bridge the chasms between the foundation walls, which were in some places from three to five feet deep, though they are now all filled up to a level with the ground outside. They moved the coffin with its contents to the point marked B, in the ground plan, dug a receptacle of sufficient depth to receive the coffin and box, and admit of several inches of earth over all. The cramped space in which

the work was done, and the bad atmosphere, made it very laborious. It was about twelve o'clock, midnight, when we got the coffin and box in the receptacle, and all were so tired, that the Custodian volunteered to relieve the others by agreeing that the next morning he would fill up the cavity, and remove all traces of their work. When Mr. Dana returned to his store, very late that night, he made a hasty diagram of the spot where the body was, and its surroundings, and wrote the following:

“SPRINGFIELD, ILL., NOV. 18, 1878.

“By request of the Custodian, J. C. Power, and in view of the late stealing of the remains of A. T. Stewart, now held for a reward, and the attempted stealing of the remains of our honored late Commander-in-Chief, J. C. Power, Jasper N. Reece, Joseph P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, James F. McNeill and myself, did this night remove the remains of Abraham Lincoln from the place they had been secreted since the attempt to steal them, to a place of greater safety, and buried them about six inches deeper than the depth of the case. They were taken from the place marked A and buried at the place marked B, ground plan. This memorandum is made by me at the suggestion of one of our number, that if we were all taken away no one would know where the remains were, and some one opening the sarcophagus and finding it vacant, might raise a hue and cry that this would avoid. If this comes into the hands of any person other than one of those named above, let that person consider it as sacred as though the secret had been confided to him purposely, and at once place it in the hands of one of those above named, commencing with the first and follow through the list, but if all are dead, place it in the hands of the Governor of the State of Illinois.”

“GUSTAVUS S. DANA.”

The names of those Mr. Dana wished it delivered to were written on the back of the envelope in the following order: J. C. Power, J. N. Reece, J. P. Lindley, E. S. Johnson and J. F. McNeill. Mr. Dana sealed the package and put it in his safe.

The morning of November 19, 1878, found the city overflowing with visitors, to the number of seven hundred delegates, and visiting brethren, making a total of at least one

thousand in attendance on the Illinois State Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, which was to convene that morning in the Capitol. The Custodian found them in large numbers at the monument early in the morning, waiting for admittance. Not having any person to take the place of his treacherous assistant, he could not give any attention to his mail matter. That day, the 20th and 21st of the month, he was almost overwhelmed with visitors from daylight until dark. Among his letters he received a postal card on the morning of the 21st, and thrust all into an outside pocket. After a most laborious day at the monument, until it was too late to show visitors around, he went down into the city, two miles, by street car, attended to some business matters, and returned home, near the monument, exceedingly tired. As the last thing before retiring, he commenced a hasty look at his mail matter which had accumulated. His surprise may be imagined when on looking at the card he had thrust with other matter, unread, in his pocket in the morning, he found it postmarked "Chicago, Nov. 18—11 A. M.," and addressed, "J. C. Power, Esq., Custodian Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Illinois." On the other side was the message:

"Be careful. Do not be alone, particularly Thursday night, Nov. 21st.

"Nov. 18, '78.

C."

This was the night, and it was now 10 o'clock. It was quite dark, and he had been out all the evening. If there was any danger, he had already unconsciously taken the risk, with the warning in his pocket. It was a physical impossibility for him to do anything that night. He thought of the cavity with Lincoln's confined remains in it uncovered, for he had been utterly unable to so much as go in where it was. But little sleep came to his eyes that night. With the dawn of the morning he was at the monument. All was safe. He breathed more freely. Is there real danger? Is there another scheme to capture the remains of Lincoln? Or is some one trying to play a joke he can never enjoy except in silence? These were some of the questions that naturally presented themselves. He has never had a solution of them, and never expects to.

Having satisfied himself that all was safe, the Custodian left the visitors to look out for themselves, hastened to Dana

and Reece, and informed them of the anonymous card of warning, and that in consequence of his being alone, and so many strangers in the city, he had not found time or opportunity to cover the coffin as he agreed to, and asked them to see the other gentlemen who had assisted on the night of the eighteenth, and ask them to come again, as it would be too hazardous to let another night pass without removing all evidence of where the remains of the President lay. Lindley was not in the city, and Johnson and McNeill were so engaged that neither of them could possibly come. Dana and Reece, both leaving their everyday business, all the more pressing because of the great influx of strangers in the city, appeared in the afternoon, and finding the Custodian still busy waiting upon visitors, whom to attempt to put off without a reason would have given great offense, and to have given a reason would have exposed that which, above all things, it was absolutely necessary to keep secret: they magnanimously excused the Custodian, and in the stifling atmosphere labored until everything was absolutely secure. They left all the approaches to the remains in such a condition that if any intruder should ever reach the spot, he could harm nothing, and the fact of his having been there could easily be detected. On returning to the city Mr. Dana wrote the following statement:

“SPRINGFIELD, ILL., NOV. 22, 1878.

“At three o'clock P. M. to-day, Gen. Reece and G. S. Dana, at the solicitation of J. C. Power, proceeded to the Lincoln Monument, and covered the coffin of Abraham Lincoln, which we had, on the 18th instant, buried as before noted, but had left unfinished for Mr. Power to cover and remove traces. He had not had time, and having received an anonymous communication from Chicago, warning him to be careful and not be alone, was afraid another attempt would be made to remove the body. After having done the work, and before removing the plank we had used for bridges from wall to wall, on making careful search of the place, we found in the second opening, beyond that where the body now lies, soft earth, and traces, as we thought, of recent digging. Upon digging down two spades depth, we found an iron coffin, and were at once impressed with the belief that since the eighteenth instant, some one had taken the body out of the coffin and



buried it in said place to be removed at some future time. So to make sure, we uncovered the coffin we had just buried, took off the top of the outer box, and found the cedar coffin which enclosed the lead case that the remains are in, intact, no signs of screws having been removed, and the fungus on the corners where it would have been parted by taking off the cover, was intact, so we replaced the cover, and covered all with earth again, carefully scraping the earth to remove the foot-prints, scattered bricks and debris over the top, to look as though left that way by the builders of the monument. We then moved all the plank and pieces of wood from the inner vaults, and that evening learned from Major Stuart, that the iron coffin found, was one Lincoln's body was in before placing it in the lead receptacle, but it proved to be too long to go in the marble sarcophagus."

"GUSTAVUS S. DANA.

Mr. Dana put the preceding in an envelope, sealed it, and made the same request on the outside, as to whom to deliver it, in the event of his death, that he had on the first.

We regarded ourselves as being there by authority from an officer of the National Lincoln Monument Association, doing work that it was absolutely necessary should be done, and which the members of the Association were physically unable to do. The importance of keeping from the general public, all knowledge of the precautions taken for the safety of the remains will readily be admitted. We therefore took and gave a solemn assurance of, and to each other, in the early part of our proceedings, to keep a knowledge of what we were doing to ourselves, until there could be no danger from a revelation of them, always excepting the fact that we were acting in subordination to the Lincoln Monument Association, and that what we were doing should be communicated to them whenever they desired it.

The importance of being prepared to do our work thoroughly, impressed itself on the minds of the six men who had, in a special sense, become the guardians of Lincoln's remains from vandal hands. Our minds gradually crystalized around the idea of a secret organization for that purpose. There is an old adage, that when it is known there is a secret, it is already half revealed. Therefore, it would not have been advisable to organize unless the fact that there was an organi-

zation for such a purpose could be kept secret, or its object concealed. To accomplish the latter it became necessary to put forward some other than the real reason for our organization. The idea of conducting Memorial Services on the anniversaries of his birth and death were pleasing thoughts to us, and we could publicly do that if nothing else. Our sympathies as a part of the great American people, our reverence for his great name, and more than willingness to aid in keeping green the laurel wreath on the brow of his fame, led us to act in concert. As the most feasible method of putting our thoughts into practical shape, we determined to organize under legal forms. With this object in view, the six men already named invited three others, Noble B. Wiggins, Horace Chapin and Clinton L. Conkling, the three latter meeting with the other six, for the first time, in order to effect an organization. For an account of the organization see Division Seventh.

Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln died Sunday evening, July 16, 1882, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, in the house where she had been married Nov. 4, 1842, to Abraham Lincoln. Wednesday, July 19, 1882, all the nine members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled at the catacomb of the Monument. We had, with others, aided in making preparations for the funeral, under direction of the citizens' committee of arrangements, and at the same time quietly attended to such things as were likely to be overlooked by others, especially in guarding the entrance to the catacomb, that the magnificent floral tributes might not be disturbed or thoughtlessly marred in any way. Each of us wore the badge of our society, which led many to suppose that we had charge of the funeral, which was not the case. The remains of Mrs. Lincoln, in a double lead-lined, airtight coffin, were deposited that day in the crypt No. 4, in the catacomb, but the panels were only in part put in.

Friday, July 21, 1882, in the forenoon, Hon. John T. Stuart, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association, made known to both the President and Secretary of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, that it was the desire of the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln that we assemble in the night time, take the remains of his mother out of the crypt and deposit them beside the body of his

father. Notice was accordingly given to the members, and that evening at 10 o'clock we assembled at the monument. There were

*Present*—Dana, Reece, Power, Lindley, McNeill, Johnson, Chapin and Conkling.

*Absent*—Mr. Wiggins. Very much to his and our regret, he was out of the city, and could not be reached in time.

We took the body of Mrs. Lincoln out of crypt No. 4, in the catacomb, where it had been placed two days before, carried it around outside the monument, into and through Memorial Hall, dug a receptacle for and placed it by the side of the body of her husband, at the point marked B, in the ground plan, leaving the earth over both in such a condition that it would not be suspected that anything was buried there. The circumscribed limits in which we did the work and the foul atmosphere, from a total want of ventilation, which we had all endured a number of times before, was doubly oppressive in consequence of the intense heat of the weather. We completed the work about 2 o'clock Saturday morning, July 22, 1882. The Custodian had but a short walk to reach his home. But when the other seven started on foot to their homes from two to three miles distant in the city, it was a weary procession, for each one was almost exhausted. It was especially trying to Captain Horace Chapin, who had left one of his legs on the battle-field of Chickamauga early in the war to suppress the slave-holders' rebellion.

Robert T. Lincoln, who was then Secretary of War, was informed by Major Stuart that the work of removal had been done in compliance with his request. A few days later one of our members received the following letter intended for The Lincoln Guard of Honor:

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1882.

CLINTON L. CONKLING, ESQ.:

*My Dear Friend.*—On my return here I find a letter from Major Stuart advising me that you and the other gentlemen of The Guard of Honor, have laid me under a great obligation by carrying out the wish I expressed to him that my mother's body should be placed beside my father's, so that there can be no danger of a spoliation. It is a great satisfaction to know that such an act is now impossible, and I think it will be best that no change should be made for a long time to come.

I cannot adequately thank you and the other gentlemen for personally doing this, so that the object should be fully attained; but I beg you and them to be assured that I appreciate the kind act. Believe me to be sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

This seemed to dispel any prospect of an early change, and doubtless made the members of the Monument Association less solicitous on the subject than they would otherwise have been.

Hon. John T. Stuart died Nov. 28, 1885. The first draft of this historical paper was read to him a short time before his death, in order that he might correct any errors it contained. In conversation with President Dana and the Secretary, at different times, he pronounced it correct, so far as it related to his own actions.

On the morning of February 5, 1884, the Custodian came to the monument earlier than he had done for several weeks, because there was a State organization called "Mutual Aid," to convene in the capitol that day, and he knew, from experience, that at such times the delegates visited the monument earlier than visitors usually do. The sun had not risen, and there was barely sufficient light for him to see the lines in the register, and he was writing the heading for the day, when he heard a tremendous crash. Hastily lighting a lamp, he went through the back door of Memorial Hall, and found that a brick arch seventy feet long, spanning the five and a half feet space between the outer wall on the east side and the next one to it on the inside, had fallen, except about ten feet at each end, leaving the heavy flag-stones that form the terrace without any visible support at the outer wall. A child walking on it would have taken all down, and yet it did not move. Fearing that some visitors would come and get on it before supports could be put under, he hastened to carry lumber and used the pieces for barriers to keep any person from going on the weak place. He had labored with all his strength for about three-quarters of an hour, when a car on the Citizens' Street Railway landed twelve or thirteen of the expected delegates at the monument. The Custodian is fully convinced that if he had been three minutes later getting to the monument he would not have heard the crash, and would have led those men exactly on that weak spot, and they would all have gone down with him into a chasm fifty feet long, five and a half feet wide and twenty feet deep, where they would have been crushed and mangled by those great flag-stones, and many of us would have met instant death. I never think of the events of that morning without a feeling

of astonishment that the people of our State do not demand legislation holding any and all architects, contractors, and superintendents guilty of man-slaughter who, through ignorance, incompetence or greed of gain, constructs a building that falls and causes loss of human life.

In reconstructing the work during the summer of 1884, it was determined to remedy the defect in the ventilation. In order to do this, it was necessary to cut an opening in the three feet and a half brick wall between the point marked B, in the ground plan, and the foundation of the obelisk. That made a convenient thoroughfare for the workmen, and during all that summer they were every day walking over the dead bodies of President Lincoln and his wife. To have said anything against it, or to have put a barrier in the way, would have been a hint that might have been caught up by some unprincipled workman, while it was all open, and would have led to consequences that it would not be pleasant to contemplate. Therefore the desecration was permitted by the Custodian to go on without protest.

There are few men and women who have not at some time been called upon to keep a secret already half revealed, or subsequently revealed by the party or parties interested, without first absolving them from the obligation of secrecy, who does not know how awkward the position is. But that is nothing compared with having to do that many times a day for weeks and months and years, as the Custodian of the Lincoln Monument has done, and during the whole of that time he has been abused unmercifully because he would not permit himself to be catechised by every upstart who represented himself as a reporter for the press. This, too, when secrecy was the only protection against a repetition of the attempt to steal the body.

There has not a day passed but he has been called upon to parry the prying questions of one or more who have had a hint before coming that the body was not in the sarcophagus. To all such he has invariably said: "We put it back there the second day after the attempt to steal it," which is strictly true. If they questioned further he would say, "I suppose you wish to know if there is not further danger, if so, I can assure you that it is absolutely safe." To any further

questions he would say: "If I was to explain what precautions have been taken to make it safe, it would not be so any longer, and I would prove myself unworthy of the confidence reposed in me." There he was accustomed to dismiss the subject, and visitors were generally satisfied, but whether they were or not, he would stop and let them do the talking. This in substance was to do over and over for years, and the Custodian NEVER IN A SINGLE INSTANCE PERMITTED HIMSELF TO BE BETRAYED INTO SAYING THAT THE BODY OF MR. LINCOLN WAS IN THE SARCOPHAGUS WHEN IT WAS NOT, nor that the body of Mrs. Lincoln was in the crypt where the people saw it deposited, after it was removed inside the monument.

The undignified position occupied by the remains of the most beloved ruler any nation ever had, and the obligations the Custodian felt resting upon him to treat as a secret that which was practically open, although the exact truth was not revealed, has unnecessarily added to his labors and responsibilities. He hoped that the Monument Association would inaugurate measures to have a steel casket made so hard and strong and ponderous that it could not be broken nor removed, without exposing the vandals to detection and capture, who might attempt to rob it. The thought that himself and those who had so unselfishly and with such arduous toil coöperated with him in protecting the remains from further desecration, might pass away and leave all knowledge of their labors in a chaotic state, to be written up with all manner of absurd statements, by parties who could not know the truth, was so repugnant to his feelings that he became persistent in his pleadings that something should be done to preserve a truthful history while the parties were all living, who alone could give it. He knew that the treasury of the Monument Association was without funds and that nothing could be done that involved any considerable outlay of money.

Hon. Lincoln DuBois, knowing the feeling of the Custodian, and to some extent entertaining similar views, made the first move towards accomplishing the object desired. At a meeting of the Lincoln Monument Association, may 12, 1886, he offered a resolution which was adopted, that "The Executive Committee is instructed to cause the remains of Mr. Lincoln

to be definitely and finally deposited within the monument as they may designate."

The summer and autumn passed without anything being done. In order that something practical might be done before another summer, the Custodian conversed with some of the members of the Executive Committee as to how it should be accomplished. It was determined to bury the body of Mr. Lincoln inside the Catacomb, exactly in the centre, with head towards the south, directly under where the sarcophagus had stood for years and probably will stand much longer: the body of Mrs. Lincoln to be at the east side of her husband, the receptacle to be sufficiently large to receive both, with the outside enclosures containing them. The Custodian next consulted a builder and received the following:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Feb. 8, 1887.

"*Mr. J. C. Power, Custodian Lincoln Monument:*

"DEAR SIR: I will excavate a pit at the monument five feet wide, seven and a half feet long and six feet deep, wall around same, with an eighteen-inch wall of hard-burned brick laid in good cement mortar, concrete between the walls, so as to fill the pit with a solid mass. Take up and relay floor over the same and remove all rubbish made by said work for the sum of——dollars.

Yours, etc.,

JOS. O. IRWIN.

The following endorsement was written upon it, and a verbal order given the Custodian to have the work done:

"We, the undersigned, approve of this work.

"GEO. N. BLACK,

"JOHN WILLIAMS,

"C. C. BROWN,

"JAMES C. CONKLING,

"JOHN W. BUNN.

\*"*Executive Committee of the Lincoln Monument Association.*"

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\* It is proper to note the fact that the National Lincoln Monument Association was reorganized May 9, 1885, and the name changed to the Lincoln Monument Association. The Executive Committee has but one member—Col. John Williams—who was in it when the attempt was made to steal the body.

Ground was broken Monday morning, April 11, 1887, and by mutual agreement the Custodian of the monument, being also secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, was instructed to notify all the members of both societies to meet at the monument at 9 o'clock on the morning of April 14, 1887, to witness the exhuming and reburial of the bodies of Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln. It was not necessary to write notices to the members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, for it was at a meeting when all the members, except those who were out of the State, were present, that the arrangements were made: but to each of the members of the Lincoln Monument Association, a note was sent, on Tuesday, the 12th, stating the day and hour when the removal would take place. The whole tenor of the note indicated that it was expected to be strictly private and confidential. On the morning of the 14th, an article appeared in one of our city papers revealing the fact that a clue had been obtained. Speaking of what, until then, was merely guessed at as a secret burial, the writer says: "This mystery is now about to be removed. The Lincoln Memorial Association,—meaning The Lincoln Guard of Honor,—a local organization, which has for some years held appropriate services on the fifteenth of April, annually, will make the whole matter public at the services to occur Friday, in the House of Representatives. This organization is ostensibly formed for holding these annual observances, but in fact it has been devoted to the security of the martyr's remains, and the members have been bound together by oath, to keep their knowledge in regard to their resting place a profound secret. For some days they have been preparing to remove the remains from the place where they have lain for some years, and to remove all the secrecy in regard to the matter. The final preparations were completed yesterday afternoon and the removal will occur this morning. The utmost privacy has been observed regarding all the preparations, and only this general outline of the facts is ascertainable." The article further stated that a written article was prepared, to be read as part of the memorial service on Friday, "giving a full history of the keeping of the remains and the society's relation to the trust. The members are desirous of putting the public in possession of the exact facts, and leaving the matter in such shape that



there shall be no longer any mystery or secrecy in regard to it. But until the removal of the remains is consummated and all the projected plans carried in full, they decline to converse about it."

It was somewhat embarrassing to the members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor to have the hour agreed upon for the removal made public before hand, because our work for more than nine years had been done with the most profound secrecy on our part, although we were never bound by any oath, but something much stronger—our own sense of honor—for to a man who will not be bound by that, an oath is a mere cord of sand. Any considerable number who might be drawn together out of curiosity, would make it more difficult to do the work. Fortunately, the article in which the hour was mentioned, attracted scarcely any attention; and we were but little annoyed by additional numbers. We succeeded in withholding from the press next morning, the certificates of identification made that day, in order to have them appear as part of the historical and descriptive sketch to be read in our eighth memorial service in the afternoon. We felt further chagrin, that on the morning of the fifteenth, still more of the details were given in the same paper, with the notice sent out on the twelfth by the Secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, to each of the members of the Lincoln Monument Association. The following is an exact copy:

DEAR SIR:—Nine o'clock Thursday morning, April 14th, has been designated by the Executive Committee as the time for exhuming the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln for reburial. Please be at the monument at that time. It is thought best that it be strictly private. Do not, on any account, let a reporter know it.

J. C. POWER.

When that notice was sent out, The Lincoln Guard of Honor practically lost control of all secrecy in the matter, and to this day not a member of the organization knows how the paper that published the hour of removal and the notice to the Monument Association, obtained its information. In order that that and all other papers should stand upon equal footing in regard to the news, they completed a written statement to be read as part of the memorial service, and had fifty copies printed. It contained twenty-four pages and three engravings. A synopsis only of it could be read at the memorial service, but a printed copy was given or sent to

each reporter of a city paper, and to all reporters for metropolitan papers in the city, who were known. This was done especially for the reporters, and but for them it would not have been printed. Any intelligent reporter could have taken that pamphlet, given every item of interest in the immediate history, and described from the engravings every locality, so as to have made it intelligible to any ordinary reader. It is doubtful if so much was ever done, in a similar case, to give reporters the exact truth and to treat all with absolute fairness. Certainly such efforts were never rewarded with more shameful abuse. Certain ones of them, not all, affected to believe that special favors had been extended to the paper that was ahead of them in the news, and without a particle of evidence that they were right, treated us accordingly. It is to be hoped for the honor and good name of Springfield, that they are now ashamed of themselves, for all who love honorable fair dealing must be ashamed for them.

At the hour appointed there were present seven members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor; six members of the Lincoln Monument Association; Mr. Irwin, who was preparing for the burial in the catacomb, with three or four workmen; the undertaker, with one or two men; the plumber; Mr. Meredith Cooper, the sexton of Oak Ridge Cemetery; the Custodian of the Monument, with his assistant, George W. Trotter, and some others. Under direction of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, the bodies were exhumed at the point marked B, in the *ground plan*, carried into Memorial Hall, and laid upon trestles, where, in the absence of President Dana, Gen. Reece, Vice President, delivered the following brief address on behalf of the society:

*“Gentlemen of the Lincoln Monument Association:*

“By the action of Hon. John T. Stuart, chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association, of which your present society is the successor, we were called, singly and by twos and threes, to act as guardians of the body of President Lincoln, after an attempt had been made to wrest it from the walls of this Monument, erected under your supervision. In course of time, and in order to do our work more efficiently, we became a legal organization, called THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

"After that, we were called upon to render more secure the body of Mrs. Lincoln. A true statement of our acts, individually and collectively, precedes this paper. The Lincoln Guard of Honor has never assumed that it is their province to examine and decide upon the identity of the remains in either case, and that it belongs exclusively to your Association to do that. Having exhumed the bodies, we hereby certify that they are in the identical enclosures in which we received them, and that the enclosures have never been broken except as stated in our historical account. In this condition we turn them over to your Association, thus terminating what has been to us a labor of love and veneration.

\*G. S. DANA, *President*.

J. N. REECE, *Vice President*.

J. C. POWER, *Secretary*.

J. P. LINDLEY, *Treasurer*.

\*JAS. F. MCNEILL.

NOBLE B. WIGGINS.

HORACE CHAPIN.

EDWARD S. JOHNSON.

CLINTON L. CONKLING,

"MEMORIAL HALL, NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT, April 14, 1887."

Without form or ceremony, the members of the Lincoln Monument Association, who were present, took charge of the bodies, and at once, by mutual agreement, decided that in order to satisfy the reasonable expectations of the people, after so many changes, it was indispensably necessary to identify the body of the President. Mr. Thomas C. Smith, the undertaker who made the cedar coffin, was then requested to open it, which he did. A piece of the lead coffin about a foot square was cut on three sides and turned back, exposing the familiar features to the light. Of the eighteen or nineteen persons present, nearly all had personally seen the President in life. There was not one who expressed the slightest doubt that he was looking at the features of the beloved President. They were almost as perfect as they are in the bronze statue on the Monument, and the color is about as dark as the statue. After being exposed fifteen or twenty minutes, the lead coffin was closed and soldered air tight by the plumber, Mr. Leon P. Hopkins, of Springfield.

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\* Out of the City and State during these exercises.

who, as a natural consequence, was the last man to look on the face of Abraham Lincoln. The bodies were then conveyed from Memorial Hall to the Catacomb, and there buried. The following is a copy of the statement made and signed by the members present of the Lincoln Monument Association:

"We, the undersigned members of the Lincoln Monument Association, of Springfield, Illinois, do hereby certify, that on the 14th day of April, 1887, we saw the cedar and lead coffins, which contain the remains of Abraham Lincoln, opened in our presence in the Memorial Hall of the Monument. The remains were somewhat shrunken, but the features were quite natural, and we could readily recognize them as the features of the former illustrious President of our Nation, and our former friend and fellow citizen. We do hereby certify that they are his remains, and that they were again re-sealed in said coffins and deposited in the vault beneath the floor of the catacomb in our presence.

JAMES C. CONKLING,  
OZIAS M. HATCH,  
GEORGE N. BLACK,  
JOHN W. BUNN,  
LINCOLN DUBOIS,  
CHRISTOPHER C. BROWN.

"Dated this 14th day of April, 1887."

The members of the Lincoln Monument Association also made the annexed statement concerning the remains of Mrs. Mary T. Lincoln:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the coffins containing the remains of Mary T. Lincoln, wife of the lamented Abraham Lincoln, were this day removed from the place where they had been resting for several years beneath the Lincoln Monument, at Springfield, Illinois, and were deposited in our presence by the side of those of her husband, in the vault beneath the floor of the catacomb of said monument:

"Dated this 14th day of April, 1887.

JAMES C. CONKLING,  
OZIAS M. HATCH,  
GEO. N. BLACK,  
JOHN W. BUNN,  
LINCOLN DUBOIS,  
CHRISTOPHER C. BROWN."

After the identification, and the coffins were lowered into the vault, workmen proceeded to fill it with concrete, surrounding each coffin with cement nearly in a liquid state, which in a short time hardens as a solid mass of stone, more than four feet and a half in depth over the tops of the coffins. Over that the tessellated marble floor was relaid, and the sarcophagus placed in the position it occupied formerly. The bodies are now practically inside of and beneath a mass of stone six feet deep, eight and a half feet wide and eleven feet long. To outward appearance there is no change from what has been visible for years.

To the children of Israel the burial place of Moses was lost, but that did not destroy his great work for humanity, neither would it have destroyed the work of Abraham Lincoln if his remains had been lost. But there is no longer any necessity for the Custodian to evade the questions of visitors. After more than ten years secret movements in guarding against a repetition of the vandalism of attempting to steal the body, it is now safe, for there could not a sufficient number of men work at it to get it out in one night, and a plot that would require longer time to execute is sure to be detected.

Since the final burial of the remains of President and Mrs. Lincoln, the writer, as Custodian of the monument, in order to economise time, has adopted a very brief method, when the amount of information is taken into consideration, in giving visitors an account of the attempted robbery and subsequent events connected with it, for intelligent visitors who have incurred the expense in time and money to make the pilgrimage are not satisfied until they obtain the information they come in search of, and will ask a great number of questions, unless a somewhat full though concise statement is made. There are parties who, after having made one visit and hearing all, come back with their friends on their first visit, who think it a manifestation of superior wisdom to make ungracious and sometimes insulting remarks about the Custodian talking so much. He does not think it at all discourteous to say to all such, in presence of their friends, "The way is entirely clear for you sir, or madam, to depart the moment you are wearied with listening." In writing this history he has at times found it quite embarrassing to speak of himself

so many times, as it is unavoidable, for he is the only person who was present when the attempt was made to steal the body, and has been present at every movement, night and day, for its protection, until the final interment. He is also the only member who has been present at every meeting of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, for any purpose and at every memorial service. The repetition of the pronoun "I," is so distasteful to him that it has been avoided as far as possible, and speaking in the third person adopted, as the writer, the Secretary and the Custodian. The description to visitors is generally given in the catacomb, by the side of the sarcophagus, and without stopping to point out localities by the engravings, as the reader can do more leisurely. It involves some repetition, and when given in full is about as follows:

#### THE CUSTODIAN'S DESCRIPTION TO VISITORS.

Immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln, the people of Springfield commenced preparations for the sepulture of the remains. The citizens and city authorities made a conditional contract for the block of ground on which the present State Capitol stands, as a site for the monument, and had men work night and day to prepare a temporary vault for the reception of the body. Mrs. Lincoln being prostrated by the shock, remained in Washington. About the time the funeral cortege arrived in Springfield, it was found by telegraphic communication that she was unwilling that anything more should be done on the site chosen. Instead of putting the body there, it was deposited May 4, 1865, in the receiving tomb for Oak Ridge Cemetery, which is on the monument grounds. (See view of the monument from the north including cut at the foot of the bluff.) (Also, *see map of the monument grounds*, marked, "receiving tomb.") The body of President Lincoln remained in that tomb seven and a half months, when it was removed December 21, 1865, to a vault prepared under direction of the National Lincoln Monument Association. (See map marked, "Original Lincoln Vault.") The body remained in that vault nearly six years, during which time the building of the monument was commenced and so far advanced as to be ready to receive it, when it was taken from the lead lined wooden coffin, in which it was brought from Washington, because the lining was found

to be broken, placed in an iron coffin, and again removed, Sept. 19, 1871, to the crypt No. 1, being the central one of five crypts built side by side for the entire family. (See interior of the Catacomb.) It remained in that crypt three years, until Oct. 9, 1874, when, in consequence of the iron coffin being too long, it was placed in a red cedar coffin, heavily lined with lead, and then deposited in a marble sarcophagus.

The body was in that sarcophagus when thieves tried to steal it on the evening of Nov. 7, 1876. They selected that time because it was the evening of the day for holding the presidential election, and they talked among themselves that if they were seen by others at unseemly hours, each party would probably conclude that the other was out in search of election news, and thus they would be able to ward off suspicion. We who are connected with the monument had been warned before by officers of the United States secret service, that a plot had been discovered in Chicago, for stealing the body of Mr. Lincoln, and holding it until a great reward should be offered for the recovery of it. The progress of the plot was watched by those officers until they learned the exact time agreed upon among the robbers for carrying it into effect. The night selected by the thieves, five officers of the U. S. Secret Service were with the writer in Memorial Hall. We had been there three hours, in total darkness, when three men approached the outer door of the hall. (See view of the monument facing south.)

One of the men carried a dark lantern, lighted, which was turned about and finding the doors locked, and not seeing any light inside, that seemed to satisfy them that there was not any person about the monument. Then they went to the north end, and approached the catacomb. (See view of the monument from the north.) The shutter to the door of that is made of iron rods only, and is fastened with a padlock. The thieves commenced on the lock with a very fine saw, so highly tempered that they soon broke it, and finished their work with a triangular saw file. The latter part of the work required a comparatively long time. Having effected an entrance, they, with an old axe, pried off the top piece of marble A, and stood it on the end against panel 4. They then pried and lifted at the main lid, B, which projects over

the sides and ends, until they raised it above the copper dowels in the sides, turned it across the sarcophagus and pushed it nearly to the wall. They then took the end piece, G, and sat it on edge near the door. The red cedar coffin, D, with the square end, E, was drawn out of the sarcophagus fifteen or eighteen inches. That was the condition of things when the officers came around from the Memorial Hall and the thieves had disappeared. There was a young man with them who had discovered the plot in Chicago, accidentally, and whom the thieves thought was an accomplice. He was with them, under instruction from an officer of the United States Secret Service, who was in command that night, that he should keep with them until they broke the lock, at this door, to the catacomb—and began to open the sarcophagus. His instructions were, that he should then quietly leave them, go around to the door of Memorial Hall, give a signal agreed upon before, when it was thought that the whole force of officers could move quickly out of the Hall, around to the catacomb and capture the miscreants at their work. When the lock had been broken, and before the thieves commenced their work on the sarcophagus, they had the shrewdness to push the young man into the southeast corner of the catacomb, at the point marked with a \*, and gave him the lantern to hold. He said the moment they did that, he knew it meant that if he made any movement to get rid of the light, and pass by them, out of the door, they would be very sure to shoot him dead. If it had been a question of saving himself he could have rushed out by them and made his escape, but that would have been a signal to them that something was wrong, and they would have escaped before he could have brought the officers around from the opposite end of the monument. He made up his mind that the only probability of success lay in holding the light until they did their work, and then take his chances for giving the signal in time to have them captured. Having taken the sarcophagus apart and drawn the coffin out as seen in the engraving, the thieves were ready for the horse and wagon to haul the body away, which, by mutual agreement, the young man was to provide, and which he made them believe was in waiting at the east gate of the cemetery in the valley about two hundred yards northeast of the monument. They directed him to bring up



his wagon, saying they would wait at the catacomb until his return. He started in the direction indicated and ran down on the sward, going by the site of the original Lincoln vault, (*see map*.) until he passed out of their sight in the darkness; then, as he had no wagon, nor never intended to, he turned abruptly to the right, ran around to the south end of the monument, and gave the signal agreed upon, by striking a match on the jamb of the door to Memorial Hall, and lighting a cigar. The officers, not having any light, filed out of the hall, leaving the writer alone, and passed rapidly around to the catacomb, led by the chief officer, who, with a cocked revolver in each hand, called upon whoever was in there to surrender. After calling a second time without receiving any answer, he struck a match and found the scene presented in the engraving of the broken sarcophagus, but the thieves had departed. It was afterwards learned, that when they started the young man off for the wagon, they, too shrewd to stand around the door, lest some other party might be watching their movements, quietly went to a small oak tree, (*marked location of thieves, see map*.) and were watching the catacomb when the officers came around from Memorial Hall. They told their supposed accomplice afterwards, that dark as it was, they could see the outlines of the officers as they approached the door, and supposing he had returned with a teamster, started to meet him. When they came within twenty-five or thirty feet of the door they heard voices, and when the light was struck in the catacomb, discovered that it was officers hunting for them. They told the young man that they "then thought it would be more healthy for them to go the other way." They made their escape, but were captured in Chicago ten days later, brought back to Springfield, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. One year only, because there was not at that time any law in Illinois that made it a penitentiary offense to steal a human dead body. They were not sentenced for that, but for burglary and conspiracy. (See Division Five for report of trial.) If they were to do the same thing now, and be captured, they might be sent for ten years, because there has been a law enacted since that time to cover such cases. In

consequence of the general confusion, everything was permitted to remain two days where the thieves left them, as seen in the broken sarcophagus.

On the afternoon of the second day, the Monument Association sent a marble workman out with two assistants to put the sarcophagus together. The Custodian had them push the coffin back, put each piece of marble where it belonged, and cement all as though nothing more would be done. Six days later, Hon. John T. Stuart, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Association, came out in the forenoon, and told the Custodian that he could not sleep for thinking how easy a matter it would be for the thieves to obtain the body yet, if they desired to do so. He said that the same marble workman with his assistants would be at the monument that afternoon, and he wished the Custodian to have them take the sarcophagus apart, take the coffin out, and lay it on the floor in the northwest curve of the wall of the catacomb, and remain there until dark, when he would come with sufficient assistance to move it to where it would be more secure. The marble workmen came, did the work as directed, put the sarcophagus back together and cemented all the joints carefully, and when done the principal workman dismissed his assistants, but he and the Custodian remained in waiting until dark, when the three members of the Executive Committee of the Monument Association came, and we five took the coffin up, carried it outside, around the east side of the monument into Memorial Hall, through the back door of the hall to the east side of the foundation of the obelisk, and deposited it on some timbers at the point marked A, ground plan. There a short consultation was held, and it was arranged that the marble workman should bring a box out the next day to fit the coffin, and he, with the writer, should put the coffin in the box and bury all. He brought the box, in pieces, we put it together inside to avoid attracting attention, and by laying the box on the side and by turning the coffin on the side, we were able to get them together, but it was exceedingly hard work for two men, for the coffin alone weighs more than five hundred pounds, and the atmosphere we had to breathe was almost stifling for want of ventilation. At this point the writer suggested that we should not work any more that day, and that his comrade need not return, as he thought he could

bury it alone, by digging down close to the timbers and using a lever he could slip the coffin into the cavity and cover it with earth. Next morning he commenced digging, but soon found that it would be a tedious job, for he had to go outside whenever he heard steps overhead, ascertain the wants of visitors, and wait upon all who wished to be shown through. For that reason it required three days continuous effort to get the cavity to a sufficient depth to receive the coffin, and when that was accomplished water began to come in. It was naturally a dry place, but there had been so much leakage without any ventilation, as to account for that difficulty. He reported the situation to the Executive Committee, and asked for further instructions. All the instructions received were, to let the coffin remain on the timbers, keep it covered as a protection from leakage, and wait until the committee determined what to do.

To the astonishment of every one who hears of it, the coffin lay there unburied for two years. At the end of that time, the body of Alexander T. Stewart, the wealthiest merchant of New York city, was stolen and held for a ransom. When that news came, it appeared to the Custodian as though half the people of Springfield accosted him on the street, or came to the Monument and inquired if the body of Lincoln was safe. He did not think it was, but evaded their questions as well as he could. After two weeks' annoyance of this kind, he received a missive through the postoffice, warning him not to be out of his house alone after nightfall, indicating that there was some other plotting going on, in which his personal safety was involved. This made it imperatively necessary for him to call again upon the executive committee and inform them that he was unwilling to remain in charge unless they would come and bury the body, or put it where it could not be so easily found. They reminded him that they were each ten or twelve years older than himself, that what they had done two years previous in carrying the body around and into the interior of the Monument, had nearly disabled them, and that they could do no more. They then placed the entire responsibility on him, by telling him to call to his aid younger men, whom he could trust, get them to come and assist him, find the driest place they could inside, and bury it. He at once called upon two men of his

acquaintance, who had each a good record for service in the army of the Union. He stated the case to them, and asked their assistance, which they very readily agreed to give. They three each invited another to join them, and the six came to the Monument in the night, and took the body from the point marked A (*see ground plan*), where it had lain more than two years, and buried it at the point B, in the same figure. That was done in November, 1878. Fifteen months later, the six invited three others to unite with them in organizing under the laws of Illinois, The Lincoln Guard of Honor, that they might be in a position to act efficiently against any further acts of vandalism in connection with the remains of President Lincoln. Robert T. Lincoln was very properly informed confidentially of what we had done, soon after the body of his father was buried, although the exact spot was not pointed out to him. When his mother died in July, 1882, her body was put in crypt No. 4, in the catacomb, but it was not in there forty-eight hours. The day after the public funeral, Robert Lincoln expressed a desire that The Lincoln Guard of Honor should take the body of his mother from the crypt and bury it by the side of his father. The President and Secretary gave notice for the members to assemble at the Monument, at ten o'clock on the evening of July 21, and by two o'clock next morning the work was done. The bodies remained there until April 14, 1887, when they were exhumed by The Lincoln Guard of Honor, conveyed back to Memorial Hall, and there formally delivered to the Lincoln Monument Association. The members of the Monument Association immediately ordered the wood and lead coffin of the President to be opened, that they might identify the body. Finding the features in the most perfect state of preservation, and making a record of that fact, signed by all the members of the Association present, the coffins were closed and both bodies conveyed out of the hall and around to the catacomb, where a receptacle had been prepared, under direction of the Custodian, with the approval of the Monument Association. It was five and a half feet wide, eight feet long, and six feet deep in the clear, with a wall eighteen inches thick of hard burned brick, laid in the best of cement mortar all around it. Eight inches of concrete was spread over the bottom and the coffins laid on that.

In adjusting the coffin containing the body of the President, a line was drawn from the centre of the door to the centre of the open crypt, and the coffin so adjusted that the line extended over the centre of that. The coffin of Mrs. Lincoln lay at the east side of that of her husband, with four or five inches of space between. When the body of the President was in the sarcophagus, the head was towards the north, but in the burial it was turned to the south, for the reason that there will probably be a time when the empty sarcophagus will be removed and a tablet bearing appropriate inscriptions laid on the floor over the bodies, to be read standing in the door. Then it would be quite appropriate that the reading should begin at the head and extend to the foot. In adjusting the coffins the tops of them were brought to about four and a half feet below the level of the floor. None of the earth taken out was put back, but the entire space was filled with concrete. The mortar to begin with was made so soft as to settle snugly into every crevice around the coffins. Above that it was mixed with broken stone, the entire mass hardening as one piece, so that after more than ten years secreting the body, those responsible for its safe keeping feel at liberty to give its entire history, and are not only willing but desirous that the people should know all about it. Looking at the ground plan, the sarcophagus is exactly over the President's body, and the letter "S" is over where Mrs. Lincoln's body lies. There was but one reporter present, and he described a brick arch as having been built over the coffins after they were put in their final resting place, but of more than twenty men present, he was the only man who saw the arch, for the simple reason that no arch was there, neither was it ever designed that there should be, and the only brick used in the grave were pieces broken quite small as parts of the concrete. It is not believed that a sufficient number of men could work at it to get the body out now, in three days and nights, and if they cannot do it in one night, they cannot do it at all.

## DIVISION SEVENTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

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Legal Organization of the Lincoln Guard of Honor and a Statement of its Aims and Objects—Its first Memorial Service—Two Versions of Lincoln's Farewell Address to the People of Springfield—Members of the National Lincoln Monument Association made Honorary Members—Observance of Soldiers' Decoration on Memorial Day—Beautiful Decoration of Lincoln's Sarcophagus—Anniversary of Lincoln's Birth.

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MEMORIAL HALL, NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,  
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Feb. 12, 1880.

(THREE O'CLOCK AFTERNOON).

Present—Gustavus S. Dana, Jasper N. Reece, John Carroll Power, James F. McNeill, Joseph P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, Horace Chapin, Noble B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling.

As a preliminary to the transaction of business, on motion it was

*Resolved*, That J. N. Reece be chosen Chairman, and J. C. Power Secretary of the meeting.

The Secretary being called upon to do so, stated that by the action of an executive officer of the National Lincoln Monument Association, through the Custodian of the Monument, the remains of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States of America, had been placed under our guardianship, and that we could execute our trust more effectually by withholding from the public all knowledge of the responsibility resting upon us. He further stated that Hon. Robert T. Lincoln had once expressed a willingness to put the Lincoln Homestead in this city, in the custody of the National Lincoln Monument Association. It was said on the part of the Association that to accept it would be foreign to the objects for which the Association was formed; and since that time he had repaired and rented it as a residence, and might not care to consider any proposition from a new organization. The Secretary still further stated that there was ample

work for an organization to do in holding memorial services on the anniversaries of Lincoln's birth, death, emancipation day, decoration day, etc. After this explanation, and on motion, it was

*Resolved*, That an organization be now effected, and it be called THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

The following petition was then prepared and signed:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, )  
SANGAMON COUNTY, ) ss.

*To George H. Harlow Secretary of State*

We, the undersigned, G. S. Dana, J. N. Reece, J. C. Power, Jas. F. McNeill, J. P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, Horace Chapin, N. B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling, citizens of the United States, propose to form a corporation under an act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act concerning Corporations," approved April 18, 1872, and that for the purposes of such organization we hereby state as follows, to-wit:

1. The name of such Corporation is THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.
2. The objects for which it is formed, is to negotiate for the purchase of the former Home of Lincoln, raise funds to pay for and keep it in repair and keep it open to the public, under suitable regulations, and hold it in trust for the People,
3. To conduct memorial services, either at the home or tomb of Lincoln, or at such other places as this association may designate on appropriate occasions, such as the anniversaries of his birth, death, emancipation day, decoration day, or any other important events connected with his life.
4. To collect and preserve such relics of him as will not interfere with the proper collection in Memorial Hall at the monument, especially such as would be more suitably cared for at the residence, more particularly those connected with his domestic and home life.
5. The management of the aforesaid association shall be vested in a board of nine directors, who are to be elected annually.
6. The following persons are hereby selected as the directors to control and manage said corporation for the first year of its corporate existence, and until their successors are chosen and qualified, namely: J. C. Power, G. S. Dana, J. N. Reece, J. F. McNeill, J. P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, Horace Chapin, N. B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling.
7. The location is at Springfield, in the county of Sangamon, and State of Illinois.

Signed,

J. C. POWER,	J. P. LINDLEY,
J. N. REECE,	EDWARD S. JOHNSON,
G. S. DANA,	HORACE CHAPIN,
JAS. F. MCNEILL,	N. B. WIGGINS,
CLINTON L. CONKLING,	

STATE OF ILLINOIS, )  
COUNTY OF SANGAMON, ) ss.

I, James F. McNeill, a Notary Public, in and for the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that on this twelfth day of February, A. D. 1880, personally appeared before me, G. S. Dana, J. N. Reece, J. C. Power, J. P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, Horace Chapin, N. B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling, to me personally

known to be the same persons who executed the foregoing statement, and severally acknowledged that they had executed the same for the purposes therein set forth.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year above written.

{ N. P. }  
{ SEAL. }

JAMES F. MCNEILL,  
Notary Public.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }  
COUNTY OF SANGAMON, } ss.

I, Clinton L. Conkling, a Notary Public, in and for the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify, that on this twelfth day of February, 1880, personally appeared before me, James F. McNeill, to me personally known to be the same person who executed the foregoing statement, and then acknowledged that he had executed the same for the purposes therein set forth.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal, this day and year above written.

{ N. P. }  
{ SEAL. }

CLINTON L. CONKLING,  
Notary Public.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

GEORGE H. HARLOW, Secretary of State.

*To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING:*

WHEREAS, a Certificate, duly signed and acknowledged, having been filed in the office of the Secretary of State, on the Thirtieth day of February, A. D. 1880, for the organization of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, under and in accordance with the provisions of "An Act concerning Corporations," approved April 18, 1872, and in force July 1, 1872, a copy of which certificate is hereto attached.

*Now, therefore,* I, GEORGE H. HARLOW, Secretary of State, of the State of Illinois, by virtue of the powers and duties vested in me by law, do hereby certify that the said, THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, is a legally organized corporation under the laws of this State.

*In Testimony Whereof,* I hereto set my hand, and cause to be affixed the great seal of State. Done at the City of Springfield, this thirteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty, and of the Independence of the United States, the One Hundred and Fourth.

GEORGE H. HARLOW,

[SEAL OF STATE.]

*Secretary of State.*

The objects of The Lincoln Guard of Honor was then publicly announced to be the raising of a fund, and purchasing and keeping in repair the former home of President Lincoln, and keep it open to visitors under proper regulations; and to hold Memorial Services on the anniversaries of his birth, death, emancipation day, etc. On the action of the new society being made known to Robert Lincoln, he declined to negotiate, and we were thus relieved of any care in that respect, for which we are exceedingly thankful. But it is right and proper in this connection to say, that if the objects above stated had been the real and only ones, however commendable their action might have been, The Lincoln Guard, of



Honor never would have been organized by the men who did it. Their one and all controlling thought, was to guard the precious dust of Abraham Lincoln, from vandal hands, and that is why they effected a legal organization.

At an adjourned meeting held at the Leland Hotel on March 9, 1880, it was resolved to observe the fifteenth anniversary of the death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN by appropriate services, to be held at the National Lincoln Monument, on the morning of April the 15th, 1880, commencing at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock.

### OUR FIRST MEMORIAL SERVICE.

At a subsequent meeting the Committee appointed for the purpose, submitted the following programme and order of exercises, which was approved.

### PROGRAMME OF MEMORIAL SERVICES.

TO BE HELD ON THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Services will begin exactly at seven o'clock and twenty-two minutes, on the morning of April 15th, corresponding with the time of President Lincoln's death. They will be held at the Catacomb, of the National Lincoln Monument, under the auspices of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

Being their first observance, there will be no effort at an imposing demonstration, but a simple Memorial Service at the former Home of the Martyr President.

A cordial invitation is extended to all citizens, and strangers who may be in the city, to be present and unite in the services.

The following will be the Order of Exercises :

PRAYER, By Rev. James A. Reed, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church.  
SINGING, - - - - - "The Sleep of the Brave."

By Y. M. C. A. Quintette,

Prof. S. T. Church, Frank M. Wills, Edward Wills,  
Frank L. Fuller, Frank Ruth.

READING - - - - - *Lincoln's Farewell to the People of Springfield,*  
By Rev. Albert Hale.

READING, - - - - - *Lincoln's Letter to Eliza P. Gurney,*  
By J. C. Power.

SINGING, - - - - - "Battle Hymn of the Republic,"  
By the Quintette.

READING, - - - - - *Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address,*  
By Clinton L. Conkling.

READING, (Lincoln's Favorite Poem.)

"O why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud,"  
By Mrs. Edward S. Johnson.

SINGING, - - - - - "Let the President Sleep,"  
By the Quintette.

BENEDICTION, - - - - - By Rev. J. H. Noble of the First M. E. Church.

Both the South and East gates to Oak Ridge Cemetery, will be open at sunrise, for the admittance of those who may desire to go in carriages.

A car will leave the south end of the Fifth street railroad at twenty minutes past six, A. M., arriving at Oak Ridge Park, ten minutes before seven.

By order of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

J. C. POWER, *Secretary*.

G. S. DANA, *President*.

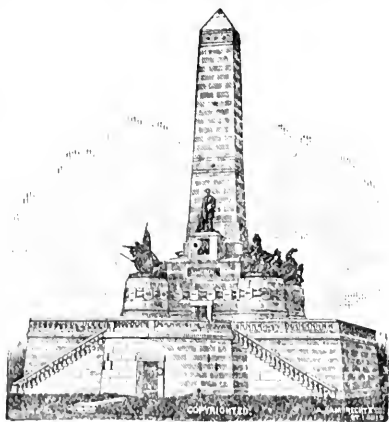
Springfield, Ill., April 15, 1880.

In printing our programmes we had the accompanying profile of Lincoln on the first page, and a cut of the National Lincoln Monument on the fourth page and continued to do so at every Memorial Service.



Wednesday, April 14th, almost the entire day, was spent by Mrs. Dana, wife of our President, and Mrs. Lindley, wife of our present Treasurer, in decorating the catacomb and sarcophagus with flowers. They did their work beautifully, and with the most exquisite taste. The practice was continued at every Memorial Service.

On Thursday, April 15th, the memorial services were held, under direction of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, assembled at the catacomb of the National Lincoln Monument, with every member present, and each one wore a badge printed on white satin ribbon, of which the following is a copy. It was afterwards worn on all public occasions. The morning was chilly, cloudy, foggy and threatening rain, but about three hundred citizens and strangers braved the discomfort, and with heads uncovered reverently joined in the opening exercises.



NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT.



The Lincoln  
Guard of Honor.

Major G. S. Dana, President, commenced the exercises, at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, corresponding with the time of President LINCOLN's death, by introducing Rev. James A. Reed, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who offered prayer, as follows:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the world, even from everlasting Thou art God. Thou art the hope and refuge of all who put their trust under the shadow of Thy wing. We now invoke Thy presence and blessing as we here assemble to commence these solemn services this morning; and we feel, as we gather around this tomb, that we gather about the resting place of a great man—a man made sacred by memory—the remains of one dear to us, and whose name has been identified with the dearest interests of our country. We have approached the time that recalls the hour of our National affliction—the hour when the spirit of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, "With malice towards none, with charity for all," returned to God who gave it. And while this hour recalls sad and painful memories, yet, O God, we desire to cherish and perpetuate to latest generations the virtues and the memory of him who lies here entombed. And we pray, gracious God, that Thou wouldst be with us and bless us this day. We thank Thee that, in the hour of our peril, Thou didst raise up for our country such a leader as ABRAHAM LINCOLN. We thank Thee for all that was generous, truthful and noble in his character. We thank Thee for all that was manly and elevated and decisive in his patriotism. We thank Thee for all that was wise and judicious in his statesmanship. We thank Thee for the great deliverance which he was the means of bringing to our land. We thank Thee for all the liberty and happiness we enjoy, and for all the grand and blessed issues that have come to us from the instrumentality of this man. And we pray that we may be enabled to cherish his memory, to imitate his virtues and preserve the blessings of liberty and peace that have come to us. Let Thy presence and blessings rest upon this day, and as the recollection of the hour recurs when he was taken away from us, may the appreciation of his life and character go forward with us in the noble pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Be with us, we pray Thee, and with the Nation in all our future history; sanctify us as a Nation to Thyself and to Thy service, and finally accept of us graciously, in Our Redeemer. Amen.

The Young Men's Christian Association Quintette Club—Messrs. S. T. Church, Edward A. Wills, Frank M. Wills, Frank L. Fuller and R. F. Ruth, Jr.—sang "THE SLEEP OF THE BRAVE."

How sleep the brave that sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest;  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold.

She, then, shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod,  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

Then honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Rest in peace!  
Sleep on!

Rev. Albert Hale, an ex-pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, the oldest clergyman in the city, being in his eighty-first year, read the farewell address of Mr. Lincoln, delivered from the platform of the car, Feb. 11, 1861, to his neighbors and friends, as he was about starting for the Capital of the Nation, to become its Chief Magistrate.

Father Hale read the only version of the address known at that time, which was accepted everywhere as the true one, but it must now and henceforth give way to that which came direct from the author. That which Mr. Hale read was in the following words:

MY FRIENDS:—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all I am. Here I have lived for more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon whom he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

In part of Nicolay & Hay's History of Lincoln in the Century Magazine for December, 1887, the same address occurs, in connection with which, by a note from the authors, we are assured that, "This address is here correctly printed for the first time, from the original manuscript, having been written down immediately after the train started, partly by Mr. Lincoln's own hand and partly by that of his private secretary from his dictation."

"MY FRIENDS:—No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S letter to Eliza P. Gurney was read by Mr. J. C. Power, who, by way of prelude, said:

We all know that, during the war to suppress the rebellion, President LINCOLN was frequently waited upon by delegations from religious bodies. Among others, a large number of women belonging to the Society of Friends, gave him a call. One of their number, the widow of Joseph John Gurney, a distinguished Quaker preacher of England, though herself an American, afterwards wrote him a letter. His reply will ever be highly prized, because it contains such emphatic and unequivocal expressions of his belief in the overruling providence of God.

LETTER TO MRS. GURNEY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1864.

ELIZA P. GURNEY: MY ESTEEMED FRIEND—I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me, on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country, for their constant prayers and consolations; and to no one of them, more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail; though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly in the best light He gives, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely, He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay.

Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not; and believing it, I shall still receive, for our country and myself, your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

“THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC,” by Mrs. Samuel J. Howe, was sung by the Quintette Club.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
     His day is marching on.

CHORUS—

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;  
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"  
 Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,  
     Since God is marching on.

CHORUS—

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!  
     Our God is marching on.

CHORUS—

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
     While God is marching on.

CHORUS—

After which, Mr. Clinton L. Conkling read the Second Inaugural Address of President LINCOLN.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the Nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms—upon which all else chiefly depends—is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the Nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences—which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came—shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Rev. W. B. Affleck, of York, England, a Methodist Episcopal minister and lecturer, who had risen from the position of a coal miner, electrified all hearts in the delivery of the following three minute address.

The sorrow and sympathy of The Guards of Honor, citizens, admiring friends and of the many strangers whose cheeks are also moistened with tears, who are assembled here on this momentously solemn occasion, lead me to repeat an ancient though appropriate question—"Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there? Why then is the hurt of my people not healed?"

Why, aye, why? Because no such wound as we are gathered here to commemorate was ever before inflicted, and no hurt was ever before so universally felt. In ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S death humanity lost a loyal and beneficent representative, the oppressed colored race its champion, emancipator, and this great Nation its political and patriotic savior. He had love too ardent, sympathies too deep, a soul too large, a heart too tender and a mission too catholic and comprehensive for any other country but this limitless and liberty-loving

"Land of the free  
And home of the brave,"

His great achievements inspired hope in the poorest of the poor. His honesty placed merchandise and law on a higher plane. His becoming and uniform



humanity gave worthy example to the rich and the great. His willing and industrious hand gave a dignity to honest toil. His graceful carriage and kindly demeanor under highest honors gave a lesson to all rulers, and his noble life, crowned with a martyr's death, gave testimony to a witnessing world that it is greater and diviner to die in a good cause than to live to see a Nation's liberties sacrificed. For

“Whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van;  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is, when he dies for fellow man.”

In this country's future the pure life and patriotic though tragic death of “LINCOLN the Good,” will inspire a spirit of Christian chivalry in tens of thousands of America's stalwart sons, and will give them a certainty that

“Freedom's battles once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft are always won.”

GUARDS OF HONOR:—May God bless you for organizing to guard the fair fame and the good name of honest ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Yours is a sacred trust. This is a fine monument. Its sparkling granite making it imperishable but fitly symbolizes the enduring loyalty of our own LINCOLN to truth, goodness and God.

In England we teach our children to love its Cromwell. In Scotland they teach their children to love its William Wallace: In Ireland they teach their children to love its Daniel O'Connell. In Switzerland they teach their children to love its Winkelried. In Italy they teach their children to love its Garibaldi. In America, humanity's refuge and freedom's hope and home, teach, oh teach your children to love, ever love, its Washington the Securer and LINCOLN the Conservator of a Nation united, prosperous and free.

“Then heart to heart  
And hand to hand  
Bound together let us stand;  
Storms are gathering  
O'er the land,  
Many friends are gone,  
Still we never are alone,  
Still the battle must be won,  
Still we bravely march right on—  
Right on—Right on!”

GOVERNOR SHELBY M. CULLOM, being called on, delivered the following impromptu address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am very much gratified that the President of the Association made the remark that he did, that I was unexpectedly present, because you might suppose that I had an address for the occasion. I have not, and did not expect to say one word when I came upon the ground a few minutes ago, and I would decline to do so now were it not for the fact that I feel it is the duty of every person to give countenance and encouragement to the movement that has been made by our friends here, in perfecting the organization of what is called

"The Lincoln Guard of Honor." It is what ought to be done. I have always believed, my friends, that as we receded in time from the period in which Mr. LINCOLN lived, we would come to more and more appreciate his life and his service to the country. And this movement convinces me more than ever that such is going to be the fact.

As the Nation moves forward in civilization and political development, its people will more and more appreciate the life of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. I was thinking, as Mr. Conkling read that inaugural address, of the grandeur of the sentiment contained in it: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." I forget the exact words of the balance of that sentence; but think, my friends, of such words uttered by a man who had been struggling with all the energy and power that belonged to a great man at the head of a nation. I say, think of such words in the midst of such a struggle, saying to the people: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us go forward in our work, as God gives us to see the right."

And so with that sort of a heart, with that sort of a soul, with that sort of a manhood, he led the Nation through the trials through which it had to pass and saved it from overthrow by rebellion, and freed the people of this land, who, during the existence of the Nation, had been clogged in the manacles of slavery. I say, in that spirit this Nation was saved, and as it was saved he was stricken down who uttered those words to us, to you, to your children, and to the generations who are to come after us, "With charity for all, with malice toward none."

I tell you, my friends, you may read the scriptures over and over, but you will find no sentiment that is purer, no sentiment that is nobler, no sentiment that is grander, within the lids of any book which you may open upon any occasion.

I would not say another word, but that I see here a number of ladies especially who are strangers in our city, and who, perhaps, are not as well acquainted with the personal life of Mr. LINCOLN as some of us here at his home. It was my fortune to know Mr. LINCOLN from the time I was as old as any of the smaller children here in this audience. I knew him from the time I was a little boy, and his whole life, whether private or public, is just what you see it in his inaugural address, in these letters that you have read, and in all his great public utterances that are familiar to almost any one who reads at all. He was a man worthy of imitation in the family and in all circles and ramifications in society; he was a quiet man, he was a modest man, he was a just man, and he was everything so far as a man could be, apparently, to make him a fit man to take care of the interests of a great nation and set an example before a free people worthy to follow. I believe it is said in early history that mothers used to point to Alexander and say to their children, be like him, and as was well said by our distinguished friend here, Mr. Milleck, awhile ago, referring to Washington and Lincoln, the mothers of America can, with just pride, say to their children, be like Washington and LINCOLN.

LINCOLN'S favorite poem, "O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?" written in 1778 by Alexander Knox, of Edinburg, Scotland, was read by Mrs. Edward S. Johnson, the wife of one of our members:

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—  
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved;  
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by,  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told;

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;  
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling—  
But it speeds from us all, like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;  
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died—we things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—  
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The song, "LET THE PRESIDENT SLEEP," by James M. Stewart, was then sung by the Quintette Club.

Let the President sleep; all his duty is done,  
He has lived for our glory, the triumph is won.  
At the close of the fight, like a warrior brave,  
He retires from the field to the rest of the grave.

Hush the roll of the drum; hush the cannon's loud roar;  
He will guide us to peace through the battle no more.  
But now freedom shall dawn from the place of his rest,  
Where the star has gone down in the beautiful West.

Tread lightly, breathe softly, and gratefully bring,  
To the sod that enfolds him the first flow'r of Spring.  
They will tenderly treasure the tears that we weep,  
O'er the grave of our chief. Let the President sleep.

Let the President sleep! tears will hallow the ground,  
Where we raise o'er his ashes the sheltering mound;  
And his spirit will sometimes return from above,  
There to mingle with others in ineffable love.

Peace to thee, noble dead; thou hast battled the right,  
And hast won high reward from the Father of Light.  
Peace to thee martyr hero, and sweet be thy rest,  
When the sunlight fades out in the beautiful West.

The ceremonies were concluded by Rev. J. H. Noble, of the First M. E. Church, who pronounced the benediction as follows:

May the blessing of God—the God of Nations—who giveth peace as man doth not give; the blessing of the God of our fathers; the God of Washington and LINCOLN, be upon us, upon our country, upon our whole country, preserving us from eternal strife—and lifting us to purity of National life, so we may continue a free and good people, now and forever, for Christ's sake. Amen.

The programme was completed within an hour. As it progressed, the sun penetrated and dispelled the mist and clouds, and many to-day, no doubt, cherish pleasant recollections of the first Memorial service conducted by The Lincoln Guard of Honor.

A number of letters of regret from prominent persons invited to attend the services were received. The following extract from the letter of Lt.-Gov. Andrew Shuman will be of interest:

It is well and proper that the citizens of Mr. LINCOLN's own home city, near which his remains lie entombed, should set an example to the rest of the country by commemorating the anniversaries of the terrible tragedy by which he was taken off. Whatever can be said or done by his surviving countrymen to keep his memory fresh, and to recall to mind and contemplation his patriotic devotion and his wise words, will be a service to the country he loved and the Union he saved. May his name and his services live forever in all good hearts and minds.

At a meeting of the Lincoln Guard of Honor, April 27, 1880, after the transaction of the necessary routine business connected with the previous Memorial service, on motion it was

*Resolved*, That each of the fifteen members of the National Lincoln Monument Association, are hereby elected honorary members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, and are invited to attend at pleasure the meetings and memorial exercises held by the latter, and at all times advise and consult with the members of the same, upon any and all subjects calculated to keep in grateful remembrance the name and services of Abraham Lincoln.

*Resolved*, That this Guard of Honor adjourn to meet on Decoration Day (May 29), at the National Lincoln Monument, to take part in the exercises connected with decorating the graves of those who died in assisting to suppress the slaveholders' rebellion.

CATACOMB OF THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,  
DECORATION DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880,  
HALF PAST TWO O'CLOCK P. M.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled near the door of the catacomb.

Present—Dana, Reece, McNeill, Power, Chapin, Lindley, Wiggins, Johnson and Conkling, every member.

The Monument had previously been decorated by ladies, on the part of Stephenson Post No. 30, of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of The Lincoln Guard of Honor. The sarcophagus was completely covered with white roses. During the forenoon, the rain had fallen in torrents, but cleared about noon.

Before approaching the Monument, the members of The Guard of Honor had united with the Grand Army of the Republic,—many of them being members of the latter organization,—in decorating the graves of the Union soldiers buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

On arriving at the Monument The Lincoln Guard of Honor, by previous arrangement, assumed the precedence. President G. S. Dana, conducting the services, introduced Rev. W. B. Affleck, who offered the following:

#### INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou great and merciful God, before whose high throne we bow, be pleased to hear our supplications, for Jesus Christ's sake. While we now stand with bowed spirits in Thy temple of nature, under the sunshine of Heaven, and under the shadow of the imperishable monument of a grand soul that is one of the brightest who is now with Thee, we thank Thee, Oh, we thank Thee for putting it into the hearts of these kind people to plant these beautiful flowers on the graves of the

immortal dead, for though dead they yet live, and ever will, not only in their bright mansions, but in the memory of those brave comrades who still survive.

Oh, God, we pray Thee comfort the widow of the good Lincoln, and mercifully bless his promising son. And do, oh Lord, bless this Lincoln Guard of Honor, and may they be rewarded for organizing to defend a name that now creates grateful joy in the hearts of thousands. Grant that the battle begun by our sleeping chief, may be continued by these Guards until all wrong shall die, and right and righteousness shall alone guide Thy universe, and the world in which Thou permitted us to so happily live. Help us to be valiant and virtuous till we all meet in Heaven, and this we ask for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

The door of the catacomb was then opened, and taking a position in front,

CLINTON L. CONKLING,

a member of The Guard of Honor, then delivered the following address:

MY FRIENDS—Standing on hallowed ground, here on this Decoration Day, which, with its flowers, speaking of the past unto the present, recalls the sad and solemn thoughts of the dark days of the war. I seem to hear again the deep wail of anguish which went up from every loyal breast, when ABRAHAM LINCOLN died. Never was a great Nation's heart more deeply stirred. The intensity of its emotion, showed the depth of its love. Men would have given up life, could he but have lived.

Through a grief stricken people by sorrowing friends he was brought to his home. No warm living words came from his lips to greet the thronging thousands, who, in silence, pressed to his bier. Calm and unmoved were the careworn features, though a Nation would have thrilled to have seen but a smile. The President was dead. We laid him to rest in the heart of his own loved State, midst the scenes of his triumphs and by the home of his longing desire. They said his work was done—well done and finished. We wept and waited, and each receding year has but more clearly revealed the noble character of the departed hero. On every hand we see that his work was not done, nor will it be done till the name of the Nation he loved and saved shall have passed into the dim shadows of antiquity, and history be no more.

Men of all ages will look to him as a guide, and many a youth now struggling against poverty and difficulty will, animated by his example, rise to manhood and victory. His work is not done. In the hearts of his countrymen he still lives, an inspiration to noble living, patriotic devotion and pure statesmanship. For fifteen years loving hearts have remembered the martyr President, and kind hands have laid spring's choicest flowers upon his tomb. His friends and neighbors, one after another, are passing this spot, each to his own narrow resting place on yonder grassy slopes. The hand of time is pressing heavily on those who remain, and their faces are each year turning more and more towards that last home of the body, in whose city we to-day stand.

From the ranks of the old soldiers, each year go forth those who no more join with us in the services of Decoration Day, but who still have a part in it, because they are of that number whom we this day remember with wreaths of flowers, emblems of victory and immortality. There will be a day when the last

veteran, with bowed form and with eyes dimmed by age and tears, will place with trembling hands his offerings upon this, and then others will lay him gently to rest beside his comrades.

Before this day comes, younger hearts must know the story of lives laid down for love of country, and younger hands must learn to do the work of love which we this day have done. To this coming generation, and those which will follow, the precious dust which lies within these granite walls is a holy heritage, to be guarded with care, and this is the sacred trust which has devolved upon The Lincoln Guard of Honor, who here to-day, surrounded by brotherly hearts, lay their floral offerings over the remains, the care and protection of which it is their duty to undertake.

While we thus honor the departed, we appeal to the living, never to forget them nor their deeds. The golden chain of memory, to which this day adds another link, binds us to too rich a past to be idly broken. From its stories of devotion and self-sacrifice draw lessons of present need, and let not the life's blood of the humble private and the great chief have been shed in vain. Revere the noble dead—love the re-united country for which they died, and never, by word or deed, dishonor the grand old flag whose starry folds are a Nation's standard.

The wives of the members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, had prepared nine wreaths of evergreen and nine bouquets. At the close of the address, one of each was placed in the hands of the nine members of The Guard of Honor. At the word of command from President Dana, the Guard moved in a body, into the Catacomb, and laid their wreaths upon the bed of roses on the sarcophagus, lapping one upon another so as to cover the entire length of the sarcophagus. The nine bouquets were then placed in upright positions within the loops formed by the overlapping wreaths. Thus ended the decoration ceremonies on the part of The Lincoln Guard of Honor.

As many of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic as could do so, entered the catacomb with The Guard of Honor. The procession then moved to the east side of the Monument, where a congregation of citizens had assembled, and the exercises were closed on the part of the Grand Army of the Republic, by an address from Adjutant General H. H. Hilliard.

At a business meeting of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, at the Leland Hotel, Dec. 2, 1880, an informal discussion was held as to the manner we should observe the approaching anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and the prevailing opinion arrived at was that it would be imprudent at that time to incur the expense necessary to make it a success, and the subject was dismissed.

## DIVISION EIGHTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE.

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Second Annual Meeting and Election of Officers—Observance of the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Death of Lincoln, being our Second Memorial Service—Oration by Rev. Dr. Sturtevant, an exceedingly valuable contribution to History and to Literature—Two versions of Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—Valuable address by Hon. H. H. Thomas—Reading of Selections by Clinton L. Conkling—Address by Rev. W. B. Afleck—Grand Army Services at the Monument—Decoration of the Sarcophagus—The Picture that constitutes the Frontispiece to this Volume.

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### THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,

LELAND HOTEL, February 12, 1881.

7:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

Second annual meeting assembled here instead of at the Monument, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather.

The treasurer's report showed that the receipts and disbursements for the year had been \$65.25 each. Report approved.

The election of officers was next held. On a separate ballot each, G. S. Dana, was elected President, J. N. Reece, Vice-President, J. C. Power, Secretary, and Jas. F. McNeill, Treasurer, all for one year. On motion it was

*Resolved*, That The Lincoln Guard of Honor will observe the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Death of President Abraham Lincoln, by holding appropriate services at the Catacomb of the National Lincoln Monument, on the morning of April 15, 1881, beginning at seven o'clock and twenty-two minutes.

Business meetings were held April 7th and 12th, chiefly to prepare for the observance of the Sixteenth Anniversary of the death of President Lincoln.



## OUR SECOND MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Programme of memorial services, to be held on the sixteenth anniversary of the death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Services will begin exactly at seven o'clock and twenty-two minutes, on the morning of April 15th, corresponding with the time of President Lincoln's death. They will be held at the Catacomb of the National Lincoln Monument, under the auspices of The Lincoln Guard of Honor. A cordial invitation is extended to all citizens, and strangers who may be in the city, to be present and unite in the services.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER, ' - - - By Rev. F. D. Rickerson, of the Central Baptist Church.  
 SINGING, - - - - - "America."  
 By the Young Men's Christian Association Chorus.  
 Frank M. Wills, Edward Wills, H. M. Call,  
 Frank L. Fuller, W. F. Freidinger, Frank Ruth.  
 ADDRESS, - - - By Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D. D., Jacksonville, Ill.  
 READING, - - - - - *Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.*  
 By Rev. T. A. Parker, of the First Methodist Church.  
 SINGING, - - - - - "*Let the President Sleep.*"  
 ADDRESS, - - - By Gen. H. H. Thomas, Speaker House of Representatives.  
 READING, - - - - - *Extract from Speech of President Lincoln,*  
 By Clinton L. Conkling.  
 ADDRESS, - - - - - By the Rev. W. B. Affleck, York, England.  
 SINGING, - - - - - "*The Call of the Roll on High.*"  
 PRAYER AND BENEDICTION, - - By Rev. Roswell O. Post, of the Congregational Church.

NEAR THE CATACOMB OF THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., FRIDAY, April 15, 1881.

SEVEN O'CLOCK AND TWENTY-TWO MINUTES, A. M.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor Assembled:

Present—Dana, Reece, McNeill, Power, Wiggins, Lindley, Conkling, Johnson and Chapin. Every member being present, with from three to four hundred citizens and strangers. An unusually cold wind for the season was blowing from the west, which made it necessary to move the platform from the door of the catacomb to the east side of the Monument. The sarcophagus was buried in evergreens, flowers and flowering plants. Festoons of flags overhung the door to the catacomb.

President Dana took the platform, and exactly at seven o'clock and twenty-two minutes introduced Rev. F. D. Rickerson, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, who offered the following

## PRAYER.

Lord, thou has been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hast formed the earth or the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction and sayest, return, ye children of men, for a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as the watch in the night.

Here, O God, in the presence of our dead, in the presence of a Nation's dead, we recognize thine infinite justice. We remember thy boundless mercy. Thou turnest man to destruction. Judgment and justice are the habitation of thy throne. Yet thou rememberest that we are but dust. Thou knowest our frame and thou lovest us. We thank thee, O God, for the gift of this great man, whose memory we come to-day to venerate. We thank thee for Abraham Lincoln, the tender father, the generous, loving neighbor and friend, the wise, far-seeing statesman, the honored and revered President and the martyr to a holy faith in human liberty and National unity. And though in thy wise and inscrutable providence he fell by the cowardly hand of treason, yet, O God, we thank thee that out of that chance has sprung and will ever spring the holiest recollection, the purest gratitude and the noblest aspiration and love of this Nation, for which he died. We pray thee, O God, that our children may revere his memory, imitate his virtues and preserve and defend this Union, cemented by his blood.

And now, O God, our God, we pray thee to bless this great Nation which thou hast brought through baptisms of fire and of blood, to this hour of prosperity and peace. Make us one, O God—one in holy unity for the honor of thy name. May we be a people whose God is the Lord, a Nation exalted by righteousness. Make us one, O God, make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us and the years wherein we have seen evil. Establish the work of thy hands upon us, and to thy name will we give the glory—to thy name, O God our Father, and to thy Son Jesus Christ and to the Holy Spirit for evermore. Amen.

The Young Men's Christian Association Chorus, Frank Wills, Frank Ruth, Frank L. Fuller, W. Freidinger, H. M. Call and Edward Wills, sang our National Hymn.

## AMERICA.

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BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

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My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee we sing;  
Land where my fathers died;  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love,  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song,  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God—to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
 To Thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light—  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God our King.

Rev. Julian M. Sturtevant, D. D., ex-President of Illinois College, at Jacksonville, then delivered an address, which, on account of its length, I would reduce, but it is too valuable for me to mar by leaving any part of it buried in our records, therefore I give it entire.

#### DR. STURTEVANT'S ORATION.

In the year 1865, one bright April morning, I was on the street near my own house at an early hour. I soon met a neighbor. As he approached me he uttered words too horrible for me to comprehend. They shocked and appalled me; but I did not seem myself to comprehend them. The truth was that my mind refused to admit their awful import to be a possibility. Overwhelmed with horror, I asked him what he had said. His words fell on my ear clear and distinct, with all their awful import. President Lincoln was assassinated last night. I understood the fact, but how slowly did the mind rise to the full comprehension of all which was implied in the dreadful words, President Lincoln assassinated last night!

In the days that followed that dark and awful morning, the world beheld such a spectacle of a Nation's mourning, as the sun never looked down on before. This looks like the language of exaggeration; I do not so use it. It is the language of simple truth. Let us interrogate these words, and ask them if there is any exaggeration in them. The event powerfully suggested the mourning of the Jewish people when Josiah fell. But that mourning did not reach across a continent. It was limited to the little country of Palestine, shut in by Mount Lebanon and the Syrian desert. It only extended for a hundred or two miles along the shores of the Mediterranean. This spread over hill and valley from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Talk of Rome's mourning, when Cesar fell; or of the mourning of France when the hand of the assassin struck down her renowned monarch, Henry IV; of Russia, when Alexander II, the liberator of her serfs, was torn in pieces in the streets of his own capital, by an infernal missile thrown by unseen foes. In all these cases the comparison is absurd, and can affect us only by contrast.

There was, indeed, a Roman populace that mourned for Cesar; but of all the millions that inhabited the vast territory of the empire, there were comparatively few who felt one heart throb of sorrow for the death of Cesar. All they could wish would be that there might be no successor to overrun their country by iron tread of Roman legions. Few of the people of France could feel that in the violent death of the head of the French monarchy, they had lost a personal friend

and brother. To the millions of Russian peasants that dwell between the Caspian and the Baltic, can the Czar be anything but an almost mythical embodiment of the head of the Russian monarchy and the eastern church.

How widely different from all this our National mourning for Abraham Lincoln. It was not the President, but the MAN we mourned. The Presidency had only set him on high, where all might see him, and know him, and love him. It was not for fallen greatness, but for fallen goodness, which greatness had only made conspicuous. For four long years he had stood before us as the living impersonation of our intensest convictions, and our most fervid patriotic affections. We knew the man; we knew his every heart-throb, and had felt his heart beating in harmony with our own. His brain had throbbled with our thoughts, his heart had beat with our emotions, his hand had struck the blow which our united wills had dictated. That heart has ceased to beat, that brain has been pierced and despoiled by the bullet of the villainous assassin, that hand lies stiff and motionless in death. The Nation's friend, brother, father, has fallen by a cruel and guilty hand. This was our National mourning from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Lake Superior to the Gulf. I say the Gulf, for over all those regions involved in the late rebellion, four millions of grateful emancipated slaves mourned the cruel death of their liberator. He was their deliverer.

It is a worthy and noble task which The Lincoln Guard of Honor have undertaken to perform; to transmit by appropriate memorial services, and thus yearly giving a voice to these silent stones, the name, the memory, the honor, the virtues of Abraham Lincoln, fresh and bright as on the morning of his death, to each rising generation, and to all after times. It is an honor to any man, to be permitted to assist in constructing one link in this endless chain of memories. I thank The Lincoln Guard of Honor for giving me this honor on this occasion.

The occasion that calls us together to-day is not a mere expression of sentiment, it is a labor of love; not merely of mourning affection for the Nation's murdered friend and brother, but of love to the dear country, which Mr. Lincoln loved so well. The men of this generation owe a duty to all coming generations, to transmit to them untarnished and unimpaired, the precious legacy which that great man left to his country in all ages of the future. That legacy consists, not merely in those institutions which he defended from the destroyer, and preserved to bless the distant future, but pre-eminently in his character, his unique and shining virtues. To treat this part of the subject exhaustively, on this occasion, is quite impossible. Yet, to employ the little time I have at my command, in alluding to a very few points of it, is perhaps the fittest thing I can attempt.

On the day that the news reached us of the surrender of Lee's army, I spent a few hours in this city. During that brief stay, I remember to have had a conversation with a life-long friend, a lady now residing here, who knew Mr. Lincoln well, and loved him as I did. In that conversation, we anticipated the future of his life. We looked forward to the time when, wearing the brightest honors his grateful country could bestow, he would return to his home in the midst of us, and from the high position he had won, he would, like a bright luminary in the heavens, shed upon us all the benign and tranquil light of his wisdom and his virtues. From that tranquil sphere of private life, we hoped he would shine on through many years teaching us all, teaching mankind the grandest lesson of his life. How soon were all these bright hopes to be cruelly disappointed! In a few short days the murderous hand of the assassin would accomplish his dreadful work!

And yet the great lessons of Mr. Lincoln's life are not to be lost to coming ages. Perhaps the terrible catastrophe may be appointed of God to carry down those lessons to coming generations, with all the greater emphasis. The impression of that long funeral procession, through the great cities of the Atlantic coast and the most thronged thoroughfare of the continent, through Chicago, to this, his sacred resting place, will never be effaced from the mind of the Nation. It impressed on the hearts of millions of our people the great practical truth, that it is possible in our country, for one to rise from the profoundest obscurity to the loftiest position, and the most brilliant honors ever attained by an American citizen; from the rude cabin of the Kentucky railsplitter, to the most exalted place among the rulers of the world, without one of the tricks of the mere politician, or one of the wiles of the demagogue, simply by the favor of God and his country, on his eminent talents, his fidelity to principle, and his shining virtues. The greatest danger to which the more aspiring youth of our country are exposed, is that they will seek to climb to the high places of the land at the sacrifice of their principles, their conscience, and their manhood. Mr. Lincoln's career teaches them that there is a more excellent way, even the way of truth and righteousness. It is fit that as far as possible, this occasion should give emphasis to this sacred lesson.

I do not at all doubt or deny that Mr. Lincoln desired and enjoyed the dignities and honors of high and honorable station; but this was not the controlling motive which impelled him onward in his political career. That motive was the love of his country, and of righteousness. During the ever memorable struggle between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, in 1858, I one day happened to be at the station in Jacksonville, when the train arrived from Springfield. Mr. Lincoln came from the train and we walked together to the hotel. I said to him, you seem weary and careworn, you must be having a weary time of it. I am, he replied with emphasis. I would instantly abandon the contest, if I did not know that *if the doctrine of the political indifference of slavery prevails, this will be a slave State in less than fifteen years; but I do know it, and I must fight it out to the last.* There we see the internal force that impelled him.

Many of the older persons present will well remember the political speech which he made in the Representatives Hall, at the old State House, on the opening of the ever memorable campaign of 1860. He opened his speech with those thrilling, never to be forgotten words: "*This country cannot long remain as it is, half slave and half free. It will soon become all slave or all free.*" I was present on that occasion, and remember the burning emphasis with which those words were uttered. His whole heart was in them. You will observe that it was the same sentiment which he uttered to me two years before. This was, in Mr. Lincoln's mind, the key note of the whole conflict then going on. The next day an old tried political friend, already a veteran in the ranks of anti-slavery, from whose lips I had this part of the anecdote, called on Mr. Lincoln and said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, that opening statement of yours is too radical; we cannot stand up to it; it will ruin us; you must modify it." His reply was, "No, I have constructed that statement with the greatest possible deliberation and care; I cannot change a syllable of it. We must stand by it." There was the force that impelled Mr. Lincoln, and made him President of the United States, the saviour of the Republic, and the liberator of four millions of slaves. He could afford to be defeated in the contest, but he could not afford to recede one hair's breadth from that principle. He clearly saw a principle, and that on its prevalence the future of our dear country depended, and by that principle he would sink or swim. No man had a

more sensitive conscience than he. He felt himself bound by his allegiance and his oath, to be true to every jot and tittle of the Constitution of the United States. To that obligation he always meant to be scrupulously faithful. But within the limits of the Constitution he always meant to choose universal liberty, when he knew its alternative was universal slavery. He who understands and will logically apply that principle, will perfectly understand the public career of Abraham Lincoln. For that principle he fearlessly periled his all; and thus became for all posterity the great, the wise, the good. He won a reputation which assured to him everlasting remembrance.

Mr. Lincoln never could have won even temporary greatness by any other means, much less could he have won lasting fame. In the craft of the mere politician, and the wiles of the demagogue, there were many men around him who were greatly his superiors. If he had attempted to vanquish them in the use of their weapons, he would soon have been utterly vanquished in the conflict. But worse than that, he would have suffered all the agony of self-reproach. He had a sublime faith in truth, and righteousness, and God, and dared to risk his all upon them; and therefore he was invincible.

Not long after Mr. Lincoln's death, I remember to have read an exceedingly fine compliment of him as a Supreme Court lawyer, from one of his brethren at the bar. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "would have been a first rate Supreme Court lawyer, if he had not been a little too honest sometimes, and thus damage a bad cause entrusted to him." This points directly to one of the most fundamental and beautiful traits of character, his all absorbing love of truth, and its necessary consequence, that perfect candor, in which, I may almost say, he surpassed all the other men I have ever known. He was the most truthful of men. When I had spent an hour in conversing with him, I always left him with the most undoubting conviction that I knew exactly what he thought, and how he felt on the subjects on which we had conversed, at least so far as he had attempted to express himself in respect to them. This quality threw a wonderful charm over even his political speeches. He had a magic power to disarm prejudice, and to open the way for truth, which he desired to utter to the inner hearts of his hearers. This is the reason why he had more power than most other men, to win men to the acceptance of truths which in their first announcement were unwelcome to his hearers. He had that most desirable power to a greater degree than most other men, and by means of it he extended a most beneficial influence on the world.

Mr. Lincoln had one trait of character which pre-eminently qualified him for the great part he was to act in the deliverance of our country from slavery, the importance of which has not often been noticed. Every great social reform imperatively demands the presence and activity of two styles of character, which are not only unlike, but almost contradictory to each other. They are the destructive and constructive; the function of the former being to agitate, to make men conscious of the diseases under which society is suffering and keenly alive to the urgent need of a remedy at whatever cost. The function of the constructive is to reconstruct society on such principles as to eliminate the cause or causes of existing evils, and render society capable of healthy action and growth. The men who were conspicuous in the earlier years of the anti-slavery struggle were entirely of the destructive character. It must necessarily have been so. Nothing could then be done. Apathy of a most alarming character had fallen upon the body politic. It had become in a great degree tolerant of slavery, with all its tendencies to barbarism, and was rapidly becoming accustomed to regard it as a nor-

mal part of the National Constitution, and inseparable from the National life. The first thing which could be done was to rouse the Nation from this fatal lethargy, and make it keenly sensitive to the morbid symptoms it was experiencing, and alive to the necessity of some remedy. This is the first stage in any social reform; and in that stage of the anti-slavery reform, the burning denunciatory eloquence of Garrison and his associates, applied to the Nation those burning caustics, which alone afforded the only hope of rendering the patient capable of cure. As a people we owe a debt of gratitude to the men of that school which we can never repay. They dealt in nothing but caustics, and by caustics only could we be roused from our fatal lethargy. The Constitution of the United States, said Wendell Phillips, is a covenant with death and a league with hell, because it tolerated slavery. When heroic treatment had irritated the body politic to a certain degree of vital sensibility, another mode of treatment became necessary, to which these men were quite unaccustomed, and to which they had little adaptation. It was to propound a system of practical statesmanship, the effect of which would be to arrest the progress of the disease, and rally the healthful forces of the system to resist and eradicate the morbid influence. The commencement of this curative process, dates from the organization of the Republican party, upon the perfectly clear and definite principle, that hereafter slavery was to be regarded as local, and freedom was to be National: freedom the principle, slavery a local exception. That exception was to be extended no farther. The principles of the Republican party were purely constructive, there was nothing destructive in them. The party proposed to administer the Constitution strictly according to the declared intention of its framers, for the purpose of establishing liberty. Where exceptions had been already established, in the past history of the government, the party had no thought of interfering with them. But its purpose was, in the future growth of the Nation, to develop and establish the principles of the Constitution, and not certain exceptions to those principles, which, though they had perhaps been inevitable in the past, were seen to threaten destruction to liberty in the future.

Mr. Lincoln was by nature conservative. He held every jot and title of the Constitution as sacred. His enemies called him a radical; but it was a misnomer and a slander. Reverence was the strongest element in his character. But he knew what to revere. He revered the Constitution as the fathers made it. He revered that fundamental principle of the Constitution which they declared to be liberty, and not that exceptional slavery, which from a supposed necessity they had permitted in certain cases, yet with such hatred of the thing, that they refused to admit the word into the sacred charter of a Nation's liberty. Mr. Lincoln was the very incarnation of this conservative character of his party. Under his administration the Constitution would not be destroyed, but defended and developed according to the true design of the instrument. Mr. Lincoln was often accused of inconsistency, both in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic. But the very acts which were alleged as inconsistencies were those in which his consistency was most remarkable. I should like to illustrate this, but I have not the time.

This is the true reason, as I believe, why there never was and never will be any successful reaction against the measures inaugurated by Mr. Lincoln and his party, during the terrible civil war. They did not destroy, but defended the Constitution of the Nation, and developed it. The measures of the great reforming party in England, in the time of Charles I. and of Cromwell, were utterly overturned, because of the National Constitution. Ours will stand forever, because

they establish the Constitution. The administration of the British government in the time of George III. subverted the freedom of that Constitution in the colonies. The patriots of the revolution were strictly conservatives. They refused to accept the bondage which the British government sought to impose on them, and adopted another constitution to conserve that liberty, which the British constitution had been employed to subvert. Liberty was the life of the Constitution, and they conserved it. In exactly the same manner, Mr. Lincoln and his party conserved liberty at the time of our great civil war. From that far off, dim antiquity when King John granted Magna Charta, to the present hour, and in every great conflict which has occurred, liberty has triumphed and been developed, as the vital element of national life. I have faith in righteousness, liberty and God, to believe it will be so in all the future. In the English race liberty is always national and slavery sectional. Liberty is always the life of nationality.

I believe Mr. Lincoln to have been a truly devout man, at least in his spirit. I must sorrowfully own that the aspects of the Christian church in our day, one far from being such as to present Christianity in a satisfactory light to such a mind as his. The conception of the divine founder of our religion is far enough from finding satisfactory expression in the organic arrangements and the religious speech of our times. I have no doubt that the confusion and religious anarchy in the midst of which we are living, occasioned him a great deal of perplexity, and suggested a great deal of unnatural and unwholesome doubt, as it does to a great many other minds. It is high time that the church of all denominations should set herself in earnest to the work of such a readjustment as will give her the power of winning and holding such minds as that of Mr. Lincoln. It is to her the most solemn duty of the hour.

But our martyr President was a sincere man. When on the platform of the Great Western railway station, on the eve of his departure for Washington, to assume the high place to which he had been elected, he made that ever memorable address to the assembled multitude, in which he begged them all to pray for him, that he might obtain that help from God, in his great trust, with which he would be sure to succeed in his arduous undertaking, and without which he would be sure to fail, he only manifested the deep devoutness of his heart. The crowd he was addressing was not so devout, that to win their favor, he was forced to feign a devoutness he did not feel. Those words which, at the time and on so many occasions since, have drawn tears from many eyes, little accustomed to shed them, were no artful trick of rhetoric; they were the honest expressions of the profoundest convictions of his understanding, the most cherished sentiments of his heart. He made that morning a true exhibition of his character. He well knew the peril himself and his country were in, and he exhorted his fellow citizens to unite with him in looking to God, as the only efficient helper in such an hour of need. There in that devout trust in God, was the hiding of his power. The emancipation of four millions of slaves, and the restoration of our disrupted country to unity, were in it. That was the germ which the glorious fruitage of this administration, through all the future of the Nation's history, is but the developement, the seed from which our Nation is to grow and flower and bear fruit, for the healing of the Nations, is found in the moral virtues and the religious devoutness of a righteous man.

One word before I close, to the men who are in this audience. Do you desire to imitate the splendid career of Abraham Lincoln. Imitate, then, his example. Fear God and trust him. Believe that if you are faithful to him he will take care



of you, and always be ready to help you, and your country in every hour of need. Love righteousness and dare to do it in great things and small. Love truth as Mr. Lincoln loved it. Seek for it as for silver, and search for it as for hid treasures. Then shall you understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. Then will you learn how to wield those forces of the moral world, which are more powerful in controlling masses of men, in ruling nations and guiding the human race, to the attainment of its appointed destiny, than the power of steam in mere physical achievement.

President Dana then introduced Rev. T. A. Parker, Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Springfield. Mr. Parker, by way of prelude said:

On November 19, 1863, a portion of the battle field of Gettysburg, bought by the State of Pennsylvania, was consecrated as a burial place for those who had fallen in the fight. The occasion was grand; both from the memories of the scene, and on account of the imposing ceremonies. Edward Everett was the chief orator, and the assembled thousands listened in silent admiration, to the incomparable address; but when Mr. Lincoln rose and faced the vast audience they crowded closely to the platform, to catch every word. He held in his hand a small piece of yellow paper on which was written his oration, as if done in a brief interval of his great work. His words fell upon the hearts of the multitude like the dew of Heaven, and moved them to sobs and broken cheers. No composition of classic ages or modern times, surpasses the simple grandeur of this address.

The editor adds that the battle fought there between the Union and rebel forces July 1, 2, 3, terminating in a complete rout of the rebels, on the morning of the 4th, 1863, leaving the Union armies in possession of the field; that and the surrender of forty thousand rebel soldiers with all their munitions of war, to the Union armies at Vicksburg, Mississippi, on the same day, baptized anew, July Fourth, as our National Independence Day.

### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Read by Rev. T. A. Parker.

There are two versions of this remarkable speech. This left hand column contains it as it was delivered Nov. 19, 1863, on the battle field. This is copied from the St. Nicholas Magazine for June, 1881. In each case the punctuation and paragraphs are followed exactly.

This is as it was copied by Mr Lincoln for the Soldiers and Sailors Fair at Baltimore in the autumn of 1864. It is copied from a *fac simile* of the original, in the St. Nicholas Magazine, for Sept., 1881, and is beyond doubt, the form in which he desired that it should go down in history.

Where the two versions differ, the words are in *italics*.

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth *upon* this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. *We are met* to dedicate a portion of it as *the* final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work *that* they have thus far so nobly *carried on*. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to *the* cause for which they *here* gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that *the* Nation *shall, under God*, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth *on* this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. *We have come* to dedicate a portion of *that field*, as a final resting place *for* those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, *have* consecrated it, far above our *poor* power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work *which* they *who fought here* have thus far so nobly *advanced*. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to *that* cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that *this* nation, *under God, shall* have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Nov. 19, 1863.

Let the president sleep was then sung.

President Dana next introduced Gen. H. H. Thomas, Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, then in session, who delivered the following:

#### ADDRESS BY GEN. H. H. THOMAS.

*Mr. President, Gentlemen of The Lincoln Guard of Honor and Fellow Citizens:*

One of your number on yesterday afternoon kindly invited me to occupy five minutes of time this morning, which I consented to do, and I certainly promise that I will not overstep the limits of the time in this inclement season.

I think it eminently fitting and proper that we should for a time lay aside our usual avocations and gather at this consecrated spot to pay the tribute of our affectionate admiration to the memory of the illustrious dead whose ashes repose

here. It was sixteen years ago last night since the madman fired the shot "heard around the world," which laid low one whom I believe I voice the universal sentiment in pronouncing the foremost man of his time, and "take him for all in all" the greatest man this country has produced. It needed but the dark tragedy of Ford's Theatre to set out in proper relief the simple and harmonious qualities which had made him so truly illustrious, even—and I say it reverently—as the portentous, shadows of Calvary furnished the background for the shining, radiant glories of the Christ. Of course in the few minutes which are allotted to me, I can but glance at the character of Illinois—I should rather say of America's—great son. Like the granite shaft that lifts itself above his ashes, it was severely, simple and plain. Little of "the divinity" which "doth hedge a king" surrounded Abraham Lincoln. I saw him often in those darkest days of the Nation's agony. I was in the War Department at Washington at the time, and I remember, in those fateful summer days of 1862, when the Grand Army of Washington was being slaughtered in the swamps around Richmond, as it slowly fighting, retreated to the James river, that the good President used often to come quietly over to the War Department and sit for hours in the office of the Secretary of War—his trusted Secretary—and listen to the painful tidings as they came from the field. I remember the awful anxiety that sat upon those plain, strong, homely features, and again later, in the succeeding winter, when Burnside led that fruitless and bloody, storming of the heights at Fredericksburg, with that same noble army—and it seemed as if

"Unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster"

its fortunes—I saw him once more with that look of ineffable sadness upon his face. It really seemed as if he bore within his great heart the burden of all our troubles, and as if he was of all men the man you would point to and say that he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." I have often thought I should have loved to see him after the great burden was lifted, when peace had come with victory and its laurels—to have seen him riding through the streets of conquered Richmond, heard the glad acclaims of those sons and daughters of Africa, and seen that peculiar smile which used to light up his face. And I remember, too, how gentle he always was, whether in the presence of a carping Senator, an arrogant General or a Department Clerk—always the most kindly, courteous gentleman was Abraham Lincoln.

Much as we abhor the crime of Wilkes Booth, I doubt if he were an enemy to the fame of Abraham Lincoln. That life which he cut off so cruelly and suddenly was a full-rounded life. Abraham Lincoln had worthily won and worn the highest honors of the Republic. He had succeeded in a seemingly impossible task of crushing out the mightiest rebellion known to history, and he had been hailed by four millions of liberated souls as Emancipator. What more was there of human achievements for him? His work was done, and well done, and we might appropriately apply the language of the poet when he speaks of a great Grecian hero:

"We tell thy doom without a sigh,  
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's—  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die."

If we who are gathered here this morning can from these simple addresses, and from these grand, noble, simple words of his, which we have heard recited, but

catch a little of the inspiration that illumined his life—a little of that all-embracing charity, that unselfishness and that devotion to duty, lead the path where it might, over primrose paths or by a thorny road, then our time will have been profitably spent.

President Dana then announced Clinton L. Conkling, a member of The Lincoln Guard of Honor.

MR. CONKLING SAID:

To show that Mr. Lincoln fully realized the dangers which surrounded him when he became President, and that the very death which came upon him at last, had been almost anticipated by him from the first, and to show at the same time the kindly feelings he had for those who so bitterly opposed him as well as the Nation which he represented, I have selected passages from a speech delivered by him in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where he stopped while on his way to Washington, February 2, 1861, also the concluding portion of his first inaugural address. In addressing the citizens of Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln said :

"I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the trials that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother-land, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but, I hope, to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This is a sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there need be no bloodshed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say, in advance, that there will be no bloodshed, unless it be forced upon the government, and then it will be compelled to act in self defense."

Standing upon the steps of the Capitol at Washington, in the presence of the vast audience, many of whom were seeking the dissolution of the Union, addressing more particularly this portion of his hearers, he said:

"If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our difficulties. In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and

patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Rev. W. B. Affleck of York, England, who had electrified all hearts with his three minutes' speech at our first Lincoln Memorial Service, delivered his

#### ADDRESS.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I only propose occupying one or two minutes, this cold morning, for two reasons—I don't want the good impressions destroyed from my own heart and mind, already made, and for another reason, I think we should consider the health of the people upon this ground.

I am thankful for the opportunity, as an Englishman, to stand here and feel with you and to let you know that there is a percentage, at any rate, of humanity at the other side of the Atlantic that is greatly American in all American things that are good. The devil—I have always thought him a politician, but a bad one—there are lots like him, though, and he is the father of a numerous family that are still living—but when he said, "Skin for skin and all that a man hath will he give for his life," it was the greatest falsehood that has ever been spoken in the universe. Abraham Lincoln is an example of one to whom the love of God and mankind was infinitely dearer than life, and he, too, is the father of a numerous family, for there are tens and thousands in America to-day who love affection more than they love their life.

In 1865, on the 15th of April, two very distinguished men were riding in a carriage in England—two of the finest orators England has ever had—the one the representative of the workingmen, Henry Vincent, and the other a representative of all classes, John Bright. As they rode, conversing, they met a man who, with uplifted hand, stopped them and told them that Abraham Lincoln was dead. For many minutes neither of those men could speak, but sat side by side and wept. Why? Because Lincoln was a kingly man—a man that was leading the vanguard in the great conflict for universal freedom—smitten down by the hand of hate.

The first time I saw this monument I shall never forget, but I had already seen a monument to Abraham Lincoln before I saw this. We have a monument to Abraham Lincoln at the other side of the ocean, and will have as long as we have a people who love liberty and struggle to achieve its triumphs. The first time I went into St. Paul's churchyard in London, I remember looking at that immense dome, rising over the Cathedral, and then I thought about its architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and I found a moldy tombstone with the simple inscription, "If you want the monument of Sir Christopher Wren look around." So I say, if you want a monument to Abraham Lincoln, look around. There is a man whom I noticed as soon as I came upon this ground in the cold chilling wind of this morning, and whom I have watched ever since these commemorative services began (pointing to an ex-slave, Jordan Richardson,) who has never covered that woolly head. We have stood with our hats on, but then we can't feel as his kind have felt. Abraham Lincoln led the great host that preserved our freedom, but he gave the inspiring watchword to that same conquering host that got them their freedom. The first picture that ever made me weep was an American picture. If

I had not seen that I don't know that I should have ever seen America. That picture was a poor slave, kneeling with his hands manacled, looking up to the pioneer fighting for universal liberty and crying. "Am I not a man and a brother?" He was neither a man nor a brother then, but since the great conflict crowned by the martyrdom of the great leader and chief of the change that has come to pass, he is both a man and a brother. I saw two colored men in the city of New York on Decoration day two years ago, in a square in that city, where a platform had been erected at immense cost, and a monument to Lincoln had been wreathed of \$500 worth of flowers by grateful people of color. There were to be orations delivered, and my wife and I went to hear them. A great procession passed, and when I looked upon those tattered and lacerated flags that were borne along I hardly cared to hear an oration—I rather felt like turning aside to weep and ease my swelling breast. There were men with one arm and men with disfigured faces following—true heroes in the great battle for universal right, and each brave soldier of the Republic as he passed that floral monument to Lincoln lifted up his hat. I would not mention the name of Abraham Lincoln with my hat upon my head—I would not mention the name of his good son with my hat upon my head. And there was one thought in the fine oration of Dr. Stertevant this morning that impressed me more than all the rest—the thought that though humanity had lamented over the death of monarchs, its great universal heart had never been stirred as it was by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. There are reasons for that. There is not a country, however forlorn, under heaven to-day, but if it wanted another King or an Emperor he could be found at hand. Why, they can make a King out of anything that's mean. But they can't make a kingly man without the material, and that material was in Abraham Lincoln, and that is why men everywhere, all over the earth, felt that when Lincoln fell a nation must be in tears—when Lincoln fell a world in mourning.

Not so when others fall—there are some sorrows that are not too grievous to be borne; there are some whom, if the Lord should want to take away I would never say don't; but, when he takes one we cannot see how we can do without, we pray, O Lord, spare. But, as I was saying, the great procession passed, and we gathered as close to the platform there in Madison Square as we could, and a colored man came forward as the first orator. He lifted his hat, looked at the monument, his bosom heaved, the tears streamed down his cheeks and he said:

"That was our friend," and that was the beginning, the middle and the end of his oration.

A second man followed, whose wool had turned white, but whose eye, like Dr. Sturtevant's, was still undimmed, and after a pause, while his lips quivered, he simply added:

"Yes, he was our unchanging friend."

And they were the only orations delivered on that occasion. I shall never forget them. And that is the character of Abraham Lincoln—all summed up in those two eloquent orations by those two obscure colored men. Look around, I say, when you want to see a monument of Abraham Lincoln—look the world around.

I have always felt a grateful love for America because of her magnanimity. They were not all alike at the other side of the sea—we know that. We had two parties of widely differing opinion; we were not so much divided there, perhaps, as you were here, and no doubt you thought it was a strange thing that we should be divided at all at the other side, but I never thought so, for I knew that all the good at the other side were with you, and I knew that all who were not

good, but ought to have been, were against you, and that was just the division. But how has America requited that? We lost one of our fine philanthropic men while he was trying to do the world good—lost him amid the jungles of Africa, and America in her magnanimity said, we have pardoned all the rebels who fought against us and we will be equally generous to those who thought against us—they have lost Livingstone and we will send Stanley to find him. I like America for that, for the great can always afford to be forgiving. May God bless America. I don't belong to it—I would like to. I like to live in this land—I prefer to live in it. I thought last year I would like to die in England, but now I think I would like to die in America and to be buried over on yon hillside, for when the great trump shall sound and the best shall rise first, if I could only lift up my eyes from that hillside and behold the loved form of Abraham Lincoln step forth and gloriously ascend. I, who never saw him yet, how would I like to see him then.

Mr. Affleck then recited the following inspiring lines by Gerald Massey.

“High hopes that burned like stars sublime  
Go down in the heavens of freedom,  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterliest need 'em.

Yet never sit we down to say  
There's nothing left but sorrow;  
We walk the wilderness to-day,  
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,  
There are no flowers blooming.  
Yet life is in the frozen bough,  
And freedom's spring is coming.  
And freedom's tide rolls up alway,  
Though we may stand in sorrow,  
And our good bark, aground to-day,  
Will float again to-morrow.

Through all the long dark night of years  
The people's cry ascendeth,  
And earth is wet with blood and tears,  
But our meek sufferance endeth.  
The few shall not forever sway.  
The many toil in sorrow.  
The powers of hell are strong to-day,  
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Oh youth, flame earnest, still aspire,  
With energies immortal;  
To many a haven of desire  
Your yearning opes a portal.  
And though age wearies by the way,  
And hearts break in the furrow,  
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—  
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all  
 Be like a sheathen sabre,  
 Ready to flash out at God's call,  
 O, Chivalry of labor.  
 Triumph and toil are twins, and aye,  
 Joy gilds the cloud of sorrow,  
 For 'tis the martyrdom to-day  
 Brings victory to-morrow."

Continuing his address, Mr. Afleck said, "There is a better day coming, to America, a better day coming for the world, and I am glad the Lord let me be born in an age so near that coming. I said last night at the Congregational church—I loved the name of Lincoln because he had managed to die. Very few men have died, because very few men have lived. They shuffle into the world, shuffle on awhile in it, and then shuffle out, but a man who rose up to be a prince of goodness, and then sealed the great mission of his life with a martyr's death, in him there is something we can think about, admire and imitate.

"God bless the young men of America. Be good men. You cannot all become great. That was a fine distinction of Dr. Sturtevant's between Lincoln's greatness and his goodness. A man asked me a few weeks ago if I thought Abraham Lincoln was a righteous man. I said, I thought he was better than that, infinitely better than that, he was a good man. There are plenty of righteous men that are like sponges. Everything that is good they suck in, but when you would get anything of them they have to be squeezed. But Abraham Lincoln lived for others, he got good himself and communicated it. A man asked me if I thought Abraham Lincoln had gone to Heaven. I said I thought so, never had any doubt of it, for he could pray and vote as he prayed, but I said if he has missed the road, the Lord is good, and wherever he has put Abraham Lincoln, I shall be thankful to be as near him as Lincoln is. The Lord of the whole earth will do right."

The Call of the Roll on High, was then sung.

Sadly from the field of conflict,  
 Where the wounded and slain  
 Lay with pale and upturned faces,  
 Some in peace and some in pain,  
 Slow we bore a dying soldier,  
 Who had fallen in in the fight,  
 And to us he faintly whispered,  
 "Comrades, let me sleep to-night."

On the ground we softly laid him,  
 Thinking he no more will wake,  
 When with eye lids widely open,  
 Pointing upwards thus he spake:  
 Comrades, listen! don't you hear it,  
 Hear the roll call there on high?  
 Hark! my name the Saviour's calling,  
 Jesus—Captain, here am I!



O from many a field of battle  
Earnest prayer has gone to God,  
From the lips of dying soldiers,  
As their life blood drenched the sod;  
And to many came the message:  
Son, thy sins are all forgiven,  
And their lips with joy responded,  
When the roll was called in Heaven.

Rev. Roswell O. Post, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Springfield, closed the exercises with the following:

#### PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

O, God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, be our God! Our contry's God! We pray thee that from these services so sad and solemn, that from this mount of sacrifice, we may return to the duties of life stronger in our fealty to our land, more loving in our service to thee, our God. We thank thee for all thy great blessings. We thank thee for thy son, Jesus Christ, who brought immortality to light. We thank thee for all thy children who have lived upon earth, showing the good, the true and the beautiful, making life worth the living. We pray thee that thy blessing may be with us, that we may, as thy sons and as thy daughters, go forth to do thy will. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever.

And may the peace of God that passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds from evil, in our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

May 19, 1881, The Lincoln Guard of Honor held a meeting at the Leland Hotel and resolved to unite with the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration Day, at the Lincoln Monument, and authorized President Dana to make necessary arrangements for decorating the sarcophagus.

It was mutually agreed that all the members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor assemble at the gallery of J. A. W. Pittman, Monday, May 23, 1881, for the purpose of having a photograph taken of themselves in a group.

Monday, May 30, 1881, Decoration Day, The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled at the catacomb of the monument. Present: Dana, Reece, Power, McNeill, Lindley, Johnson and Chapin. Absent: Wiggins and Conkling.

Mrs. Dana, Mrs. Lindley, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Conkling and Mrs. McNeill, all wives of members, having previously decorated the catacomb and sarcophagus, each of the members

present filed into the catacomb, headed by President Dana, and deposited a bouquet on the sarcophagus as they marched around it and out at the door. They were followed by Stephenson Post No. 30, Grand Army of the Republic, many of whom deposited flowers on the sarcophagus, and all others who had flowers were invited to deposit them on the tomb also. All then dispersed without formality.

Pursuant to agreement the members of The Guard of Honor assembled at Pittman's gallery May 23d, and sat for a picture, but the negative being unsatisfactory, they assembled again in June and had one taken with which all are satisfied. That picture is the frontispiece to this volume, and presents a remarkably good likeness of each and every member.

## DIVISION NINTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO.

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Historical Sketch.—Certificate of Honorary Membership and Circular—Election of Officers—Seal—First Certificate of Honorary Membership—Circular—Third Memorial Service, held in the Afternoon—Address on Temperance by Abraham Lincoln—Death and Funeral of Mrs. Lincoln.

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At a meeting, Jan. 17, 1882, the Secretary, at the suggestion of President Dana, was requested to write up a historical sketch of our society in connection with the labors of its members to protect, from vandal hands, the remains of President Lincoln, and make that sketch a part of our records.

A lithographic plate of a certificate of honorary membership having been previously ordered, and a thousand copies printed at a cost of two hundred dollars, Mr. Conkling was directed to send that amount to the Chicago Bank Note and Engraving Company in payment of the same.

The price for a certificate of honorary membership was declared to be five dollars.

A committee was appointed to prepare a circular concerning honorary membership and the aims of The Lincoln Guard of Honor. This was done with the view of raising money in that way to defray the expenses of our society.

The President and Secretary were constituted a committee to procure a seal for The Lincoln Guard of Honor.

At a meeting Feb. 3, 1882, the Secretary reported a historical sketch of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, which he had been directed to write. After being read and modified in some points it was approved and ordered to be spread upon our records, where it may be found, beginning on page 88, and occupying eleven pages. It contains all the history we had made to that date.

At the third annual meeting of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, Monday, Feb. 13, 1882, Treasurer McNeill made his annual report in detail, showing receipts for the year to have been \$46.80, and expenditures \$44.55, leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$2.25.

The annual election of officers was then held, a separate ballot being taken for each one, resulting in the election of

Gustavus S. Dana, President.  
 Jasper N. Reece, Vice President.  
 John Carroll Power, Secretary.  
 James F. McNeill, Treasurer.

President Dana, from the committee on seal, reported where it could be obtained with the price, and was directed to have one made without further delay.

At a meeting held Monday, March 6, 1882, President Dana reported that the seal had been received, with bill \$5.00 and transportation 35 cents, making \$5.35, which was allowed and ordered paid.

President Dana reported \$5.00 received March 2, 1882, from Philander T. Pratt, of 932 North Halsted street, Chicago, for Certificate No. 1 of honorary membership.

President Dana, from committee on circular reported the following:

## THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR

TO

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Moved by a warm affection for the memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and desiring to aid in perpetuating the remembrance of his life and death, the founders of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR formed themselves into an organization, which was instituted February 12, 1880, the seventy-first anniversary of the birth of the martyr President, and has been duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois.

The purpose of this Society \* \* \* in part, are to provide for memorial services at his Tomb, and at other places, upon the anniversaries of his birth, death, or other important events in his life, as well as upon Emancipation Day and Decoration Day; thus keeping his life and eminent services fresh in the memory of the people.

Since its organization, THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR has held, at the National Lincoln Monument, interesting Memorial Services on the fifteenth day of April of each year, the anniversary of the President's death, and upon Decoration Day. The twelfth of February, the day of his birth, has also been appropriately remembered, and it is the desire of the Society that the observance of the anniversary of his death may soon be adopted by the whole country as a National Holiday. (We do not now think it would be appropriate for a National Holiday, but the day of his birth would.)

Desiring to extend these services throughout the land, and to secure the co-operation of all patriotic citizens in its most laudable undertakings, this organization, regarding itself merely as a standing committee of the people, has provided for the admission of honorary members, and has procured finely engraved certificates of such membership. These certificates are printed upon fine paper, about fourteen inches wide and seventeen inches long, and contain a medallion portrait of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and correct views of his former residence in Springfield, and of the Monument beneath which lie his remains. Any person, upon the payment of five dollars, or upwards, can become an honorary member, and receive one of these certificates, showing the name of the donor and the amount of his gift; which certificate will be signed by the officers of the organization, under its corporate seal.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, therefore, appeals to all who are in sympathy with its purposes, to assist in their accomplishment by enrolling themselves as honorary members, and lending their influence to the attainment of its objects.

Neither personal nor mercenary interests are to be subserved, but the only object is to remember in a fitting manner the example and virtues of the immortal LINCOLN.

The Executive Committee of THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, under whose supervision the splendid Mausoleum at Oak Ridge Cemetery, to the memory of President LINCOLN, has been erected, commends THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., February 23, 1882.

"The organization of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, and the action taken by it in holding Memorial Services at the National Lincoln Monument, meets with the hearty approval of THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, and the public are assured that the gentlemen composing THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR are reputable and patriotic citizens, whose object is to do honor to the memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. They are worthy of public confidence.

Signed:

JOHN T. STUART,  
JAMES C. CONKLING,  
JOHN WILLIAMS,

*Ex. Com. Nat'l Lincoln Monument Ass'n."*

Applications for honorary membership may be addressed to any member of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

G. S. DANA, <i>President</i> ,	J. P. LINDLEY,
J. N. REECE, <i>Vice-Pres't</i> .	EDWARD S. JOHNSON.
J. C. POWER, <i>Secretary</i> .	N. B. WIGGINS.
JAS. F. MCNEILL, <i>Treasurer</i> .	HORACE CHAPIN.
CLINTON L. CONKLING.	

The report was approved, and the committee directed to have one thousand copies printed for distribution.

## OUR THIRD MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Our two previous Memorial Services having been held at seven o'clock and twenty-two minutes in the morning, corresponding with the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, expressed our sentiments on the subject, but it was found to be too damp and chilly for the comfort of those in attendance, therefore it was

*Resolved*, That the Memorial Services April 15, 1882, be held at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Catacomb of the Monument, and that Mr. Volney Hickox be employed to report the proceedings at an expense not to exceed five dollars.

At a meeting held Monday, May 10, 1882, the hour for memorial services was changed from two to half past two in the afternoon.

The following was adopted as the

## PROGRAMME OF MEMORIAL SERVICES.

TO BE HELD ON THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Services will begin at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of April 15th. They will be held at the Catacomb of the National Lincoln Monument, under the auspices of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

A cordial invitation is extended to all citizens, and strangers who may be in the city, to be present and unite in the services.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER, By Rev. D. S. Johnson, D. D., of the Second Presbyterian Church.

SINGING, - - "In Memoriam, Abraham Lincoln," - - Keller.  
Geo. A. Sanders, - - - - - Conductor.

## DOUBLE QUARTETTE.

<i>Soprano.</i>	<i>Alto.</i>
Miss Lizzie Hibbs,	Miss Lulu Hibbs,
Mrs. W. L. Barlow,	Mrs. J. F. McNeill,
<i>Tenor.</i>	<i>Bass.</i>
Mr. Geo. A. Sanders,	Mr. Fred. Wilms,
Mr. H. F. Vohle,	Mr. Harry M. Snape,

ORGANIST—Miss Minnie Goodwin.

ADDRESS, By Shelby M. Cullom, Governor of the State of Illinois.

READING—*Reminiscences*—Extracts from a Temperance Address by Lincoln, and Eulogy on him, by an ex-Confederate Soldier.  
By J. C. Power.

SINGING, - - "Our Noble Chief has Passed Away," - - J. R. Thomas.

ADDRESS, - - - - - By Hon. James A. Conolly.

RECITATION, - - - - - By Mrs. Edward S. Johnson.

SINGING, - - - - - "America."

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION, By Rev. W. S. Matthew, of the Second M. E. Church.

Five hundred copies of the programme were ordered printed for use on Lincoln Memorial Day.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled near the catacomb at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, April 15, 1882, for our third memorial service. All the nine members of The Guard of Honor were present, and about one thousand citizens and strangers. The afternoon was clear, warm and pleasant. The sarcophagus was covered with evergreens and flowers, with a goodly display of flowering plants.

President G. S. Dana, as master of ceremonies, took the platform at exactly half past two o'clock, and called upon Rev. D. S. Johnson, D. D., Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, who offered the

#### OPENING PRAYER.

O Lord God, the God of our father's, and our God. We gather again beside the sacred dust of the great and good man, whose name the Nation reveres, and whose virtues we love to commemorate. Look upon us in mercy we beseech Thee, as our tears flow afresh at the remembrance of his sad and sudden departure from the midst of the people, and comfort us with the renewed assurance that he still lives. We thank Thee that, though good men are taken out of the world, their character and influence are an abiding legacy,—that

“Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

We praise Thee for Abraham Lincoln, whom Thou didst raise up in the Nation's great trial time, and for the principles of truth and justice and mercy and liberty which he so nobly upheld and advanced, and which remain for us to cherish this day.

Now we pray, O Father, that Thou wilt visit the widow who, in weariness and loneliness, renews her deep sorrow to-day, and sustain and soothe her with thy grace.

Have compassion upon the millions whose fetters of slavery were broken by the great Proclamation, and speedily lift them up to the higher freedom which civilization and education bring.

We recommend to Thee the soldier and sailor who have especial interest in the memories of this day, and all who with them and us hold sacred this anniversary.

We commend also to Thy keeping the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Congress of our Nation, and all who are entrusted with the responsibility of office. Help all to fulfill their trusts in thy fear and love.

Be Thou, O God, our Guard and Protector, as Thou wast the defender of our fathers. Bless all the words we are about to hear to-day, and the thoughts that shall fill our minds, and the feelings that touch our hearts. May they be inspiration to us, prompting us, by Thy grace, to be ever ready to give ourselves in service and sacrifice, under Thee, for the good of our country and of mankind. Hear us for Jesus sake. Amen.

The double Quartette continued the exercises by singing:

“IN MEMORIAM, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

National Chant.

Words by W. Dexter Smith. Music by Keller.

Columbia weeps ! Columbia weeps !  
Her cherished Son, who struck her fetters to the ground—  
Who saved the land of Washington,—  
Has passed from earth's most distant bound.

His spirit went to realms on high,—  
His dust alone, the earth could claim,—  
His memory will never die  
While freemen live to bless his name.

Columbia swears anew her vow,  
To guard the birth-right of the free ;  
Unsheathed her sword of Justice, now—  
Since Mercy fell by Tyranny.

Our Nation's hopes and fears alike  
Are with the land our fathers trod,—  
And while for Freedom now we strike,  
Our future is alone with God.

ADDRESS BY GOV. S. M. CULLOM.

Gov. Cullom was then introduced, and after alluding to his having been present upon each former occasion, in which memorial exercises had been held by The Guard of Honor, spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We turn aside to-day from our ordinary labors to again manifest our love for the illustrious dead, and to renew our faith in those principles of right and truth which were exemplified in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The great of earth do not belong to any age or clime, but are the common heritage of all nations and peoples.

In paying our tributes of respect and admiration for the noble lives of LaFayette or Nelson, or Farragut, we do not ask when or where they lived, but think of what they did to make mankind freer, braver and better. When the names of Burns



and Scott, and Longfellow are spoken, we think of what they said, of the thoughts they made to breathe and burn in behalf of justice and truth and virtue, and our hearts at once respond—these were friends of the race.

The world venerates the name of Washington, not alone because he was an American, but because he was a great and noble man, and a friend of the people.

We stand here to-day under the shadow of this granite monument. It is right and proper that loving hearts and hands should build it. But, my friends, it is not necessary that the world should erect granite shafts or fashion marble tombs to perpetuate the memory of the great of earth,—more lasting monuments are found in the hearts of the people, where are enshrined the virtues and heroic deeds of the honored dead, in ineffaceable and undecaying characters.

We do not ask to behold the resting place of Epaminondas or Cromwell or Sidney or Jefferson—monuments raised to their memories will decay and crumble back to dust, but what they performed will remain as long as the everlasting hills.

The life of Lincoln belongs to the world, in the broadest sense. No State or Nation can claim him as its own. While we here, a few of his old neighbors, who knew him and loved him so well, are gathered around his burial place, this 17th anniversary of sorrow will be observed in other States and other lands. Wherever men are struggling to be free, wherever the rights of man have been invaded, wherever the iron hand of despotism falls with violence upon the oppressed, there the heart throbs to the memory of him whose mortal remains rest here. Lincoln was a child of Providence, raised up at a period in our history when there was need for such a man. A pioneer, raised in a cabin, in his youth and early manhood laboring with his hands—acquainted with the woods and the fields, he communed with nature in all its grandeur and beauty, as it voiced itself to this quiet man of destiny.

With ease he took his place when he grew to manhood, among the strongest, wisest and most cultured of his time.

He was not a warrior, though brave as Cæsar. He was not a statesman in the sense that Pitt and Clay were statesmen. Lincoln's power lay in his wonderful insight of the truth and his courage to proclaim it against all opposition to a listening world. In this he was more powerful and eloquent than Clay, or Webster, or Calhoun. In the conviction that he was right, and in a persistent advocacy of what he believed to be right, he rose above all party claims and methods.

In the famous controversy over slavery in this country, he took for his text a truth two thousand years old, and with it he met the great Douglas, in a field peculiarly his own, that of forensic debate. "A house divided against itself cannot stand"—not that the house would fall, but it must become all one thing or all the other—either slavery must stop where it is, or spread alike to the States.

This was the key note to that brilliant campaign, which ended only with his elevation to the Presidency: nay, it heralded the downfall of slavery, and strengthened the arms of our brave volunteers in that second contest for our National Independence, in which union and liberty so gloriously triumphed.

He was a man of singleness of purpose, and to its accomplishment he devoted all his great powers. It absorbed his every thought, and intensified his very being. "Yes," said he, on one occasion, "we will speak for freedom against slavery so long as the constitution of our country guarantees free speech, until everywhere, in all this broad land, the sun shall shine, the rain shall fall and the wind shall blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil." Lincoln was a pure man, far above any deceit or dishonest act."

I see before me old men who have known Lincoln in his lifetime—perhaps for forty years lived side by side with him—who will testify with me that he was a pure man, far above any deceit or dishonest act.

We stand here to-day, young and old, by the side of this monument, erected to his memory by a loving people. We can add nothing to his imperishable renown, but we can renew our own devotion to the right and to those principles of liberty and good Government for which he gave his life. It is a grand thing for our country, when the lives of our public men are so pure as that we may challenge the closest scrutiny, and no wrong doing be found in all their history. The world is made better by recounting the virtues of such men.

Tennyson somewhere speaks of the fierce light which beats upon a Throne—a fiercer light than was ever turned upon the Throne of a King exposes to view the acts of a President of this Republic. Let the light be thrown upon the deeds and the life of Abraham Lincoln—the first of our Nation's martyrs—the stronger the light the grander will his noble character appear to the world.

It is said, "the story of human life, if rightly told, may be a useful lesson to those who survive." There are none whose life teaches to Americans a grander and more profitable lesson than the life of Abraham Lincoln. The study of his life will conduce to private and public virtue, to correct ideas of our relations to each other, and moral courage to stand by our convictions of duty.

Fellow citizens, the men in public affairs to whom we have been accustomed to look, in times of emergency and trial, within the last quarter of a century, have nearly all passed away. It is but a little time since Lincoln and Douglas and Greeley, and Yates, and Sumner, and Stephens, and Fessenden, and Todd, and many more of their time and class were before us as examples of statesmanship and public virtue, with great intellectual power to point the way of duty.

They have gone, and but a few months ago another, the executive head of the finest and greatest Republic on earth, whose life was as pure as the best, and whose brilliant career and giant intellect attracted the attention of an admiring world, was taken away in the noon time of life.

The cause of liberty and truth has one more martyr—a noble victim of duty. Where, among the living, shall we look for counsel when danger and trials come? It becomes us, as citizens, some of us holding trusts placed in our hands by a confiding people, to study the lives of these great men as a means to aid us to a correct understanding of our duty as citizens of this Republic.

#### ADDRESS AND READING BY J. C. POWER,

Secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor and Custodian of the Monument.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The Lincoln Guard of Honor regard themselves merely as a standing committee to arrange for and conduct these Memorial Services. We are not a band of orators, but we propose to press into our service the best talent we can find, that we may properly observe what we regard as an important occasion. At the same time, however, we think it best that some one of our number should each time take some part in the exercises of the hour, and the lot this time falls to me.

The editor here takes the liberty of transposing some of the matter of his address and readings on that occasion, in order to present first what he regards as a perfect gem in the way of eulogy.

About two years ago, just as I was dismissing a party of visitors from the door of the catacomb, a very plain, modest looking man of middle age, approached and said he had come to see and learn all he could about the monument and Lincoln. I proceeded in my usual way, when visitors are much interested, and completed my explanations on the terrace in front of the statue of the President. From the general bearing of the visitor, I should have taken him for a son of an original New England Abolitionist. When I left off speaking he remained and seemed reluctant to take his eyes from the statue. After several minutes spent in silent meditation he astonished me by saying substantially: "I was a soldier in the Confederate army and spent four years doing my utmost to defeat all that Abraham Lincoln was trying to accomplish. He succeeded and I have no regrets on that account." After a brief interval of silence the visitor assumed a tragic attitude, and raising his right hand toward the statue, said with deliberation and emphasis: "He was an infinitely greater man than George Washington ever was." With his eyes still fixed on the statue, and as though his whole soul was in his words, he continued: "Washington had no difficulty in determining who were his friends and who were not. His enemies were principally on the water, on the other side of it, or in the garb of officers and soldiers sent here to enforce the mandates of a tyrant. His friends were his neighbors, who, in addition to their struggles for existence in a new country, were oppressed by taxation without representation. The line was clearly drawn from the beginning. With Lincoln it was different. His enemies were in every department of the Government. They filled the civil offices, they commanded his skeleton of an army, they trod the decks of his ships, such as they were. Where they could with impunity be open, they were bold and outspoken. Where it was policy they were wily, complaisant and cautious. It required two years, or half his first term, to learn who were friends and who were enemies, but he was equal to the emergency. And the most beautiful thing about it was, that through it all, a little child could approach him with perfect confidence and make known its wants, while at the same time the most wily statesman could not swerve him a hair's breadth from what he believed to be right!"

On the morning of March 6, 1879, a company of ladies, composing a committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, under the leadership of the President of the Union, Miss Frances E. Willard, visited the National Lincoln Monument, and held a prayer meeting on the terrace, under the shadow of the statue of Lincoln.

As many of them had never visited the monument before, I, at the close of the meeting, invited all into Memorial Hall. In explaining to them the circumstances under which the bust of Mr. Lincoln was taken, I showed them a cast of his right hand, and in giving an account of the manner in which Mr. Volk, the artist, obtained it, incidentally remarked that it was a cast of the hand that afterward untied the hardest knot we ever had in this country, alluding, of course, to slavery and the Emancipation Proclamation. After a momentary silence, seemingly to divine my meaning, one of the ladies said: "We understand you; slavery was a very hard knot, but it was only local. Whisky is a much worse one, for it is everywhere, no family is safe. We are trying to untie that." This impressed me as,

putting the question with great force. The ladies went from Memorial Hall direct to the State Capitol and presented to the Legislature of Illinois their great petition, supported by 100,000 names, asking for Home Protection by giving the ballot to women, where the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks is the question. In view of later developments, their action in coming to Lincoln's tomb to pray for the success of the cause of temperance, was more appropriate than they at the time knew.

The full copy of an address on temperance by Mr. Lincoln has recently been discovered. It appeared March 26, 1842, in the "Sangamo Journal," of which the present Illinois State Journal is the successor. The editor feels sure that the friends of Lincoln, rather than see the selections he read from that paper, would prefer to see it in full and have it preserved in a permanent form, therefore it is given entire. Previous to delivering that address Mr. Lincoln had served three terms in the lower house of the Legislature of Illinois. During those terms he was remarkable for speaking little and listening much. If newspaper reporters had been as numerous then as now, there is little doubt that many wise sayings of his would have been preserved that are now forever lost; but we are amply compensated for the loss in having escaped the reporters. This is believed to have been the first speech of Mr. Lincoln that was ever printed:

#### AN ADDRESS.

Delivered before the Washingtonian Temperance Society, at Springfield, Illinois, on the 22d day of February, 1842.

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ.

Although the Temperance cause has been in progress for nearly twenty years, it is apparent to all that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success hitherto unparalleled.

The list of its friends is daily swelled by the additions of fifties, of hundreds and of thousands. The cause itself seems suddenly transformed from a cold, abstract theory, to a living, breathing, active and powerful chieftain, going forth "conquering and to conquer." The citadels of its great adversary are daily being stormed and dismantled; his temples and his altars, where the rites of his idolatrous worship have long been performed, and where human sacrifices have long been wont to be made, are daily desecrated and deserted. The trump of the conqueror's fame is sounding from hill to hill, from sea to sea, and from land to land, and calling millions to his standard blast.

For this new and splendid success, we heartily rejoice. That that success is so much greater now, than heretofore, is doubtless owing to rational causes; and if we would have it continue, we shall do well to enquire what those causes are.

The warfare heretofore waged against the demon intemperance, has somehow or other been erroneous. Either the champions engaged, or the tactics they

adopted, have not been the most proper. These champions, for the most part, have been preachers, lawyers and hired agents. Between these and the mass of mankind, there is a want of *approachability*, if the term be admissible, partial at least, fatal to their success. They are supposed to have no sympathy of feeling or interest with those very persons whom it is their object to convince and persuade.

And again, it is so easy and so common to ascribe motives to men of these classes, other than those they profess to act upon. The preacher, it is said, advocates temperance because he is fanatic, and desires a union of the church and state; the lawyer from his pride, and vanity of hearing himself speak; and the hired agent for his salary.

But when one who has long been known as a victim of intemperence, bursts the fetters that have bound him, and appears before his neighbors "clothed and in his right mind," a redeemed specimen of long lost humanity, and stands up with tears of joy trembling in his eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more for ever; of his once naked and starving children, now clad and fed comfortably; of a wife, long weighed down with woe, weeping and a broken heart, now restored to health, happiness and a renewed affection; and how easily it is all done, once it is resolved to be done; how simple his language, there is a logic and an eloquence in it, that few with human feelings can resist. They cannot say he is vain of hearing himself speak, for his whole demeanor shows he would gladly avoid speaking at all; they cannot say he speaks for pay, for he receives none. Nor can his sincerity in any way be doubted; or his sympathy for those who would persuade to imitate his example be denied.

In my judgment, it is to the battles of this new class of champions that our late success is greatly, perhaps chiefly owing. But had the old school champions themselves been of the most wise selecting, was their system of tactics most judicious? It seems to me it was not. Too much denunciation against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers was indulged in. This I think was both impolitic and unjust. It was impolitic, because it is not much in the nature of man to be driven to anything; still less to be driven about that which is exclusively his own business; and least of all, where such driving is to be submitted to, at the expense of pecuniary interests, or burning appetite. When the dram-seller and drinker were incessantly told, not in the accent of entreaty and persuasion diffidently addressed by erring man to an erring brother, but in the thundering tones of anathema and denunciation, with which the lordly judge often groups together all the crimes of the felon's life, and thrusts them in his face just ere he passes sentence of death upon him, that they were the authors of all the vice and misery and crime in the land; that they were the manufacturers and material of all the thieves and robbers and murderers that infest the earth; that their houses were the workshops of the devil; and that their persons should be shunned by all the good and virtuous, as moral pestilences. I say, when they were told all this, and in this way, it is not wonderful that they were slow, very slow, to acknowledge the truth of such denunciations, and to join the ranks of their denouncers, in a hue and cry against themselves.

To have expected them to do otherwise than they did—to have expected them not to meet denunciation with denunciation, erimination with erimination, and anathema with anathema—was to expect a reversal of human nature, which is God's decree and can never be reversed.

When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion, kind unassuming persuasion, should ever be adopted. It is an old and true maxim, "that

a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with men. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that touches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great high road to his reason, and which, when once organized, you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause really be a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned and despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues of his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him, than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye-straw. Such is man, and so must he be understood by those who would lead him, even to his own best interests.

On this point, the Washingtonians greatly excel the temperance advocates of former times. Those whom they desire to convince and persuade are their old friends and companions. They know they are not demons, nor even the worst of men; they know that generally they are kind, generous neighbors. They are practical philanthropists; and they glow with a generous and brotherly zeal, that mere theorizers are incapable of feeling. Benevolence and charity possess their hearts entirely; and out of the abundance of their hearts, their tongues give utterance, "Love through all their actions run, and all their words are mild;" in this spirit they speak and act, and in the same they are heard and regarded. And when such is the temper of the advocate, and such of the audience, no good cause can be unsuccessful. But I have said that denunciations against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers are unjust, as well as impolitic. Let us see.

I have not enquired at what period of time the use of intoxicating liquors commenced; nor is it important to know. It is sufficient that to all of us who now inhabit the world, the practice of drinking, then, is just as old as the world itself—that is, we have seen the one just as long as we have seen the other. When all such of us as have now reached the years of maturity, first opened our eyes upon the stage of existence, we found intoxicating liquor; recognized by everybody, used by everybody, repudiated by nobody. It commonly entered into the first draught of the infant, and the last draught of the dying man. From the sideboard of the parson, down to the ragged pocket of the homeless loafer, it was constantly found. Physicians prescribed it, in this, that and the other disease; government provided it for the soldiers and sailors; and to have a log-rolling or raising, a husking or "hoe-down" anywhere about, without it, was *positively unsufferable*. So, too, it was everywhere a respectable article of manufacture and of merchandise. The making of it was regarded as an honorable livelihood, and he who could make most was the most enterprising and respectable. Large and small manufactories of it were everywhere erected, in which all the earthly goods of their owners were invested. Wagons drew it from town to town; boats bore it from clime to clime, and the winds wafted it from nation to nation; and merchants bought and sold it, by wholesale and retail, with precisely the same feelings on the part of the seller, buyer and by-stander, as are felt at the selling and buying of plows, beef, bacon, or any other of the real necessities of life. Universal public opinion not only tolerated, but recognized and adopted its use.

It is true, that even then it was known and acknowledged that many were greatly injured by it; but none seemed to think the injury arose from the use of

a bad thing, but from the abuse of a very good thing. The victims of it were to be pitied, and compassionated, just as are the heirs of consumption, and other hereditary diseases. Their failing was treated as a misfortune, and not as a crime, or even as a disgrace.

If, then, what I have been saying is true, is it wonderful that some should think and act now, as all thought and acted twenty years ago, and is it just to assail, condemn, or dispise them for doing so? The universal sense of mankind, on any subject, is an argument, or at least an influence not easily overcome. The success of the argument in favor of the existence of an over-ruling Providence, mainly depends upon that sense; and men ought not, in justice, to be denounced for yielding to it in any case, or giving it up slowly, especially when they are backed by interest, fixed habits, or burning appetites.

Another error, as it seems to me, into which the old reformers fell, was the position that all habitual drunkards were utterly incorrigible, and, therefore, must be turned adrift, and damned without remedy, in order that the grace of temperance might abound, to the temperate then, and to all mankind some hundreds of years thereafter. There is in this something so repugnant to humanity, so uncharitable, so cold blooded and feelingless, that it never did, nor never can enlist the enthusiasm of a popular cause. We could not love the man who taught it—we could not hear him with patience. The heart could not throw open its portals to it, the generous man could not adopt it, it could not mix with his blood. It looked so fiendishly selfish, so like throwing fathers and brothers overboard, to lighten the boat for our security—that the noble-minded shrank from the manifest meanness of the thing. And besides this, the benefits of a reformation to be effected by such a system, were too remote in point of time, to warmly engage many in its behalf. Few can be induced to labor exclusively for posterity; and none will do it enthusiastically. Posterity has done nothing for us; and theorize on it as we may, practically we shall do very little for it, unless we are made to think we are, at the same time, doing something for ourselves.

What an ignorance of human nature does it exhibit, to ask or expect a whole community to rise up and labor for the temporal happiness of others, after themselves shall be consigned to the dust, a majority of which community takes no pains whatever to secure their own eternal welfare at no greater distant day? Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind. Pleasures to be enjoyed, or pains to be endured, after we shall be dead and gone, are but little regarded, even in our own cases, and much less in the cases of others.

Still, in addition to this, there is something so ludicrous in promises of good, or threats of evil, a great way off, as to render the whole subject with which they are connected, easily turned into ridicule. "Better lay down that spade you're stealing, Paddy—if you don't you'll pay for it at the day of judgment." "Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long I'll take another jist."

By the Washingtonians this system of consigning the habitual drunkard to hopeless ruin, is repudiated. They adopt a more enlarged philanthropy, they go for present as well as future good. They labor for all now living, as well as hereafter to live. They teach hope to all—despair to none. As applying to their cause they deny the doctrine of unpardonable sin, as in christianity it is taught, so in this they teach—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

And, what is a matter of the most profound congratulation, they, by experiment upon experiment, and example upon example, prove the maxim to be no less true in the one case than in the other. On every hand we behold those who but yesterday were the chief of sinners, now the chief apostles of the cause. Drunken devils are cast out by ones, by sevens, by legions: and these unfortunate victims, like the poor possessed, who was redeemed from his long and lonely wanderings in the tombs, are publishing to the ends of the earth how great things have been done for them.

To these new champions, and this new system of tactics, our late success is mainly owing: and to them we must mainly look for the consummation. The ball is rolling gloriously on, and none are so able as they to increase its speed and its bulk—to add to its momentum and its magnitude—even though unlearned in letters, for this task none are so well educated. To fit them for this work they have been taught in a true school. They have been in that gulf, from which they would teach others the means of escape. They have passed that prison wall which others have long declared impassable; and who that has not, shall dare to weigh opinions with them as to the mode of passing?

But if it be true, as I have insisted, that those who have suffered by intemperance personally, and have reformed, are the most powerful and efficient instruments to push the reformation to ultimate success, it does not follow that those who have not suffered have no part left them to perform. Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks, seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues, and, I believe, all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts.

Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what the good of the whole demands? Shall he, who cannot do much, be, for that reason, excused if he do nothing? "But," says one, "what good can I do by signing the pledge? I never drink, even without signing." This question has already been asked and answered more than a million of times. Let it be answered once more. For the man to suddenly, or in any other way, to break off from the use of drams, who has indulged in them for a long course of years, and until his appetite for them has grown ten or a hundred fold stronger, and more craving than any natural appetite can be, requires a most powerful moral effort. In such an undertaking he needs every moral support and influence that can possibly be brought to his aid and thrown around him. And not only so, but every moral prop should be taken from whatever argument might arise in his mind to lure him to his backsliding. When he casts his eyes around him, he should be able to see all that he respects, all that he admires, all that he loves, kindly and anxiously pointing him onward, and none beckoning him back, to his former miserable "wallowing in the mire."

But it is said by some that men will think and act for themselves; that none will disuse spirits or anything else because his neighbors do; and that moral influence is not that powerful engine contended for. Let us examine this. Let me ask the man who could maintain this position most stiffly, what compensation he will accept to go to church some Sunday and sit during the sermon with his wife's bonnet upon his head? Not a trifle, I'll venture. And why not? There would be nothing irreligious in it; nothing immoral, nothing uncomfortable—then why not? Is it not because there would be something egregiously unfashionable in it? Then it is the influence of fashion; and what is the influence of fashion but the influence that other people's actions have on our own actions—the strong inclination each of us have to do as we see our neighbors do? Nor is the influence of fashion con-



fined to any particular thing or class of things. It is just as strong on one subject as another. Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to church, and instances will be just as rare in one case as the other.

"But," say some, "we are no drunkards and shall not acknowledge ourselves as such by joining a reformed drunkards' society, whatever our influence might be." Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection.

If they believe, as they profess, that Omnipotence condescended to take on Himself the form of sinful man, and, as such, to die an ignominious death for their sakes, surely they will not refuse submission to the infinitely lesser condescension for the temporal, and, perhaps, eternal, salvation of a large, erring and unfortunate class of their fellow creatures. Nor is the condescension very great. In my judgment, such of us as have not fallen victims have been spared more from the absence of appetite than from any mental or moral superiority over those who have. Indeed, I believe, if we take habitual drunkards as a class, their heads and their hearts will bear an advantageous comparison with any other class. There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant and warm-blooded to fall into this vice—the demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and of generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of Death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born, of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest, all can give aid that will; and who shall be excused that can, and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown, he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living elsewhere, we cry, "Come, sound the moral trump, that there may rise and stand up an exceeding great army." "Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live." If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen.

Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it is the germ which has vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

But, with all these glorious results, past, present, and to come, it had its evils, too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphans' cry and the widows' wail continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it bought.

Turn now, to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed—in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed; more sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the dram-maker and dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom. With such an aid, its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink, in rich fruition, the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day, when, all appetites controlled, all poisons subdued, all matter

subjected, mind, all-conquering mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world—Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that *Land* which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people, who shall have planted, and nurtured to maturity, both the political and moral freedom of their species.

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

The Choir then sang—

#### OUR NOBLE CHIEF HAS PASSED AWAY.

An Elegy on the Death of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Words by Geo. Cooper,

- - - -

Music by J. R. Thomas.

Our Noble chief has passed away!  
His form is lying still and cold,  
And hearts that have the bloom of May  
Dark sorrow's wings in gloom enfold.

A great and mighty Nation mourns!  
We bless his loved and honored name,  
O brighter than a million dawns  
Forever more shall be his fame!

CHORUS: We weep for him!  
But far along the years to be,  
Shall gleam with years that none may dim,  
His glorious immortality!

Now calmly moulder in the dust  
The gentle heart the kindly hand,  
And purpose ever true and just,  
That freedom gave to all our land!

Our Father hear a Nation's pray'r,  
And shield his loving ones who mourn!  
O heal the bruised hearts they bear,  
And from the darkness wake the dawn!

CHORUS: We weep for him!

#### ADDRESS BY HON. JAMES A. CONNOLLY.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Seventeen years ago I chanced to be in the city of New York on the occasion of the funeral of Abraham Lincoln. Being then away from my post with Sherman's army, I chanced to be the only volunteer officer from the State of Illinois, perhaps, and was detailed upon the guard that took charge of the remains of the departed President in the City Hall of New York. I remained on that duty from midnight until 3 o'clock in the morn-

ing, and there saw what I never expect to see again in this country, the entire devotion of all classes of people, rich and poor, black and white, to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

I did not then expect, nor indeed think of it, that in the lapse of seventeen years I should find myself here before an audience of his old friends and neighbors, standing by the side of his tomb upon an occasion of this sort, to commemorate the virtues and worth of that great man. But so is it with men like him, as the years pass by and their personality recedes into the past, their greatness rises more and more to view, and the generations that are to follow us will doubtless look with more admiration and greater wonder upon Lincoln and his fame than we do to-day.

For the same reason that Governor Cullom reduced to writing what he proposed to say, to keep from tiring you, I, too, have put on paper some of the thoughts that I have thought worthy to be pronounced on this occasion by the side of the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

But little more than twenty years ago, Abraham Lincoln was quietly living with his little family in a plain home in this city, going his daily rounds among people who had known him from his earliest manhood, his angular form and homely, pleasant face known to all. None too poor or plainly clad to be beneath his notice—every one sure of a greeting that came bright and spontaneous as the glitter of the sunbeam. Men gathered around him as the particles of metal around a magnet—he was a human magnet, not in a mere physical sense, but in a higher, more subtle, more elevated sense. He charmed and attracted in a way that made men wonder as they felt the spell, were swayed by its potency, and lifted beyond themselves by the marvelous fertility and creative power of his intellect. As he went from county to county on his wide circuit, men followed him without knowing why. When the night fell, and the bar gathered to make a night of it with wit and song and story, the gathering was sure to be where Lincoln was, and while the rest of the company burnished their wits, after the fashion of the Knights of the Round Table, Lincoln, abstemious as an anchorite, seemed to draw from an inexhaustible fountain such rich treasure of wit and story that the rest of the company always crowned him king of the carnival; and yet, when they looked upon that sad, homely face in repose, they wondered whence came his magic spell that so enthralled them.

And so the years went on, from early manhood to middle life and a little beyond—his name and fame always growing stronger and coming closer to the firesides and the hearts of the plain people who knew him. He was the friend of the humble—the champion of the weak—the idol of the bar—the sunshine of the court, and, finally, the north star of his party. No high, vaulting ambition disturbed him, the accumulation of wealth had no charms for him, but he devoted himself to his family—his profession—his friends.

To-day, how great the change we find the twenty years have wrought. The genial, kind-hearted, sad-faced Lincoln is in his tomb. The familiar friends, whose toiling lives he brightened, have nearly all gone to join him on the shining shore; the family, to whom he was devoted, all gone but a single son, whom the Nation honors for his father's sake, and hopes still further to honor for his own, and the heart-broken wife left to finish life's journey alone, for—

“The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that she has pressed  
In their bloom,  
And the names she loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.”

But while the years have brought physical death to Lincoln, and grief too deep for words or tears to his family and friends, yet they have brought to him that immortality for which, in vain, soldiers have fought, kings have conquered, poets have sung, and statesmen have labored, and to-day, wherever civilization reigns, the name of Lincoln is a household word.

His greatness insensibly stole upon the Nation and the world as the flowers breathe their fragrance on the senses.

His fame came to him as life comes to the child, without effort on his part.

Like the flower that blooms in the night, his forces were held in check while his country was bright with the sun of prosperity, and it was only when the night of adversity came to that country, that Providence permitted his wondrous intellectual force and beauty to unfold itself.

But then, when the night came, and the darkness appalled the stoutest heart—when the storms of war were let loose, and our whole political firmament was black with the gloom of death, rayless and starless—when the leaders who marched in the front of the people when all was holiday parade, shrank back from their posts of honor and duty—when the plain people found themselves standing by the open grave which slavery and treason had dug for their loved nation, and when the undisciplined valor of millions of free men cried out in agony for a leader with courage and wisdom to lead them aright—then it was that the same God that raised up a Moses for the children of Israel—the same God that directed the sling of a David against a Goliath—the same God that created a Washington to direct the councils and to lead the armies of a young republic to victory, raised up our Lincoln and gave him wisdom and courage to purge the Nation of its fearful crime and save it from destruction.

A contemplation of his quiet courage when all others were appalled, the steady faith in ultimate triumph that inspired him, the apparent ease with which he bore the heavy burdens of his country through all the clouded years of war, the subtle wisdom with which he guided all the delicate affairs of State, and the skill he displayed in reaching the chords of the people's hearts with his plain but touching words, must make the veriest cavalier and skeptic exclaim: "Who but a God could have made a Lincoln!"

Who, that had reached the years of manhood in 1861, that does not remember that marvelous inaugural address?

What a pause its Delphic language caused in the plots of the conspirators.

It had the same effect upon them that the blazing torch of the deer-stalker has upon the deer in the night time.

They paused in their dark work to look upon, scrutinize, digest that wonderful, ingenious production of Lincoln's brain.

They expected an inaugural of bluster and bludgeons, but this one was fair to look upon, its polished blades so covered with velvet phrase that it forced the conspirators, and the thoughtless, careless citizen, to pause, examine, think. That pause, brief though it was, gave reason and patriotism time to be heard at every fireside in the North, and then came the uprising, and who shall describe it?

The son left the corpse of the parent by the grave; the bridegroom hurried from his bride by the altar; the husband kissed a hasty good-bye to the wife; no relation of life was found strong enough to restrain the manly man from rushing to his country's standard after Lincoln had unfurled it, and with quiet heroism called them to his side.

The story of all these years of marching, camping, fighting, of wounds, privations, hunger, cold, prison, victory, defeat, and heroic death, cannot be written without the story of Lincoln being interwoven into its warp and woof.

Those days that now seem to us shrouded in a wondrous unreality. Men suddenly found themselves transported from the quiet of a country fireside to the leadership of charging battalions; from the quiet of the plowboy's life to the active, tireless, reckless life of the cavalry scout; the teacher suddenly exchanged the children under his care for the company of armed and bearded men each with his life in his hand; the boy who had rarely spent a night away from his father's roof, scarce knowing how he got there, found himself in uniform, with musket on shoulder, marching over strange roads and in eager haste with his comrades to reach the noise and tumult and roar of battle that he heard ahead; he who had been tenderly reared, and still feeling the warmth of a good-bye kiss upon his lips, finds himself alone at night, wet with the falling dew, chilled with the night winds, lying in the pale moonlight, parched with the wounded soldier's fearful thirst, and weak from loss of blood. Dead comrades lie around him, but none to give him help or hope.

All ages and classes and ranks and professions are suddenly found on the battle's perilous edge, and lives go out, and heroes are made, and fame is won, out of which a future Homer, yet unborn, shall write *Columbia's Iliad*, and the master spirit, the chiefest hero of the *Iliad*, will be Abraham Lincoln.

But oh, how inexpressibly sad was the tragic ending of it all!

That April morning shone out bright and beautiful, and in its sunshine brought promise of better things. The men of the North, with their swords, had cut an open pathway to the gulf, and the Mississippi's waters once more rolled unvexed to the sea; Vicksburg's rugged heights had surrendered to the Union armies; the cloud-capped summit of Lookout had been glorified by the starry flag floating from its misty summit; Mission Ridge had been passed; the dark valley of Chickamauga was ours; and Sherman, with his victorious legions, had penetrated the land of the conspirators and met his welcoming comrades on the Atlantic coast, while Sheridan had finished his Winchester ride, and Grant had ended his warrior's work in the tangled brakes of the wilderness by the famous surrender at Appomattox.

All was hope of peace and joy for work well done. From every home throughout the North the prayer of thanks and song of joy swelled out. A race of dusky men was free, their shackles broken, and themselves lifted into the bright sunlight of manhood, where God intended them to be. The camp-fires were lighted by the jolly soldier boys, and around them they sang and talked of peace, of home, wife, children and friends; the night skies under the southern cross were vocal with the shouts and songs and merry-makings of a million northern men, who were boys again, and singing their songs to Father Abraham and cheering for Lincoln, for victory and the girls they left behind them.

But, suddenly, amid all this glad acclaim, when the angry passions of the battle days were subdued by the gentle influence of the new-born peace, the pistol shot of Booth rang out to startle the Nation, the army, the world!

And so came Lincoln's end suddenly, when his work was done, when his Nation was cleansed through his efforts from its great crime, when all he set out for was accomplished, he stepped "from the topmost round of Fame's ladder" to his place immortal in the skies, and his life, in all its story, recalls those lines of that famous American, now sleeping in his fresh-made grave:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And departing leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time."

Mrs. Edward S. Johnson then read the poem, by H. H. Brownell, on the death of Abraham Lincoln:

Dead is the roll of the drums,  
 And the distant thunders die,  
 They fade in the far-off sky;  
 And the lovely summer comes.  
 Like the smile of Him on high.

For the kindly seasons love us;  
 They smile on trench and clod,  
 Where the brave and true lie sleeping  
 There's a brighter green of the sod,  
 And a holier calm above us  
 In the blessed blue of God.

The ravage of war has ceased;  
 And nature, that never yields,  
 Is busy with sun and rain  
 At her old sweet work again  
 In the lonely battlefields.

And the bee hums in the clover,  
 As the pleasant spring comes on,  
 And the cruel war is over,  
 But our good Father is gone.

There was a trembling of traitor fort,  
 Flaming of traitor fleet —  
 Lighting of city and port,  
 Claspings in square and street.

There was thunder of mine and gun,  
 Cheering by mast and tent,  
 When, his great work all done  
 And his high fame full won,  
 Died the good President.

In his quiet chair he sat,  
 Pure of malice or guile,  
 Stainless of fear or hate,  
 And there played a pleasant smile  
 On the rough and careworn face.

The brave old flag drooped o'er him  
 A fold in the hard hand lay.  
 He looked, perchance, on the play,  
 But the scene was a shadow before him,  
 For his thoughts were far away.

'Twas dying, the war's dread clang,  
 But forever the blessed ray  
 Of peace should brighten the day,  
 Murder stood by the way;  
 Treason struck home his fang—  
 One throb—and, without a pang,  
 That pure soul passed away.

Idle, in this our blindness,  
 To marvel, we cannot see  
 Wherefore such things should be,  
 Or to question Infinite kindness  
 Of this or that decree.

Kindly spirit! Ah, when did treason  
 Bid such generous nature cease,  
 Mild by temper and strong by reason,  
 But ever leaning to love and peace,

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,  
 Grieved when rigid, for justice sake;  
 Given to jest, yet ever in earnest,  
 If aught of right or truth were at stake.

But, Lincoln, 'tis well with thee;  
 And ever since, when God draws nigh,  
 Some grief for the good must be.  
 It was well even so to die—

'Mid the thunder of treason's fall,  
 The yielding of haughty town,  
 The crashing of serfdom's wail,  
 The trembling of tyrant crown!

Dost thou feel it, oh, noble heart?  
 So grieved and so wronged below,  
 From the rest wherein thou art?  
 Do they see it, those patient eyes?  
 Is there heed in the happy skies  
 For tokens of world-wide woe.

How, under a nation's pall  
 The dust so dear in our sight  
 To its home on the prairie passed  
 The leagues of funeral;  
 The myriads, morn and night,  
 Pressing to look their last.

But—perished? Who was it said  
 Our Leader had passed away?  
 Dead? Our President dead?  
 He has not died for a day!

We mourn for a little breath,  
 Such as late or soon dust yields,  
 But the dark Flower of Death  
 Blooms in the fadeless fields,  
 He never was more alive,  
 Never nearer than now.

As our aching hearts look upwards,  
 To a fairer than summer lands,  
 With his own brave staff around him,  
 There our President stands,

The stainless and the true,  
 These by their Hero stand,  
 To look on his last review,  
 Or march with the old command.

And lo, from a thousand fields,  
 From all the old battle haunts,  
 A greater army than Sherman wields  
 A grander review than Grant's!

Gathered home from the grave,  
 Risen from sun and rain.  
 Rescued from wind and wave,  
 Out of the stormy main,  
 The legions of our brave  
 Are all in their lines again.

A tenderer green than May  
 The Eternal season wears,  
 The blue of our summer's day  
 Is dim and pallid to theirs—  
 The horror has faded away,  
 And heaven comes all unawares!

Tents on the Infinite shore,  
 Flags in the azure sky,  
 Sails on the seas once,  
 To-day in the heaven on high,  
 All under arms once more.

All the ships and their men  
 Are in line of battle to-day,  
 All at quarters, as when  
 Their last roll thundered away—  
 All at their guns as then,  
 For the fleet salutes to-day.

The armies have broken camp  
 On the vast and sunny plain;  
 With steady and measured tramp,  
 They are all marching again.



In solid platoons of steel,  
 Under heaven's triumphal arch,  
 The long lines break and wheel,  
 And the word is "Forward, march."  
     The colors ripple o'er head,  
     The drums roll up to the sky,  
 And, with martial time and tread,  
     The regiments all pass by—  
 The ranks of our faithful dead,  
     Meeting their President's eye.

With soldier's quiet pride,  
 They smile o'er the perished pain,  
 At thy call, Great Captain, we died!  
 And we did not die in vain.

March on, your last brave mile!  
 Salute him, Star and Lance :  
 Form round him, rank and file,  
 And look on the kind, rough face ;  
 But the quaint and homely smile  
 Has a glory and a grace  
 It never had known erewhile—  
 Never, in time or space.

Close round him, hearts of pride !  
 Press near him, side by side—  
 Our Father is not alone !  
 For the holy right ye died—  
 And Christ, the Crucified,  
 Welcomes His own.

The choir then led in singing our National hymn, America.  
 (Words on page 126.)

The exercises were brought to a close with the following prayer and benediction by Rev. Winfield Scott Matthew, Pastor of the Second M. E. Church, Springfield.

We thank Thee, O God our Heavenly Father, for the privilege that we have just enjoyed. We thank Thee for these brave and true words which have been spoken; for these inspiring songs to which we have listened. We thank Thee for the spirit of this occasion; and we thank Thee most of all for the brave and true life that was lived, and for the noble name that we commemorate this day. We bless Thy name, O God, that Thou hast never forsaken those who have trusted in Thee, and that Thou hast always raised up defenders for the right.

We pray for Thy blessing and protection, therefore, as we leave this place. Remember the people of this land, and, as in the past, so we beseech Thee, that in all time to come Thou wilt watch over us and preserve us and defend us. Go with this company to their homes. Be with us in life's journey. Bless the Nation; and the Lord grant that true Liberty may advance in all the earth, and that Thy Kingdom may come and Thy will be done among all men. And now, O God, again we commend us to Thee. Be with us and save us, for Jesus sake. And may the blessing of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be with us forever. Amen.

That ends the third memorial service.

At a meeting of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, May 2, 1882, bills were allowed and ordered to be paid, for the use of seats and hauling them to the monument and back, for printing, for flowers, for music, etc., etc., amounting to \$33.65 as part of the expenses of Lincoln Memorial Day.

May 30, 1882, The Lincoln Guard of Honor united informally with the Grand Army of the Republic in decorating the tomb of Lincoln.

Wednesday, July 19, 1882, all the nine members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled at the monument. Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln died Sunday evening, July 16, 1882, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, in the house where she had been married Nov. 4, 1842, to Abraham Lincoln. We had with others aided in making preparations for the funeral, under the direction of the citizens committee of arrangements, and at the monument quietly attend to such things as were likely to be overlooked by others, especially guarding the entrance to the catacomb, that the magnificent floral tributes might not be disturbed or thoughtlessly marred in any way. Each of us wore the badge of our society which led many to suppose that we had charge of the funeral, but that was not the case. The remains of Mrs. Lincoln, in a double lead lined, air tight coffin, were deposited that day in the crypt No. 4, interior of the catacomb, but the panels were only in part put in.

Friday, July 21, 1882, in the forenoon Hon. John T. Stuart, chairman of the executive committee of the National Lincoln Monument Association, made known to both the president and secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, that it was the desire of Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, that we should assemble quietly in the night time, take the remains of his mother out of the crypt and deposit them beside the body of his father. Notice was accordingly given to the members and that evening at ten o'clock we assembled at the monument.

A full account of our labors on that occasion is recorded in Division Sixth.

## DIVISION TENTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE.

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Fourth Annual Meeting—Names of the First Honorary Members—Certificates of Honorary Membership—But a small number sold—Others were issued gratuitously—Officers re-elected for another year—Fourth Memorial Service, the only one held on Sunday—Greetings from California—Original poem read by a brother of William Cullen Bryant,

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THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,

LELAND HOTEL, Monday, February 12, 1883.

7:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

## FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Present—Dana, Reece, Power, McNeill, Lindley and Chapin.

Absent—Wiggins, Johnson and Conkling.

Minutes of May 2, 1882, and intervening meetings, read and approved.

Treasurer McNeill made his annual report as follows:

*President and members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor:*

GENTLEMEN:—Herewith I respectfully present my report as treasurer for the year ending to-night.

Received from sales of certificates of Honorary Membership.

P. T. Platt, Chicago.....	\$5.00
W. A. McNeill, Oskaloosa, Iowa.....	5.00
A. R. Robinson, Springfield, Illinois.....	5.00
Franklin McVeigh, Chicago.....	5.00
Ferdinand Schumacher, Akron, Ohio.....	10.00
Frank F. Dana, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....	5.00

The following is a copy of the

## CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

*Having paid the sum of ..... Dollars,  
Mr....., is hereby constituted an  
Honorary Member of*

### THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

*An Association incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, February 12, 1880, by John Carroll Power, Gustavus S. Dona, Jasper N. Reece, James F. McNeill, Joseph P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, Horace Chapin, Noble B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling, and having for its objects the raising of a fund with which to purchase and hold in trust for the public, the former Home of Abraham Lincoln, and to observe the anniversaries of his birth and death by appropriate Memorial Services.*



*Springfield, Ill., .....188*

*G. S. DANA,  
President.*

*J. C. POWER,  
Secretary.*

The certificate is handsomely embellished with a portrait of Lincoln, and pictures each of the National Lincoln Monument and the Lincoln Home.

The total receipts from all sources for the year amounted to \$57.25, and disbursements the same. Part of it was raised by an assessment of \$3.50 for each member, in order to defray running expenses.

When the certificate of Honorary Membership was ordered to be lithographed, and one thousand copies printed, early in 1882, the sum of two hundred dollars was borrowed, for which a note was given, signed by all the members.

At a meeting, April 3, 1883, it became apparent to all that the effort to defray our expenses by the sale of certificates of Honorary Membership would not be successful. Soon after we organized, it was ascertained that the Lincoln Home was not for sale, and we were thus relieved of the necessity of raising money for the purchase and maintenance of it, which has been fully alluded to in a former division, and would not be mentioned here but for the fact that it is part of our certificate of Honorary Membership. We could readily have sold certificates of real membership for ten dollars each, and would have found no difficulty in raising anywhere between one thousand and ten thousand dollars in that way, but our trust was felt to be too sacred to extend the secrets we held to an indefinite number, and each member preferred to keep them within the limits fixed at our organization, and raise the money we needed from time to time by assessments among ourselves. The note given for two hundred dollars, with the accrued interest, would require \$24.14 to be paid by each member. It was determined to meet it at once and cancel the obligation, which was done. The entire sale of Honorary Memberships never brought a sufficient amount to refund the cost of them.

Having abandoned the idea of selling Honorary Memberships, we issued a number of certificates to parties who had rendered us special services, without naming a price, though in most cases we received more benefit than if the regular price had been paid. Unfortunately, there was not a complete record kept. The Secretary can only remember the following parties to whom they were issued, although there were a number of others:

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., of Newton Centre, Massachusetts, author of "America."

Mrs. Lelia P. Roby, and her husband, Hon. Edward Roby, of Chicago.

Gen. Joseph Stockton, of Chicago.

Hon. John R. Walsh, of Chicago.

Louis Ottofy, Grand Forks, Dakota.

Gen. Edwin A. Sherman, Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. John A. Nafew, of Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Dodd, of Orleans, Ill.

Miss Josephine P. Cleveland, Springfield.

At this meeting a communication was received from Bro. James F. McNeill, regretfully tendering his resignation of the office of treasurer, with a statement of his accounts and a check for the balance in his hands. He had determined to remove to Oskaloosa, Iowa. A paper was prepared and signed by all the other members, expressing our regret at parting, asking him to retain the office to the end of the term, for which he was elected. Of course his removal did not effect his membership. By common consent Bro. Lindley discharged the duties of the office to the end of Bro. McNeill's term. The entire board of officers were re-elected for another year, and preparations made for

#### OUR FOURTH MEMORIAL SERVICE.

PROGRAMME OF MEMORIAL SERVICES, TO BE HELD ON THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Services will begin at half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, April 15th. They will be held at the Catacomb of the National Lincoln Monument, under the auspices of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR. A cordial invitation is extended to all citizens, and strangers who may be in the city, to be present and unite in the services.

As it is desired to make this, in part, a Children's Day, all Sunday Schools are invited to join in the exercises. The representatives of each school should be accompanied by the superintendent and teachers.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER, - - - By Rev. B. F. Crouse, of the English Lutheran Church,

SINGING, - - - - - Under direction of Geo. A. Sanders, Esq.

ADDRESS, - - - - - By Hon. James A. Connolly,  
(Mr. Connolly was unavoidably absent, and his place filled by Gen. T. J. Henderson.)

READING—An original Poem, - - - - - By John H. Bryant, of Princeton, Ill.

ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN, - - - - - By Rev. R. O. Post,  
of the Congregational Church.

READING—President Lincoln's Sunday Order to the Army and Navy,  
By Clinton L. Conkling.

SINGING—

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION, - - - - - By Rev. G. E. Scriverger,  
Of the Second M. E. Church.

After the benediction, the catacomb will be opened for the children to pass in and place flowers or evergreens on the sarcophagus.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled near the catacomb of the National Lincoln Monument, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, Sunday, April 15, 1883.

Present—Dana, Reece, Power, Lindley, Wiggins, Conkling, Chapin and Johnson. Absent—McNeill.

There were about fifteen hundred citizens and strangers present. The afternoon was clear and cool. A bracing wind from the west made it necessary to remove the platform from the west to the east side of the catacomb. The platform was carpeted and bore a stand covered with flowers, an organ and seats for speakers and musicians.

President Dana, for the fourth time, took the stand as master of ceremonies, exactly at half-past two o'clock, and introduced the Rev. B. F. Crouse, of the English Lutheran Church, who opened the exercises with the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Thou who art the God of nations and ruler of the same; Thou who doest according to Thy good will in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth, and none can stay Thy hand or say what doest Thou; it is in Thy presence and unto Thee that we would look at this time, invoking Thy blessing as we have come together this Sabbath afternoon, and as we stand together in the presence of the moldering form of one who gave his life upon the altar of the Nation for the principles of humanity, justice and of civil liberty to all men, irrespective of race or color, we would ask Thee, O God, to let Thy blessing rest upon us. Wilt Thou bless this Nation of ours? May it, in truth, be an asylum for the oppressed and distressed of all nations and peoples who may come among us to rest within our borders. We pray that Thou wilt bless the rulers of this Nation and all who are in places of authority, let those places be greater or smaller. Oh, may they be men who may be actuated by principles of justice and equity and principles of humanity. May they be actuated by principles of honor to our God and to His Christ, so that they may rule in righteousness, setting such examples before the people as may be worthy of emulation. We thank Thee for this Nation's gift of civil and religious liberty to mankind. We thank Thee that all races, irrespective of color or class, may find here a home, and we pray that this Nation's principles of justice and equity may be so imbedded in the hearts of the people of all lands that they may be led at last to pay true homage to the golden rule, and do to others as they would that others should do to them. Bless all this people and all their interests, for the elevation of mankind; bless us in these our imperfect breathings; bless the exercises of this afternoon; lead us all into Thy presence, and save us all at last, we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was then sung by the choir of the First Congregational Church, under the direction of George A. Sanders.

## A GREETING AND RESPONSE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SPRINGFIELD.

J. C. Power read as follows:

In San Francisco there is a society bearing a similar name to our own, but differing in construction according to the circumstances surrounding each. They hold memorial services, the same as we do. This morning, the following telegram was received from that society:

"*J. C. Power, Custodian National Lincoln Monument:* God bless Abraham Lincoln's memory. We consecrate it here, and, in spirit, with you there.

"EDWIN A. SHERMAN,  
"National Lincoln Guard of Honor."

The reply was:

NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT, April 15, 1883.—*Gen. Edwin A. Sherman and Brothers, L. G. of H., San Francisco, Cal.*—Greeting: We are pleased that kindred spirits mingle with ours, while assembled at the tomb of our martyred chief, doing honor to his memory.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

Gen. Thomas J. Henderson, a gallant soldier, a member of Congress, and a citizen of Princeton, Illinois, was next introduced, and delivered the following address:

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is due to myself as well as to you, to say that I am not here to-day expecting to address you. I came to your city last night in company with my old friend, Mr. Bryant, who is to read to you a poem on this occasion, intending of course to be present and to unite with you in these services, but, until perhaps an hour and a half or two hours ago, I had not the slightest intimation that I would be called on to say a word myself.

To my mind the saddest memory of the late war is that of the death of Abraham Lincoln. It occurred after nearly four years of cruel and bloody strife. It occurred in the very hour and first flush of the Nation's triumph. It occurred in the first whisper of the sweet promise of peace breathing across the troubled land when every aching heart was throbbing with gladness, if not with gratitude, to the Giver of All Good for the safe deliverance of our land from the fierce arbitrament of war. It occurred after his own long and patient watching and, I might add, his prayerful anxiety for the deliverance of this Nation, after his heart had been bowed down with the heavy burdens which it had to bear during the long struggle, and when he might well have hoped to live the rest of his most noble and glorious life in peace in the land which he had done so much to save.

It was my good fortune—for so I have thought it—to have known Mr. Lincoln from my very boyhood—to have known him well, and to have been inspired, as I have some times thought, somewhat by the noble patriotism which animated him, as I believed, from my earliest recollections of the man to the very day and hour of his death. That he was a noble man, that he was a true man, that he was a patriot in the highest and best sense of the term, no man who knew him can for a moment doubt. It was in this city more than 40 years ago when he uttered those words which, with others he has spoken, will live for his sake and for the sake of



the patriotic truth they contain: "If ever I feel the soul within me lift and expand to those dimensions not altogether unworthy of its Heavenly architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors." And it was the spirit of that earnest patriotism which bore him up through the terrible struggle of the war. It was his earnest desire that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should be maintained to the last generations of men, that gave him strength to bear his arduous duties and responsibilities, together with the faith he ever cherished that all would yet be well; and as we stand here to-day around this worthy monument erected to his memory, we ought to remember that patriotism, fellow-citizens, and it ought to make us purer and better men. It ought to make us love the liberties we enjoy in this great and good land of ours, if possible more deeply and truly than we do.

He was the emancipator of the slave—the spokesman of freedom to all races and conditions of men, and nothing in Abraham Lincoln was more to be admired and loved than his equal justice and sympathy toward high and low, and rich and poor, and bond and free alike throughout all the earth, and it was such sentiments which sustained him and which I trust have been, through his great example, transmitted and perpetuated to this whole country.

He was an honor to our State, and all, at least, who happened then to be in political sympathy with him, will remember with what exultation here his nomination to the high office he was to fill so well was hailed. He was elected and inaugurated under circumstances the most trying, and at the end of the long struggle through which he led, in the hour of victory he fell, true to the last, and everywhere lamented. And though this monument built of granite seems most enduring, his memory will outlast it in the hearts of all men who love liberty, not in this land only, but in all lands and among all people on the face of the earth—who love and live for the good of mankind.

Mr. John H. Bryant, of Princeton, Illinois, brother of the distinguished poet, William Cullen Bryant, by way of introduction, made the following remarks:

FELLOW-CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A distinguished poet, when recently asked to write a poem for a certain occasion, is reported to have excused himself on account of his age, saying that no person who had passed his seventieth year should attempt to write poetry. If the gentleman was correct in the remark attributed to him, it would seem the height of presumption in me, who never pretended to be much of a poet, and who has already passed the middle line between seventy and eighty years, to think of producing anything worthy of the subject and the occasion that has called this assembly together.

It is now nearly half a century since I first met Mr. Lincoln, and became somewhat acquainted with him. Even then I felt drawn toward him, on account of his genial, social nature. From that first acquaintance I saw him occasionally, but did not know him intimately until about the year 1854. After that, I met him frequently until the time of his assassination. It was not until he was called to lead us through the terrible agonies of the civil war that I became fully impressed with the sterling qualities of the man. Then my respect grew into an affectionate regard and reverence, such as I had never felt for any other public officer. And,

since his violent taking-off, the tender veneration I cherish for his memory has, if possible, grown deeper as the years have passed away. Entertaining these feelings, I trust I may be pardoned for any seeming egotism, when I say I esteem it a favor to have been invited by the gentlemen having charge of these exercises to read a few verses expressing the sincere sympathy of my heart for the character and memory of him whose mortal remains are here entombed.

#### AT THE TOMB OF LINCOLN.

Not one of all earth's wise and good  
Hath earned a purer gratitude  
Than the great Soul whose hallowed dust  
This structure holds in sacred trust.

How fierce the strife that rent the land  
When he was summoned to command;  
With what wise care he led us through  
The fearful storms that 'round us blew.

Calm, patient, hopeful, undismayed,  
He met the angry hosts, arrayed  
For bloody war, and overcame  
Their haughty power in Freedom's name.

'Mid taunts and doubts, the bondman's chain,  
With gentle force, he cleft in twain,  
And raised four million slaves to be  
The chartered sons of Liberty.

No debt he owed to wealth or birth;  
By means of solid, honest worth  
He climbed the topmost height of fame,  
And wrote thereon a spotless name.

Oh, when the felon hand laid low  
That sacred head, what sudden woe  
Shot to the Nation's farthest bound,  
And every bosom felt the wound.

Well might the Nation bow in grief  
And weep above the fallen chief,  
Who ever strove, by word and pen,  
For "peace on earth, good will to men."

The people loved him, for they knew  
Each pulse of his large heart was true  
To them, to Freedom, and the right,  
Unswayed by gain, unawed by might.

This tomb, by loving hands up-piled,  
To him, the merciful and mild,  
From age to age shall carry down  
The glory of his great renown.

As the long centuries onward flow,  
 As generations come and go,  
 Wide and more wide his fame shall spread,  
 And greener laurels crown his head.

And when this pile is fall'n to dust,  
 Its bronzes crumble into rust,  
 Thy name, O, Lincoln ! still shall be  
 Revered and loved, from sea to sea.

India's swart millions, 'neath their palms,  
 Shall sing thy praise in grateful psalms,  
 And crowds by Congo's turbid wave,  
 Bless the good hand that freed the slave.

Shine on, O Star of Freedom, shine,  
 Till all the realms of earth are thine ;  
 And all the tribes, through countless days,  
 Shall bask in thy benignant rays.

Lord of the Nations ! grant us still,  
 Another patriot sage, to fill  
 The seat of power, and save the State  
 From selfish greed. For this we wait.

April 15, 1883.

Rev. Roswell O. Post, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Springfield, upon being introduced, delivered the following address on the Lessons of Lincoln's Life.

It ought to be true that I could speak here on such a day and with such an inspiration without a manuscript, but habit is habit. It is my purpose this afternoon to present the life of Abraham Lincoln as one worthy of imitation by all who are at that period of life where character is forming. I regard this shaft as the great schoolmaster of Springfield, teaching the young living lessons of right, truth and God. I deem the duty of this day to be high, holy and consecrated—a debt due our country, a service due our God.

A father bequeathing a good name to his family leaves a legacy above price. A citizen achieving high honor, upon bidding farewell to the scenes of his labors, gives to his country, and more immediately to his community, the ornament and value of his name. Though not accepting the maxim that the history of a nation is the biography of her illustrious men—for the greatness of a country is mostly measured by the greatness of her people—that man lifted upon the shoulders of his countrymen can write highest his own and his nation's name who stands the tallest upon the tallest shoulders. A Gladstone, premier of the Zulus, could not be the Gladstone of England, nor make the story of Zululand immortal among the annals of time. While rejecting this aristocratic theory of the structure of history, I am not blind to the truth that men exalted to high station, through delegated greatness, rightly stand above their fellows, and from their mount of privilege, ever beckon the aspiring youth to climb up, and thus set the aim for the coming generation, and largely mould their country's destiny. It is a cause of supreme gratification, that standing by this monument, reared by loving hands and shrouded

in grateful prayers, we pay homage to one who was as good as great. The influence of Abraham Lincoln over the American youth, is not waning; he typifies to them the great possible. How fortunate our land that he bequeathed a name so pure, so true, so noble. How happy the heritage into which every child in Springfield is born—the possession of a patron name free from taint of personal impurity and of public corruption! If he had looked upon the wine when it is red, it is not of supposition to say that 1,000 more young men, during the past score of years, would have felt the bite of the serpent and the sting of the adder, so strong for good or ill is the force of illustrious example. Or, if through political wiles, he had reached the Nation's helm, many, ambitious of public honor, would be seeking preferment through craft, rather than through the grades of statesmanship.

The duty of the day is one of pleasure, in that the lustre of name and the love of memory shine from the life and twine round the heart of one true as flint to the right, and tender as love in its maintenance. Pleasant it is on this day of sad memory to recall the virtues, to recount the kind deeds, and to enumerate those elements of greatness that have and ever shall give to our city its highest renown. Pleasant to instruct the young, gathered here for a labor of love, in a subject so rich in worth, so exalted in station, so dear in your hearts' affection. I repeat, that it is a cause of supreme gratitude that the character of Abraham Lincoln was as good as it was great; for here on Oak Ridge is the Mecca of the Mississippi Valley as Mt. Vernon on the Potomac; as this shaft rises massive and majestic, it tells of one who received the highest honor in the gift of the proudest nation the wide world over and far time back, and toward it turn the eyes of the coming generation, whose hands shall shortly administer the affairs of the government. Blessed be this country in that those who follow are led along paths of righteousness and truth. Young man, whose eyes are fixed on the laurel, listen to the voice of the monument that speaks no uncertain word to-day; be true to the truth, be valient toward the right. Young woman, whose eyes are homes of silent prayer, whose heart a temple sacred to purity, hear ye the words, "A sincere life reliant upon God can never die." Out from the sad, dark shadows of the past, which still hover round and give infinite pathos to this place, comes forth the voice of instruction to us all; "I was nothing, save as used in the hands of God to accomplish His own high ends." But this is a day of recollection. Here lies the mortal frame of one who not only reached the zenith of power in life, but lives in the loving hearts of loyal millions in death. Rare virtues as well as rare abilities must have been possessed, to give him such mortality and immortality. What shall we say? Was he more than man? Was the plane of his life above that we dare walk upon? Was his divine endowment in nature so wondrously large that he is set apart among men, unapproachable, to be revered and not imitated? I read not thus his life. I see him greater than his fellows in the proportion that he was more perfectly human, and humanly perfect. There is nothing in his life to disappoint our high ambitions, nothing to quench our holy aspirations, everything to cheer and encourage the humblest in station, the poorest in advantages, if their chariot be hitched to a star. He lives and ever shall live in history, because obedient to its law. "I crown those upon earth who do Heaven's will." Not those born to high degree, not those endowed with marvelous minds, but those who are co-workers with God in upbuilding mankind, receive the lasting plaudits of earth and have their names engrossed upon the tablets of story. The great in station, the great in brain, who were little in character, ere now are dead-weights on the flight of time, and as she voyages toward the eternal port, they, one by one, are

cast silently over to sink into the forgetting sea ; while those who have lived for the bettering of man, still live, with the lamp of experience making plain the chart, the pointings of the compass and the pathway safe and onward. Here we may find the secret of Lincoln's immortality. He allied himself to the purpose of God in the destiny of the race. His inspiration and his strength lay in this, his adopted creed.

For right is right since God is God,  
And right the day shall win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

With the march of right down the years, goes the name of Lincoln in most illustrious company, still *primus inter pares*. [Chief among equals.]

To this tomb let the boys and girls of America come, bring garlands of flowers and carrying away lessons of life. I know of no shrine more worthy of a devotee; of no academy of the porch or grove where is taught so simply and so grandly the principles of greatness. He was a martyr upon his country's altar, but, rather, he lives in the embodied qualities of a man than in the ultimate fate of a martyr. Strew flowers, glistening with tears, for he, our chief, was stricken down by the cruel assassin; but O! bear away not the flower blooming in death—not the wreath twined for burial, but the living imprint of his life—the flower of manliness and the wreath of honor. Turn the light upon whatsoever side of his character you may, and you find him there a man. No man is great to his *calet de chambre*, said Chesterfield. True, when applied to the English coxcomb; false, of the American son of the soil. The closer you come to Abrahram Lincoln, the more you admire. How sweet the glances we have preserved for us of his life within the home. I see him now on an early morning, after a wearying night of anxiety over the armies at bay, seated by a window overlooking the Potomac, an arm around Tad, standing by his side, a book open upon his knees—he is reading the oracles of God. I see him, as a loyal friend, and hear the familiar address “Jake,” as a former mate from Sangamon is welcomed within the White House, or he gives you his heart on departing for Washington: “My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried.” When, all along his route, ovation followed ovation, I see the beautiful humility of the man, shorn clean of all arrogant pride, as he responds in these words: “I am unwilling, on any occasion, that I should be so meanly thought of as to have it supposed for a moment that these demonstrations are tendered to me personally.” On the other hand, there never was any touch of Uriah-Heep meekness, he believed in his mission, and believed it to be the greatest conferred by the Supreme Ruler upon any American since the calling of Washington, and in the greatness of his work he rose to the conscious fullness of stature.

Where can we look without beholding his humanity? How fatherly to the travel-bewildered girl from Vermont, pleading for the life of her condemned brother; how filial to the mother asking the boon of taking her wounded boy from the hot hospital to the mountain home. You know those stories, so full of tenderness and tears. I need not repeat them: we have his words, which epitomize his character in this respect, “mercy bears richer fruits than strict justice.” It has been said that he stretched mercy to the point of weakness, that his will was impotent in the

presence of grief; I read not thus his acts; I see him the man of will incarnate, immovable, when set for the preservation of right. A mother often says, of a wayward, stubborn and selfish child, "What a will he has!" when every act indicates the absence of will and the presence of caprice. True, Mr. Lincoln had none of the willfulness of a spoiled child desiring to have his own way, regardless of another's rights, wholly selfish to his own whim; but, when a principle was at stake, he stood, a Gibraltar—unchanging sentinel of the seas. During the dark hours of defeat, when timorous patriots prayed for peace with tears, and noisy Knights of the Golden Circle clamored for peace with threats, although every field of battle was his Gethsemane, he yielded not; nor when foes, protesting, said, "You pass the bounds of constitutional right," and friends besought him not to bring the party to defeat, did he falter in sending forth the edict to the brother in black—"Ye are free"; to that hour had he come, to that end was he born, that God's will might be worked out through him. We often see, as a motto, those golden words of his second inaugural, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," omitting the still grander words, "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right." Omit these, never! They are the shaft of principle which the others merely adorn. Surely, my young friends, I can commend to you a will so unswerving from the right, so loyal to God.

But what of Mr. Lincoln's religious belief? In preparation for this day, I have read and re-read his speeches, as they are preserved to us, and anew they have awakened amazement in me at the man's supreme trust in God. Distinctly seen, underlying and sustaining every sentence, is Christian dependence; from the farewell to his neighbors, invoking their prayers, to his last public address, I find naught but the spirit of a child sitting at the Master's feet. Said he to Noah Brooks: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool, if I, for one day, thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others." I do not think that he was a Christian, as we use that term, till after the death of Willie; but for long years he had been seeking the way of life. In his conversation with Dr. Bateman, in 1850, he acknowledged that for years he had thought more upon religious truth than upon all other subjects. The following years led him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and tried him in the furnace of affliction, heated seven-times hot, till, reaching the light beyond the shadow, coming forth purified from the fires, he could say to a lady of the Christian Commission: "I hope I am a Christian; it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession."

Such, in rude outline and rough sketch, was the man Lincoln. The man, not the son of genius—no abnormal mental endowment did he possess. The man, not the child of fortune—no happy lot of birth or favoring circumstances bore him up to honor. The man, simple, sincere, genuine; "sometimes it appeared to me," said his biographer Herndon, "that Lincoln's soul was just fresh from the presence of its Creator." The elements of his greatness we find to be those which nature gives without partiality at birth, preserved by the man at maturity. Lincoln died a very child in guile, and so a very man in honor. Oh, you who are forming character in time for the judgment of eternity, learn the lesson of the monument as it speaks to-day. "I preserve the name and the mortal dust of Abraham Lincoln; for he was true to himself, his country and his God; a true child of earth, sincere in purpose as the hillside brook hastening down to gladden the valleys, rich in

humanity as the fruitful fields happy in their bounty, strong in principle as the granite rocks holding the hills; trustful in God as the lofty mountain forever gazing into the heavens, such a man I delight to honor."

The following executive order, with reference to the observance of the Sabbath in the army and navy, was read by Clinton L. Conkling, a member of The Lincoln Guard of Honor:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1862.—The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the National forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. At this time of public distress, adopting the words of Washington in 1776, "Men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first general order issued by the Father of His Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended: "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Closing prayer and benediction by Rev. Geo. E. Scrimger, Pastor of the Second Methodist Church, Springfield:

O Lord, Thou art high above all Nations, and Thy glory is above the heavens. Thine eyes are upon nations as well as individuals; and as we come into Thy presence this afternoon we are profoundly impressed with the fact that Thou hast dealt with no Nation as with ours in the fullness of Thy blessing and the smiles of Thy love. But pre-eminent among Thy rich gifts to us as a people Thou hast blest us with good and great men whose greatness has been but the intelligent and forcible putting forth of their own inherent goodness. We thank Thee for their lives. We would cherish their memory and emulate their virtues. And among the foremost of these Thou hast given us Abraham Lincoln, and while we gather at this tomb in the shadow of a Nation's great loss, we feel that his memory will never cease to be one of the rarest treasures of our hearts, to be kept for coming generations and to be to all American youth a grand prophecy of possible achievement and inspiration to heroic deeds. We thank Thee, O God, for his great life, so fervent in patriotism, so clear-sighted in statesmanship, and so loyal to conscience. Grant, O God, that we as a people may ever be true to the sacred trust here imposed. May we, O Heavenly Father, not merely commemorate and pay honor to him by enshrining his name in inspiring poems, or rearing to it imperishable shafts of granite around which to speak impassioned words to patriotic auditories, but may we still more honor it by living true to the noble example he set of fidelity to right and justice. May we keep true to him by wise and just legislation. May we keep true to his noble memory by ever guarding sacredly the rights of those he

died to free. May we keep inviolate that freedom, and above all may we be true to him by remembering that righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people.

O God, we pray Thee bless our common country and hasten the glad day when we shall no more be called on to mourn for those cut off by war's red hand in the noontide of their usefulness, but when universal peace shall invite all lands to rivalry in the achievements of art, science, literature and religion, and when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Hear us in this our prayer. Sanctify these our memorial exercises to the good of us all and to the divine glory, and graciously accept of us as a nation and as individuals through the riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us evermore. Amen.

The catacomb was then opened and all, not children only, but men and women, passed around the sarcophagus and dropped flowers and evergreens on it as they went by.



## DIVISION ELEVENTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR.

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Fifth Annual Meeting—Re-election of Officers—Fifth Memorial Service—Reminiscence of and Poem by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., Author of "America"—A remarkable poem on the Death of Lincoln.

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THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
LELAND HOTEL, February 12, 1884.  
TEN O'CLOCK A. M.

## FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Present—Dana, Power, Lindley, Johnson and Chapin. Absent—Reece, Wiggins, McNeill and Conkling.

President Dana called the meeting to order, and Treasurer pro tem. Lindley made the annual report of the finances, which showed that the total receipts for the year had been \$29.90. With the exception of \$10.00 each contributed by the two street railroad companies, the remainder had been raised by assessments from the members. All bills were paid, leaving \$2.25 in the treasury. The secretary reported that the note given by The Lincoln Guard of Honor for \$200.00 had been paid, canceled, and was in his possession.

The following officers were elected for one year:

G. S. Dana, President, J. N. Reece, Vice-President, J. C. Power, Secretary, J. P. Lindley, Treasurer.

The following telegram was received.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 12, 1884.

GUSTAVUS S. DANA, *President of The Lincoln Guard of Honor*:

Your California brethren send you greetings on this anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday. *Esto Perpetua*. (Let it be perpetual.)

EDWIN A. SHERMAN,

*Commander-in-Chief Lincoln Guard of Honor.*

WASHINGTON AYER,

*President of Lincoln Association.*

The telegram did not arrive until the morning of the thirteenth, too late to reply in the same way, and an answer was sent by mail on the fourteenth, with kindly greetings.

### OUR FIFTH MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A meeting of The Lincoln Guard of Honor was held at the Leland Hotel, April 7th, to make arrangements for the proper observance of the fifteenth of the month. It was decided to hold the services at the south end of the monument, near the entrance to Memorial Hall. Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Lindley were authorized to expend a sufficient amount of money for appropriately decorating the catacomb and sarcophagus with flowers. President Dana was commissioned to invite the Grand Army of the Republic, Governor's Guard, Knights of Pythias and Knights Templar, to join in the parade on Memorial Day. The following was arranged as the

#### PROGRAMME OF MEMORIAL SERVICES TO BE HELD ON THE NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Services will begin at half past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, April 15th. They will be held at the National Lincoln Monument, under the direction of THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR. An earnest invitation is extended to all citizens, and strangers who may be in the city, to be present and unite in the services.

The military companies and societies participating in the ceremonies will leave G. A. R. Hall, corner Fifth and Monroe streets, at half-past one o'clock, and space in front of the speaker's stand will be reserved for them. Should the weather prevent the services being held at the monument, they will take place in Representatives' Hall at the State Capitol, at half-past two o'clock.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER,	-	By Rev. W. H. Musgrove, Pastor of the First M. E. Church.
SINGING,	Under direction of Prof. L. Lehman, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."	
ADDRESS,	- - - - -	By Ex-Governor John M. Palmer.
READING,	By Miss Annetta Howard, "A Poem on the Death of Lincoln."	
	By J. T. Goodman.	
READING,	- - - - -	By J. C. Power, "A Speech by Abraham Lincoln."
READING,	By Mrs. Lelia P. Roby, a Poem written for the occasion by Rev. Dr. S. E. Smith, author of "America."	
SINGING,	- - - - -	By the Choir, "America."
ADDRESS,	- - - - -	By Judge J. H. Matheny.
READING,	By Prof. J. H. Rayhill, "President Lincoln's Remains in the Capitol."	
SINGING,	- - - - -	By the Choir, An Ode, by E. A. Sherman.
PRAYER AND BENEDICTION,	- - - - -	By Rev. A. H. Ball, Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

## OUR OWN "AMERICA."

As Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., author of "America," had kindly written a poem, to be read as part of our service, it seemed highly appropriate that the people should be prepared to receive it. There cannot be a man, woman or child in our country, who has not, some time during the last half century, heard the singing of this very patriotic hymn. The writer prepared the following article, which appeared in the Illinois State Journal, at Springfield, April 14, 1884. The Lincoln Guard of Honor thought well enough of it to have it spread upon our records, and this will permanently associate it with our history.

*To the Editor of the State Journal:*

MEMORIAL HALL, NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT, April 11.—A few days before our Memorial services last year, I received a letter from a lady friend in Chicago, the wife of Mr. Edward Roby, informing me that she had been appointed by the Abraham Lincoln Post, Grand Army of the Republic, to see to the permanent beautifying of the soldiers' lot in Oak Woods Cemetery, and asking the donation of a few plants, after our having used them at the tomb of Lincoln, in connection with our Memorial services on the 15th of April. The request was most cheerfully complied with. The plants were sent, by direction of Mrs. Roby, to the care of Mr. William Dennison, superintendent of the cemetery, and on Decoration Day, May 30th, they were placed on the soldiers' lot by Abraham Lincoln Post.

In one of her letters, Mrs. Roby remarked that she was entertaining Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of our national hymn, "America," and that, at her request, he had written a poem for Decoration Day, and read it as part of the Decoration services.

Mrs. Roby also told me she had induced Dr. Smith to write for me an entire copy of his National hymn, and attach his name, with the date when it was first written, 1832, and the then present date, 1882. Accompanying this inestimable autograph document, came a photograph likeness of the author, cabinet size. Both picture and document have been placed in dainty frames, and may be seen to-day in the care of Mr. C. C. Howorth, at Hart's bookstore, and after that in Memorial Hall at the Monument.

This was a revelation to me. If I had given the subject a thought, I would have supposed that the author was singing in a higher sphere; but these mementoes were tangible evidence that he was yet living, and that, after the hymn had been sung for half a century around the world, it was still capable, with the tune of "God Save the Queen," of stirring the depths of patriotism in the breasts of fifty millions of Americans. I wrote to Mrs. Roby confessing my ignorance of the history of the author, and asked to be enlightened, when I received substantially the following:

"Samuel Francis Smith was born October 21, 1808, in Boston, Mass.; graduated at Harvard in 1829, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1832, and that year, at Andover, wrote "America" and "Morning Light is Breaking," and many others. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waterville, Maine, from 1834 to 1841;

pastor of First Baptist Church at Newton, Mass., from 1842 to 1854. In the latter year he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was editor of the *Christian Review* from 1842 to 1849; editor of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* from 1854 to 1869. He has been a busy minister of the Gospel and literary worker for more than half a century, and during that time he has, on more than twenty occasions, read original poems on anniversary days. In 1875-6 he spent one year in Europe. In 1880, he, with his wife, visited their son, Rev. D. W. Appleton Smith, D. D., missionary at Rangoon, Burmah. They also visited Calcutta and Madras, in India, the Telegue country, Ceylon, Malta, Italy, Sicily, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Austria, Turkey, Greece, Spain, England, Wales and Scotland, returning to the United States in 1882. During all his travels he wrote extensive correspondence for the *Watchman*, of Boston, the most influential Baptist paper in New England."

In the fall of 1882, Dr. Smith and his wife came to the Western States, visiting their son at Davenport, Iowa. In January, 1883, they visited another son at Englewood, Ill. They, with that son, visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roby and other friends in Chicago until after Decoration Day, May 30, when they returned to their home at Newton Centre, Mass.

Not the least interesting episode connected with the correspondence is the fact that, with the mementoes of Dr. Smith, came an autograph of "the great expounder of the Constitution." It is an envelope bearing his frank, "Daniel Webster, U. S. Senate." It came into the possession of Mrs. Roby as his kinswoman, and, having other mementoes of him, she has kindly donated it to me.

The thought came up during his visit to Chicago that it would be grand to have the author of "America" read an original poem at the tomb of Lincoln. Upon the subject being mentioned to him, he received it favorably, and gave some reason to hope that it would be so. Bearing this in mind, I wrote to Dr. Smith, early this year, on behalf of The Lincoln Guard of Honor. He replied, as follows:

"NEWTON CENTRE, Mass., January 25, 1884.—*My Dear Sir:* Many thanks for your letter dated January 19, and its several inclosed scraps, which gave me information such as I was glad to receive. I am an admirer of that great man, Mr. Lincoln—who could help being so?—and I should gladly, in any way in my power, do him honor. I will write a poem in reference to your celebration, which, I understand from our mutual friend, Mrs. Roby, *she* will read at the Memorial services. So far away from you am I, that I can hardly think of taking such a journey in April next, and I imagine that, with her efficient presence and aid, I shall hardly be missed. I shall look with great interest for an account of your ceremonies. If, at any time hereafter, life being spared, I should be at the West at about the period of the usual celebration—as I may be—I should not fail to be one of your company. Praying that you may long continue to watch over the precious memorials and remains to which you are devoting your life, I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,  
S. F. SMITH."

The poem is written and in Mrs. Roby's possession. She will come and read it. We will have "America" sung as a part of the exercises at the Monument on Tuesday afternoon, April 15, the nineteenth anniversary of the death of Lincoln.

J. C. POWER,

Secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor assembled at the south side of the Monument.

Present—Dana, Power, Lindley, Wiggins, Conkling, Chapin and Johnson. Absent—Reece and McNeill.

The Grand Army of the Republic, including Prisoners of War and Sons of Veterans, the Governor's Guard and Knights of Pythias and citizens composed the procession, headed by the Watch Factory Band. President Dana was chief marshal of the day. That made it necessary for another member of The Lincoln Guard of Honor to act as master of ceremonies, which was done by Clinton L. Conkling.

Before the services commenced, the following telegram was sent from the Monument:

E. A. SHERMAN, Oakland, Cal.:

As the people assemble at this shrine of patriotism, The Lincoln Guard of Honor sends greeting to their brethren toward the setting sun; though the fame of Lincoln never sets, but encircles the earth.

J. C. POWER, Secretary.

The following response was read by Mr. Conkling from the speaker's platform:

OAKLAND, CAL., April 15, 1884.—*To The Lincoln Guard of Honor, Springfield, Ill.:* God bless Abraham Lincoln's memory. Two thousand people are holding memorial services here.

EDWIN A. SHERMAN,

Lincoln Guard of Honor.

Mr. Conkling ascended the platform at exactly half past two o'clock and introduced Rev. W. H. Musgrove, who offered the opening

#### INVOCATION.

O Lord God, the Creator of all things, the Preserver of all flesh, and the Disposer of all events, we bow before Thee. The history of the past is before us. As individuals, as a people, as a nation, we have cause to praise Thee; Thou hast been our defense in the days that are gone; Thou didst deliver us from the hands of our enemies a hundred years ago, and later still, when, in order to repress wrong and overthrow the giant evil that had been the curse of our land for so many years, when blood was to flow freely, and lives were to be sacrificed by the thousands, then Thou didst raise up and bring to the front a man with a heart full of sympathy and withal so wise and stern that he ruled justly and guided the ship of State safely through its perils and disasters to sure and certain victory. We thank Thee that he lived to see the termination of the terrible struggle, and to issue the Emancipation Proclamation which liberated, from worse than Egyptian bondage, 4,000,000 of the human race. But a bullet, fired by an assassin's hand, did its fatal work. He dies the friend of millions, dies, and the country is in mourning—tears

fall from eyes unused to weep. We are here to-day to remember the sad event. As christians we venerate the names of a Luther, a Knox, a Whitefield, a Chalmers, a Wesley, we cherish their memories and keep their mantles with care. And as men and women, as patriots, as citizens of this great country, we venerate the name of Abraham Lincoln, we cherish his memory and would keep his mantle with care. This is a sacred spot, this is a memorable hour, the scenes of past years are before us, the dust of our earth's greatest and best of men is near us; around us is a vast multitude whose hearts are touched—O God, let the mantle of our departed hero fall upon us; let the blessing of God, in whose presence we believe the spirit of our martyred President is to-day, be our heritage. Bless those who constitute The Lincoln Guard of Honor, and at whose call we meet to-day. May they, like him whom they honor, be true to themselves, true to their country, and true to God. Bless this vast assemblage of persons, bless the exercises of this hour, keep us all by Thy power and bring us at last to reign with Thee forever.

The choir composed of Mrs. Harry Thayer, Mrs. Samuel Grubb, Mrs. Joseph Grout, Mrs. Fred. Smith, Miss Holcomb, Miss Lizzie Hopping, Miss Ella Smith, Miss Lou Hibbs, Miss Lucy Young, Messrs. Charles Schick, A. Higgins, M. F. Simmons, Prof. Smith, Charles S. Crowell, Harry Snape, John Ruckel, Thomas Bryce and Charles Robbins, all under the direction of Prof. Louis Lehmann, sang that grand patriotic emanation from the Supreme Ruler, through the heart and brain of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

#### THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

Ex-Governor, and Major-Gen. John M. Palmer, was introduced and delivered the following:

GOV. PALMER'S ADDRESS.

I don't know how to commence an address on an occasion like this. The name and the fame of the man in whose memory this monument has been erected, needs nothing from me. I can say nothing to my fellow-citizens of this city who knew him so well, long before he became eminent, that would add anything to their knowledge of him. Nineteen years ago this morning—and it looks to me like but an hour—I was in command of the department of Kentucky. The war had just closed, and I thought that peace was re-established. At four o'clock in the morning, a man rapped at my door, I was living in a city that was nominally loyal to the Union. It did contain thousands of loyal men and women, but I had under my command a number of thousands of troops to preserve order in the State of Kentucky, at that time. I hardly knew who, I hoped and believed that some, were my friends, but I knew that some also were my enemies, or at least the enemies of my country, which at that time was the same thing. I slept in a room that no man could approach except through a narrow hall. On my table there lay a revolver. I did not know when I might be called upon to use it in my own defense. I heard a rap at my door. I sprang up. I took the pistol from my table and said, "who is there?" Some one replied, "I have a message for you through the military telegraph." "What is it," hand it to me, reaching out, however, for the dispatch with one hand and holding the cocked pistol with the other. It read, "Last night at Ford's Theatre the President was assassinated and the Secretary of State was also assassinated at his own house." I read it, gazed at it a moment, couldn't believe it. Assassination had never been one of the crimes of the American people, or of our race. If we sought men's lives we sought them openly and manfully. That was the sort of life for life that Americans believed in, assassination not an American vice or an American crime.

But assassination of the President—the most blameless, the most generous, the most forgiving of all the statesmen of the country, a man born south of the Ohio river, who loved his native State as few men can understand—a man who, after the war, would be the friend of every man who submitted to the authority of the Government, a man who had no resentments and no hates, but who simply wished to save the Union for the sake of the people of the Union. That he, above all other men, should have been the victim of assassination, I could not understand. If Stanton had been assassinated, it would not have seemed so marvelous, for Stanton was the representative of the power, the force, and the vengeance of the country—a man who waged war because he believed war to be the only means by which the authority of the Government could be restored. But Mr. Lincoln was the representative of the generosity, the forgiveness, the nationality of the American people, and that he should be selected as the victim of assassination seemed to me to be one of those unheard-of things that no man can account for. There I read it. It came from official sources, and I started. I went about three or four hundred yards to where I had soldiers in camp, put them under arms, and ordered the artillery horses harnessed and the guns limbered up. I took a couple of soldiers with me and went about two miles to a couple of barracks in the neighborhood of Louisville, where I had other soldiers, and ordered them also under arms. I telegraphed to all parts of the State; to Bowling Green, Lexington, Frankfort, Camp

Nelson, everywhere where we had troops, for I believed then that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was a part of a great scheme among the disloyal, North and South, to involve us once more in strife. I ordered troops under arms everywhere. At that time I believed the whole country would become involved, North and South, and that there would be bloodshed everywhere all over the State of Kentucky. In two hours, therefore, we were under arms, artillery horses were harnessed, and guns and men in position. I ordered batteries to take possession of Louisville, and to plant themselves where they could sweep the streets, if necessary. When this was done, I went back to my quarters, and when I got there I found three or four thousand people assembled, for the headquarters of the department had attracted everybody. But, when I got there, I saw also in the crowd the leading rebels—those who opposed the Government. Until I saw their faces, I was at a loss; but when I looked around upon the scene before me, I then began to realize that there was no insurrection, nor anything of the sort in contemplation. The act of violence which had been done was but the act of a single assassin, who represented nobody and nothing but the father of all evil, the devil. I then understood that Mr. Lincoln had fallen a victim to no uprising. There, in front of my headquarters, where the flag still floated, stood thousands, I cannot undertake to say how many, men, women and children, white and black; they pressed themselves upon me, and the leading rebels said, "What shall we do? This man upon whom we had depended to protect us, after the war was over, has fallen; what shall we do? Johnson will be President, a Tennessean, full of vengeance." They all dreaded him, but had such implicit confidence in the charity, purity and forgiveness of Mr. Lincoln that they had relied on him for protection after the strife was done. They thronged into my quarters—I have no power to describe the scene, it would be folly to attempt it. And they said to me: "Will you now, can you, after this man has been assassinated, can you save us from your soldiers? Will they not insist that all of us who have been involved in the rebellion are responsible, and so devastate and burn the city?" "No," I said, "you are my countrymen," for by that time I discovered that nobody was responsible. But throughout that whole day in Louisville there was more than a Sabbath stillness. Men and women everywhere were mourning the loss of Lincoln as if they had lost their dearest friend; mothers and wives, as if they had lost sons and husbands; fathers, as if they had lost their sole support. Nay, it was deeper than a Sabbath stillness, it was the stillness of a universal sorrow. Everybody, Union men and Union women and rebels, all together, mourned for one they felt was their best and most generous friend. In a little while after that, my police began to bring in persons charged with saying that they thanked God Lincoln was killed; and I remember one that they brought in was a woman whom I knew, and they told me she had said she was glad that Lincoln was killed, and the woman came before me in a spirit as if ready to fight it out. I simply said to her: "My dear madam, you have said something so much more wicked than I can imagine any woman could say, that you may go home—if you can bear it, I can." She burst into tears and she said: "I did say it, but God knows if I could give my own life to bring this man back to this country, I would do it."

Nineteen years ago to-day all this transpired. Think of it. On that day I issued an order, not altogether inspired by my confidence, but in a great measure dictated by my hopes. I issued a general order, to be circulated throughout the State, saying, notwithstanding the death of Mr. Lincoln, as great as he was, no man is so great that his death can disturb the progress of this country toward peace, pros-



perity and fraternal union. I said to the people: "Go back to your employments, mourn over the loss of this great man, but remember that even death cannot check the tide of union and progress in this grand country of ours." And, my friends, standing here to-day, nineteen years after that sad event, reflect what this country is, and think also, while we can raise monuments that perish, and can cherish fitly the memory of this great and noble man, yet no single man is essential to the prosperity of this country. We build monuments and cherish the names of those who have done great service for the Republic, but time moves on, time builds up and time destroys. This monument, built here to the memory of this great man, whom we knew in his lifetime and revered so much, will crumble away, but we may believe that the Nation, for which he gave his life and to which he consecrated his best service, for which he was raised up as the Almighty raised up Moses for the deliverance of His favored people, though these stones perish, this Nation, with its intelligent, noble people, will live on after all such monuments are gone forever. The lesson of to-day, then, is this: As that man dedicated himself to his country, as that man died for his country, so should each one here. While nineteen years seem nothing to youth, it changes the vigorous, athletic soldier into the grey-haired old man. Time is doing its work. The lesson of to-day is that each one of you, men and women, forgetting the prejudices and passions that have controlled the past, shall this day dedicate your best thoughts, your most earnest purposes, to the welfare of your country. Think of your responsibilities! This is the only country in the world that we know anything about, the government of which is devolved upon each man and woman within its territory, and the responsibilities of every man and woman in the land are exactly alike, black and white. With these magnificent interests and this great destiny, the lesson of the day is that, as Lincoln, and not only as Lincoln, but as the thousands of soldiers who took part in the struggle which preceded his death—for on the night before his death the bells were ringing all over the land because the flag had been restored to Sumter, the authority of the Government re-established—as on that night he died for his country, so ought you, each one, feel bound to dedicate yourself to-day to its service—not to the service of party, not to the service of mere personal interest, not to the service of prejudice, but unremittingly, each man and woman, this day, in this presence, with these memories around you, dedicate yourselves anew to this country, whose government Divine Providence has deposited in your hands.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have said all I can. The memories of the past crowd upon me. Nineteen years are gone. The country is making its history, and you and I—you and not I, for my work is substantially done—you, and not I, are responsible to God and your country for the future.

It is not surprising that the death of Lincoln should have stirred the poetic spirit in heart and brain, wherever it slumbered in our broad land, whether in palace or hovel; but of all places a mining camp would seem to have been the most unpropitious for the muse. Virginia City, Nevada, was one of the wildest and wickedest of those camps. May 4, 1865, while the heart of the nation was drawn towards Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield, Illinois, and the true and tried from all parts of the country were assembled around the receiving

tomb, trying if possible to hear the words of the distinguished divine, Bishop Simpson of the M. E. Church, who was delivering the funeral oration, the miners in that far away camp were holding a funeral service also. A young man wrote and read a poem on that occasion. He was the editor of the *Territorial Enterprise*. The reading of it created intense enthusiasm in camp, and the author, T. J. Goodman, published it in his paper. That for a long time seems to have been the last of it, probably because it was overshadowed by so much other matter on the same subject. One young man in camp at the time, was so impressed with the poem that he memorized it. Eighteen years after, in the summer of 1883, that young man, Mr. Alfred H. Nelson, a lawyer, became the host of Miss Frances E. Willard, at his residence in Ogden, Utah, while she was on a tour as a temperance evangelist, to the Pacific States. Mr. Nelson incidentally recited part of a poem about Lincoln in her presence. She expressed her admiration for it and requested a copy. Mr. Nelson had retained it all those years in his memory only, and could not at once comply with her request, but after she had gone, he made a copy and sent it to her at Evanston, Illinois. Miss Willard sent it to Mrs. George Clinton Smith, of this city, with instructions to have it published in the Springfield papers, with its history, and to deposit the original copy in the archives of the National Lincoln Monument. Mrs. Smith placed it in the hands of the writer of this sketch, who prepared a copy, and it was first published in the *Illinois State Journal*, Sept. 26, 1883. Miss Willard's criticism of the poem is that, "Barring a few limping poetic feet, easily cured, it is, in conception, imagery, and bold, lofty flight, worthy to live beside the best that has been written about our Illinois and the world's brotherly hero."

Prolonged efforts were made to get a printed copy into the hands of the author, in order to obtain his corrections and the stamp of his approval, but failed. He was then in San Francisco. Miss Willard made some corrections, but not as much as she would have done with more time. It is hoped that it will not again come so near being lost.

Miss Annetta Howard, of Springfield, was introduced and read, impressively and artistically, the poem on

## THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

BY T. J. GOODMAN.

A nation lay at rest. The mighty storm  
That threatened their good ship with direful harm  
Had spent its fury ; and the tired and worn  
Sank in sweet slumber, as the Spring time morn  
Dawned with a promise that the strife should cease ;  
And war's grim face smiled in a dream of peace.

O ! doubly sweet the sleep when tranquil light  
Breaks on the dangers of the fearful night,  
And, full of trust, we seek the dreamy realm,  
Conscious a faithful pilot holds the helm,  
Whose steady purpose and untiring hand,  
With God's good grace, will bring us safe to land.  
And so the Nation rested, worn and weak  
From long exertion:—

O God ! What a shriek  
Was that which pierced to furthest earth and sky,  
As though all Nature uttered a death cry !  
Awake ! Arouse ! ye sleeping warders, ho !  
Be sure this augurs some colossal woe ;  
Some dire calamity has passed o'erhead—  
A world is shattered or a god is dead !

What, all the globe unchanged ! The sky still flecked  
With stars ? Time is ? The universe not wrecked ?  
Then look ye to the pillars of the State !  
How fares it with the Nation's good and great ?  
Since that wild shriek told no unnatural birth,  
Some mighty Soul has shaken hands with earth.

Lo ! murder hath been done. Its purpose foul  
Hath stained the marble of the Capitol  
Where sat one yesterday without a peer ;  
Still rests he peerless—but upon his bier,  
Ah, faithful heart, so silent now—alack !  
And did the Nation fondly call thee back,  
And hail thee truest, bravest of the land,  
To bare thy breast to the assassin's hand ?

And yet we know if that extinguished voice  
Could be rekindled and pronounce its choice  
Between this awful fate of thine, and *one*—  
Retreat from what thou didst or wouldst have *done*  
In thine own sense of duty, it would choose  
This loss—the least a noble soul could lose.

There is a time when the assassin's knife  
 Kills not, but stabs into eternal life ;  
 And this was such an one. Thy homely name  
 Was wed to that of Freedom, and thy fame  
 Hung rich and clustering in its lusty prime ;  
 The God of Heroes saw the harvest time,  
 And smote the noble structure at the root,  
 That it might bear no less immortal fruit.

Sleep ! honored by the Nation and mankind !  
 Thy name in History's brightest page is shrined,  
 Adorned by virtues only, shall exist  
 Bright and adored on Freedom's martyr list.

The time will come when on the Alps shall dwell  
 No memory of their own immortal Tell ;  
 Rome shall forget her Casars, and decay  
 Waste the Eternal City's life away ;  
 And in the lapse of countless ages, Fame  
 Shall one by one forget each cherished name :  
 But thine shall live through time, until there be  
 No soul on earth but glories to be free.

Mr. J. C. Power, secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, then read a speech delivered by President Lincoln under rather peculiar circumstances. The causes which lead to the brief though pointed address are as follows :

On Thursday, December 1, 1864, two ladies from Tennessee appeared before President Lincoln, asking the release of their husbands who were held as prisoners of war, on Johnson's Island. They were put off until Friday and again until Saturday, when the President ordered the men released. At each of the interviews, one of the ladies was very urgent in presenting her case, telling Mr. Lincoln with all the impressiveness she could command, that her husband was a "religious man." After the prisoners were released, Mr. Lincoln delivered what he afterwards said was the shortest and best speech he ever made, and shows that his ability to puncture shams was never excelled. Addressing the lady he said :

MADAM:—You say your husband is a religious man, tell him when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their Government, because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread in the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to Heaven.

Mrs. Lelia P. Roby of Chicago, on being introduced, read by proxy,—the proxy being her husband, Hon. Edward Roby

—a poem on the life and death of Lincoln, written for the occasion by the author of our National hymn "America," by the venerable and Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., of Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

Grandeur and glory wait around the bed,  
Where sleeps in lowly peace the illustrious dead ;  
He rose a meteor, upon wondering men,  
But rose in strength, never to set again.  
A king of men, though born in lowly state,  
A man sincerely good and nobly great ;  
Tender, but firm ; faithful and kind, and true,  
The Nation's choice, the Nation's Savior, too ;  
Schooled through life's early hardships to endure,  
To raise the oppressed, to save and shield the poor ;  
Prudent in counsel, honest in debate,  
Patient to hear and judge, patient to wait ;  
The calm, the wise, the witty and the proved,  
Whom millions honored, and whom millions loved ;  
Swayed by no baleful lust of pride or power,  
The shining pageants of the passing hour,  
Led by no scheming arts, no selfish aim,  
Ambitious for no pomp, nor wealth, nor fame,  
No planning hypocrite, no pliant tool,  
A high-born patriot, of Heaven's noblest school ;  
Cool and unshaken in the maddest storm,  
For in the clouds he traced the Almighty's form ;  
Worn with the weary heart and aching head,  
Worse than the picket, with his ceaseless tread,  
He kept—as bound by some resistless fate—  
His broad, strong hand upon the helm of State ;  
Nor turned, in fear, his heart or hope away,  
Till on the field his tent a ruin lay.  
The tent, a ruin ; but the owner's name  
Stands on the pinnacle of human fame,  
Inscribed in lines of light, and nations see,  
Through him, the people's life and liberty.

What high ideas, what noble acts he taught !  
To make men free in life, and limb, and thought,  
To rise, to soar, to scorn the oppressor's rod,  
To live in grander life, to live for God ;  
To stand for justice, freedom and the right,  
To dare the conflict, strong in God's own might ;  
The methods taught by Him, by him were tried,  
And he to conscience true a martyr died.

As the great sun pursues his heavenly way,  
And fills with light and joy the live-long day,  
Till, the full journey, in glory dressed,  
He seeks his crimson couch beneath the west ;

So, with his labor done, our hero sleeps ;  
 Above his tomb a ransomed Nation weeps ;  
 And grateful peans o'er his ashes rise—  
 Dear is his fame—his glory never dies.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers ; bring plumes with nodding crests,  
 To wreath the tomb where our great hero rests ;  
 Bring pipe and tabret, eloquence and song,  
 And sound the loving tribute, loud and long ;  
 A Nation bows, and mourns his honored name,  
 A Nation proudly keeps his deathless fame ;  
 Let vale and rock, and hill, and land, and sea,  
 His memory swell—the anthem of the free.

The choir then sang that old, but ever new, hymn by the same author.

#### AMERICA.

By Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.

My country 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
     Of thee we sing ;  
 Land where my fathers died ;  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain side  
     Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble free,  
     Thy name I love.  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills,  
     Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
     Sweet freedom's song  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
     The sound prolong.

Our fathers God—to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
     To Thee we sing ;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light—  
 Protect us by thy might,  
     Great God our king,

Men who knew Lincoln well, when they come to deliver a public address about him find in it a great temptation to be garrulous. Here is a man who knew Lincoln almost as intimately as though they had been brothers. He could talk a month about him from personal knowledge and not repeat himself, and yet he gives us here in the smallest space, a true and complete delineation of the character of his hero. It is a perfect gem, both in eloquence and brevity.

Address by Judge James H. Matheny, of Springfield.

It is a grand thing to have ever lived. It is still a grander thing to have so lived, that our names grow brighter and brighter and our memory more fondly cherished, as the years roll on apace and number themselves with the shadowy past. Of all the countless millions, who have lived, moved and acted their parts in the wondrous drama of human life, how very few have inscribed their names, in imperishable characters upon the record of time,—many thousands blazed out for a brief moment, as stars of the first magnitude, in the constellation of earthly greatness but soon faded away into their original nothingness.

Call the roll of the truly great, those who left the world better than they found it, and the responses will be "few and far between." Upon that roll, no grander name can be found, than Abraham Lincoln. He is one of the

"Few immortal names, that were not born to die."

He filled to its utmost capacity the measure of human greatness. He rose with every occasion, however trying, and was more than equal to every emergency. In the midst of the awful storm that darkened around him, he developed characteristics wholly unexpected, until even life-long friends gazed upon him in utter bewilderment and his bitterest foe bowed before an inexplicable mystery.

The most remarkable of the many admirable characteristics of Abraham Lincoln was his wonderful calmness in every emergency. When the storm of war was upon us in all its maddened fury, others of our great men yielded to the passions incident to human nature and stained the bright escutcheon of our National glory with acts, over which we had better throw the broad mantle of forgetfulness. Not so with Abraham Lincoln, amid it all he stood calm and unmoved, however wild the storm, however black the cloud, however rayless the night, with a firmness born of an unyielding patriotism, an unwavering faith in the triumph of the right, with a courage, God-like in its grandeur, he braved the storm, he rose above the cloud. He saw the stars still shining beyond the night, and although clothed with almost limitless power was still the calm, unpassioned Patriot, never forgetting for a moment, the one great purpose of his soul, the salvation and perpetuity of the National Union, upon the broad basis of universal liberty. To the realization of this one great hope, every other impulse was made subservient. On he moved to the fulfillment of this great end, undeterred by assailing foes, undisturbed by the clamor of complaining friends. Search all history and you will scarcely find a parallel to Abraham Lincoln. Never once, through all the trying scenes of many years of civil war, was he guilty of a single act of inhumanity or oppression. He seemed to move in a plane far above the frailties of common humanity. When the fearful conflict was nearing its close—when the cloud was breaking away—

when the dawning of morn was scattering the shadows of night, he stood in front of the National Capitol, in the presence of the assembled people, and with words characteristic of him who said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he closed the awful drama of war with the Godlike sentiment of "malice toward none but charity for all."

Mr. J. H. Rayhill, Professor of Elocution in the Young Ladies Atheneum, and Illinois College, both at Jacksonville, was next introduced and read

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REMAINS AT THE CAPITOL.

Gaze and pass on !

Ye who but yesterday shared his fond greeting,  
Solemnly gather at this the last meeting.  
Look once more on the care-furrowed brow  
Stamped by the seal of eternity now !

Gaze and pass on !

Life is not there !

Think not to catch the old echoes of cheer,  
List not the step ye shall never more hear,  
Seek not the smile from the lips chill and wan,  
All of him earthly is faded and gone.

Life is not there !

All is not dead !

Still in your midst the best lingers to-day,  
Of the loved and departed untouched by decay,  
The virtues he cherished yet live, and will last .  
When the scenes of the present are lost in the past.

All is not dead !

Undaunted he fell !

Not in the winter of age, bending low,  
Wasted and worn in the summer's warm glow ;  
Strong in his manhood, hope gilding his sky,  
In the pathway of duty he sank down to die.

Undaunted he fell !

Chant the sad dirge !

Ere he goes forth to his earthly rest,  
Sing 'round his coffin the songs of the blest ;  
'Mid silence and sadness the sweet strains will rise  
Like flowers bearing incense to him in the skies.

Chant the sad dirge !

Pause now and weep !

Weep for the President lost to our sight ;  
Nobly he toiled for us gave of his might,  
Ye may search for his like as long as years circle round,  
But a loftier spirit will never be found.

Pause now and weep !



Bear him away !

A Fatherly Ruler is laid on the bier ;  
Slowly, for thought groweth weary and drear,  
Sadly, with measured funeral tread,  
Soldiers and citizens, on with the dead.

Bear him away !

Christian, farewell !

As ready for death, as true in thy life,  
No danger appalled in fratricidal strife ;  
With tears we commit the dear form to the sod,  
The dust to the earth, the spirit to God.

Christian, farewell !

The choir then sang the following ode, by Edwin A. Sherman, of Oakland, California. It is being sung at the nineteenth anniversary services, to-day, in Oakland and San Francisco, along the valleys of the Sacramento and Columbia Rivers, in Melbourne, Australia, the Sandwich Islands and other places.

I.

Martyr Spirit, from the skies,  
Hear our requiem arise,  
Listen to our sorrow-song,  
While we mourn thy awful wrong ;  
Thou "the noblest work of God,"  
Pouring out thy precious blood  
On the altar of thy love,  
While thy spirit soared above.

II.

Lincoln, Savior of our Land,  
Guiding by thy faithful hand,  
Thou didst lead us safely through  
Crimson seas of blood and woe ;  
Broke the chains of slavery,  
Gave the bondman liberty,  
Made the Union strong and great,  
Bringing back each erring State.

III.

When the song of victory  
For the Union and "Glory,"  
Rose from mountain, hill and plain,  
Murder laid thee 'mong the slain,  
Hushed were then triumphant cheers,  
Hearts did bleed while flowed our tears,  
Cries of "Vengeance ! oh our God !"  
Fiercely rose from Freedom's sod.

## IV.

"Vengeance mine ! I will repay !"

"Keep thou this Atonement Day !"

*Yes ! we'll keep it while the sun*

*Year to year his course doth run ;*

*While our heroes bear their scars ;*

*Floats our Stripes and gleams our Stars,*

*In our Martyred Chieftain's Name*

*We'll renew our altar-flame.*

Rev. A. H. Ball, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Springfield, closed the services with the benediction :

May the Lord grant His blessings on these tributes of respect that we bring to that just and true man—His gift to earth. And may we be dismissed now to our homes, with an added love for our country and for humanity, in the name of Christ. Amen.

Gen. Joseph Stockton, on behalf the Lincoln Park Commissioners, of Chicago, presented the beautiful basket and floral cornucopias. It was designed by Mr. DeFrey, the gardener of Lincoln Park. The South Park, Chicago, through John R. Walsh, its president, presented the circle of flowers, with star in the center containing the initial letter "L," together with the ferns and palms. Mr. Frederick Kanst was the designer of this floral offering.

It being the desire of those contributing these beautiful flowers that they should be placed around the statue of Lincoln in the State Capitol, notice was accordingly given through the papers to that effect, and large numbers of citizens visited them there in the forenoon of Tuesday. At one o'clock they were taken to the Monument and placed on and around the sarcophagus, where they will remain as long as they retain their beauty.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor take this method of expressing their thanks to all who contributed to this memorial service. To Mr. and Mrs. Roby, through whose devotion to the memory of our Martyr-President we are indebted for the floral display, we despair of finding words to express the obligations we feel.

## DIVISION TWELFTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE.

Sixth Annual Meeting of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, and Election of Officers—  
Sixth Memorial Service, in which the Post of Honor is yielded to the German  
Turners and German Singing Societies—Appeal to the Citizens of Spring-  
field, and their Liberal Response—Rain interferes with the Services.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
LELAND HOTEL.

OFFICE OF OUR VICE-PRESIDENT, GEN. REECE,  
Thursday, Feb. 12, 1885, 7:30 P. M.

## SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Present—Dana, Reece, Power, Lindley, Chapin and Johnson.  
Absent—McNeill, Wiggins and Conkling.

President Dana assumed the chair, and called for the reading of the minutes.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last annual and intervening meetings, and all were approved.

Treasurer made annual report, which was approved and ordered to be spread upon the record. The receipts had been fifteen dollars each from the two street railroads. That, with the small balance on hand, making a total of \$33.75, had been sufficient to pay all expenses and leave a balance of \$5.05. There was a much larger expenditure for flowers by citizens of Chicago, but that did not come into our accounts.

The election of officers resulted in the re-election of the old board, each upon separate ballots:

G. S. Dana, President.

J. N. Reece, Vice-President.

J. C. Power, Secretary.

J. P. Lindley, Treasurer.

Adjourned, to meet at the call of the President.

## OUR SIXTH LINCOLN MEMORIAL SERVICE.

In December, 1884, correspondence between some German-American citizens in St. Louis and in Springfield developed the fact that the Turners and German singing societies of St. Louis were desirous of holding a service of song and oratory at the Tomb of Lincoln on the twentieth anniversary of his death. A public meeting was called in Springfield for the evening of December 16, for the purpose of ascertaining if the people generally would take an interest in the matter.

Gen. J. N. Reece, the Vice-President of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, was elected chairman of that meeting, and the Secretary of the L. G. of H., J. C. Power, was chosen one of the secretaries, with Wm. L. Gardner as a representative of the Turners and singing societies. The members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, by common consent, agreed to forego, for the coming anniversary, their own distinctive service, and join with the singing societies and Turners in observing Lincoln Memorial Day. Gen. Reece was continued chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Arrangements, into which the meeting resolved itself that evening, and was subsequently elected president of the day for the Anniversary.

Invitations were sent out from St. Louis to nearly all the German singing and Turner societies in the United States, asking them to meet at the Tomb of Lincoln on the fifteenth of April, being the Twentieth Anniversary of his Death, there to pay their respects to his memory. As the time approached, the indications were that there would be from eight hundred to one thousand voices join in the singing, and that the assemblage would number many thousands. When it became evident that there would be an unusually large number of visitors, the Citizens' Committee appointed a special committee of four, consisting of two members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor and two other citizens, to prepare an address to the people of Springfield, urging them to give a suitable reception to the expected visitors. Following is the

## APPEAL TO THE CITIZENS OF SPRINGFIELD.

It is known to you all that for five successive returns of that anniversary, The Lincoln Guard of Honor has, with but little outside help, except at the last one, when they received valuable assistance from citizens of Chicago, inaugurated and conducted these beautiful services with increasing interest to the people of Spring-

field and strangers who at the time happened to sojourn here. This year they had determined to make the services more simple and less expensive than ever before, but a new element has voluntarily entered into it.

It is a part of undoubted history that, when armed treason assailed our Government in April, 1861, the German-American citizens of St. Louis were found to be loyal to the Government under whose wing they had sought shelter as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. And while the great mass of the native born citizens, among whom they lived, were plotting with its enemies, or taking up arms for its destruction, the German Turners and Singers went almost *en masse* before the proper officers and were sworn into the service of the United States Government as Union soldiers.

This patriotic and prompt action by the Germans and a small number of Americans, on the border line between freedom and slavery, rescued a large quantity of muskets and other arms stored in the United States arsenal in St. Louis, by loading them on steamboats in the night time and running to a place of safety on the Illinois side of the river. They also either dispersed or captured a large number of insurgents in Camp Jackson, on the outskirts of the city, thus moving the line between Secession and Union farther south, and early in the war saved Missouri to the Union. As part of the great Union army, these Germans did their full share, leaving their dead comrades on almost every battle field in the south and west. At the end of four years' war, with all opposing forces dispersed, with slavery abolished, the Union of the States restored, and, on the other hand, the head of the Government slain by treason in its dying throes, those of the Germans who survived the struggle, returned battle-scarred and otherwise injured in health, and with mingled feelings of gladness and sorrow—gladness that there was no longer an armed foe, and sorrow for the loss of their great leader—resumed their former peaceful avocations and industrial pursuits.

After a score of years engaged in restoring the waste of war, in adding comforts to, and beautifying their homes, and seeing the coffers of the nation they love, changed from a condition of total collapse at the beginning to one that may be likened to that of the husbandman who is under the necessity of tearing down his barns and building greater, because we have the best and most abundant currency of any nation on the globe: the survivors among these same German Turners and Singers of St. Louis, consult among themselves and determine that, on the twentieth anniversary of his martyrdom, they will visit the mausoleum of their great Commander-in-Chief, under whose wise and patriotic administration such beneficent and far reaching results were achieved, and in oratory and song express their love and veneration for his memory. They have invited their brethren in other cities to meet them here, and they are coming, citizens of Springfield, whether you welcome them or not. They are coming from St. Louis. They are coming from Chicago. They are coming from Cincinnati. From Indianapolis. From Milwaukee. From Davenport, and from many smaller towns and cities.

They have marched into hostile cities and been received in sullen silence. Shall their advent here remind them of that? We would all feel degraded if it were so. The welcome that will gladden their hearts will be to see the Monument appropriately decorated, and a proper degree of interest manifested by our citizens on the occasion. These things can not be done without some money. It will require about \$1,000. If you are willing to contribute to extend such a welcome,

hand your offering to any one of the finance committee, or receive them cordially when they call for your contributions. A small amount from each citizen would give us ample funds, and we can make it an occasion that will be remembered with pleasure by every visitor and citizen.

It should be understood that the expenses for the observance of the day are borne by the gentlemen who are the originators of the movement. We simply ask the citizens of Springfield for their assistance to properly receive our expected guests and to decorate worthy of the occasion.

F. GEHRING,  
H. S. WELTON,  
J. C. POWER,  
J. N. REECE.

March, 1885.

The following is the programme agreed upon by correspondence between the St. Louis and Springfield committees.

1865—1885.

OBSERVANCE OF THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Under the auspices of the

GERMAN TURNERS, ST. LOUIS DISTRICT.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor for this day yield the Post of Honor to their  
St. Louis Visitors.

Wednesday, April 15th, 1885,

AT THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT.

#### PROGRAMME—ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The procession will form at the Court House Square, and will move at 1 o'clock  
P. M. sharp.

Grand Marshal—Major-General A. J. Smith.

First Assistant Grand Marshal—Gen. John A. McClelland.

First Assistant Chief Aid-de-Camp—Major Eugene F. Weigel.

#### ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

Gen. D. P. Grier,	Captain J. C. Irving,	Gen. D. C. Coleman,
Capt. W. C. Knispel,	Gen. W. C. Kneffner,	Hon. John Mayo Palmer,
Col. Chas. G. Stifel,	Hon. J. E. Hill,	Col. David Murphy,
Porter Yates,	Col. Edward Rutz,	Dr. Chas. Ryan,
John Cook, Jr.	Major Otto Lademann,	Maj. Bluford Wilson,
Jacob Bunn, Jr.	Captain W. F. Smith,	Status Kehrman.

In Carriages: Hon. R. J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois, and State Officers; Members of the National Lincoln Monument Association, Members of The Lincoln Guard of Honor; Members of the General Assembly; Speakers and Executive Committee.

#### FIRST DIVISION.

General J. W. Vance, Commanding, and Staff.

Band of Music.

Detachments of Illinois and Missouri National Guards.

## SECOND DIVISION.

General John W. Noble, Commanding, and Staff.

Band of Music.

First Brigade, G. A. R. of Illinois, General W. W. Berry, Marshal.

Second Brigade, G. A. R. of Missouri and other States, Gen. Nelson Cole, Marshal.

## THIRD DIVISION.

Louis Nettelhorst, Marshal, and Staff.

In Carriages—Executive Officers of the North American Turner Bund.

Memorial Tablet on Decorated Wagon, on each side of the Escort of Honor.

Turner Veterans of 1861. First Reg't Mo. Vol., Co's A, B and C.

Turners from all parts of country, as District Representatives.

Band of Music.

1. Turner Societies from about 40 cities.

2. Singing Societies from about 20 cities.

## FOURTH DIVISION.

Colonel H. S. Welton, Marshal, and Staff.

Band of Music.

First Brigade—Ex-Prisoners of War, Col. L. D. Rosette, Commanding.

Second Brigade—Sons of Veterans, Illinois and Missouri, Colonel R. V. Mallory.

## FIFTH DIVISION.

Lieut.-Gov. J. C. Smith, Marshal, and Staff.

Band of Music.

National Americans, Lodges, Benevolent Societies and German Societies.

## SIXTH DIVISION.

W. L. Gardner, Marshal and Staff.

Band of Music.

Fire Companies, and Citizens in Carriages.

The Memorial services will begin at 2 o'clock P. M., at the National Lincoln Monument, under the direction of Gen. J. N. Reece, Vice President of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, Master of Ceremonies, assisted by Major G. S. Dana, President of The Lincoln Guard of Honor.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

## PRAYER.

By Rev. Francis Springer, D. D., Chaplain of Stephenson Post, No. 30, G. A. R., Springfield.

1. MUSIC, - - - - Knight Templar Band, St. Louis.
2. WELCOME ADDRESS, - - - By Governor R. J. Oglesby, of Illinois.
3. SINGING, "Memorial Song," - - - - Grand Chorus.
4. ORATION, in English, - - - - Hon. J. C. Conkling, Springfield.
5. SINGING, "Lincoln Hymn," - - - - Grand Chorus.

[Written expressly for this occasion by E. A. Zuendt.]

Music by Prof. Oscar Schunoll.

6. ORATION IN GERMAN, - - - By Dr. H. M. Starkloff, of St. Louis.
7. DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL TABLET, - - - By the President of the North American Turner Bund, John Toensfeldt.
8. ORATION, - - - - Hon. John A. Logan.
9. FLOWER DECORATION, - - - - By the Public.
10. READING OF LETTERS, - - - From President Cleveland, Ex-President Arthur, and Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, by the Corresponding Secretary.

11. SINGING, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," - - - Grand Chorus.  
The Audience joining in the Chorus.
12. MUSIC, - - - U. S. Cavalry Band, Jefferson Barracks.  
Capt. Lewis, Leader.

## THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

G. S. Dana, President.	J. N. Reece, Vice-President.
J. C. Power, Secretary.	J. P. Lindley, Treasurer.
J. F. McNeill.	E. S. Johnson.
N. B. Wiggins.	H. Chapin.

C. L. Conkling.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Francis P. Becker, President.	H. W. Ocker, Vice-President.
John J. Linck, Secretary.	Emile A. Becker, Cor. Secretary.
Ernst Sechmann, Treasurer	Gen. A. J. Smith, Grand Marshal.
Eugene F. Weigel, Chief Aid.	Louis Duestrow.
J. B. Gandolfo,	J. Nolte.
Geo. Bamberger,	Frederick Pfisterer,
Ernst Gieselmann,	Adolph Kleinecke,
A. L. Bergfeld,	Chas. Bieger.

Chas. Struebing.

Musical Director—Prof. Oscar Schmoll.

## LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Gen. J. N. Reece, Master of Ceremonies and President of Committee.  
 Major G. S. Dana, Assistant to Gen. Reece,  
 Charles Herman, Chairman Committee on Finance.  
 C. A. Gehrmann, Chairman Committee on Decoration.  
 F. Gehring, Chairman Committee on Address.  
 C. U. Kettler, Chairman Committee on Music.  
 Hon. H. D. Dement, Chairman Committee on Reception.

The people of Springfield responded liberally to the appeal of the committee for funds, and numerous arches were planned for spanning the streets at different points. The south gate to Oak Ridge Cemetery was removed and a number of the tallest telegraph poles set in the ground, preparatory to building a grand triumphal arch over the entrance. Other telegraph poles, not so tall, were planted near the Catacomb, at the Monument, in order to support a grand canopy over the entrance. Every movement indicated that the people of Springfield had, with the utmost enthusiasm, entered into the spirit of the occasion, but the work had to be suspended in an unfinished condition. When the time arrived for forming the procession, at noon Wednesday, the 15th, rain had fallen in torrents for forty hours, rendering the unpaved streets



utterly impassable. Notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather, the people had been pouring into the city on every train, hoping that the rain would cease, but it still continued. Most of the organizations assembled at their places of rendezvous, preparatory to forming the procession, but all thought of marching to the Monument, where the services were to have been held, was abandoned, because there was no paved street extending so far out, and those who had formed in line were permitted to break ranks. Arrangements were speedily made to hold the exercises in the basement of the State Capitol, the Legislature being in session precluded the possibility of occupying the halls above. A temporary stand had been erected, to be used in the event of the weather being unfavorable. The stand was occupied by Gen. John A. Logan, Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. A. J. Smith, Gov. R. J. Oglesby, Ex-Gov. John M. Palmer, Gen. John A. McClelland, Col. Richard Rowett, Dr. H. N. Starkloff of St. Louis, Gen. Edwin A. Sherman of San Francisco, Hon. J. C. Conkling of Springfield, and others.

At half-past two o'clock, the assemblage was called to order by the President of the day, Gen. J. N. Reece. After music by the bands, the services were opened with

PRAYER, BY REV. FRANCIS SPRINGER, D. D.:

O God, most merciful, be pleased to answer the prayers of the thousands of devout supplicants who, all over this broad land, often pray to Thee for blessing to this greatest of the Republics. If, at any time, war must come, do Thou, O Lord, as Thou hast done in the past, raise up able leaders and brave men, who may be qualified and willing to do the right in the day of peril as Thou shalt show them. But we pray that henceforth the counsels of Christian truth and reason and not the sword, shall decide between parties at variance with each other. We beseech Thee, O Lord, so to bless the exercises of this memorial occasion as to impress on all who are present a proper sense of obligation to God for the privileges and enjoyments of this day. We call to mind the declaration of Divine wisdom that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people; and that blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. We devoutly entreat Thee, therefore, that no other but an uplifting and ennobling influence may be wrought throughout the land by the reports of this day's services commemorative of the virtues and achievements of the Martyr-President. And now, Lord, let thy spirit dwell richly in each mind, and the joy of Thy good presence fill each heart. All this we ask in the name of Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

Gov. Oglesby was then introduced, and delivered the following very appropriate

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME:

PILGRIMS TO THE SHRINE OF OUR COUNTRY'S PATRON SAINT, WHO COME WITH SACRED DEVOTION TO RENEW HERE YOUR FEALTY TO LOVE OF COUNTRY, TO LIBERTY, AND TO THOSE EXALTED AND INESTIMABLE PRINCIPLES OF PATHOTISM, PEACE AND GOOD GOVERNMENT HIS LIFE SO ADMIRABLY ILLUSTRATED:

On the twentieth anniversary of this solemn and awful day, which first recorded in our country's history the crime of political assassination, here at the tomb of the great martyr to liberty and Union, with saddened heart and heavy weight of woe, I welcome you—welcome you to the solemn rites and services which will forever mark the return of that sad hour when fell the Great Liberator, fell that great light, who, under Providence and the guidance of his own wonderful, almost infinite, genius, directed our way through the darkest hour to befall any Nation, and surely the darkest and saddest hour to our own beloved country ever scored by the cruel finger of time, whose inextinguishable influence, radiant with hope and promise, still leads us to the sweeter and purer light of a broader liberty and a higher manhood. In behalf of all the people of his State, I welcome you to the TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG, OR LINCOLN HYMN.

Written for this occasion by E. A. Züendt, in German, and translated into English by I. D. Foulon. Music by Prof. Oscar Schunoll. It was then sung in German by a Grand Chorus composed of all the singing societies present. Following is the translation:

Mysterious murmurs fill the air,  
 A thrill runs through creation;  
 He comes, the chief beyond compare,  
 To look upon his Nation.  
 He was a hero in the strife,  
 In peace he did not falter,  
 As pledge of love, his precious life  
 He lay on Freedom's altar—  
 His noble life, his precious life,  
 He lay on Freedom's altar.

We gazed on him with love and trust,  
 On him, the noble-hearted—  
 Who trampled treason in the dust,  
 Yet dried each tear that started,  
 How great, how simple, stands he there,  
 Our banner's guard supernal;  
 So far, yet here, for everywhere,  
 Like yonder stars eternal—  
 He looks on us, he looks on us,  
 Like yonder stars eternal.

From sea to sea a song is heard,  
 The Nation all rejoices  
 That Freedom is the dearest word  
 To fifty million voices.  
 Hark! Lincoln speaks: "Be henceforth one  
 And love ye one another!"  
 The answer rings from sun to sun:  
 "Our neighbor is our brother!"  
 "From sea to sea, the land is free,  
 Our neighbor is our brother."

His dust is here, his spirit soars  
 Aloft on eagle's pinions,  
 As we lay near this temple's doors  
 Fresh flow'rs from song's dominions.  
 See! there's the flag he loved, unfurled,  
 Which Freedom's winds are kissing.  
 Let Lincoln's name ring through the world,  
 For not one star is missing;  
 Come, cast your flow'rs in fragrant show'rs,  
 For not one star is missing.

Hon. James C. Conkling, of Springfield, was then introduced, and delivered the following

#### ORATION:

Twenty years ago this day, Abraham Lincoln became immortal. The pistol and the dagger of the assassin secured for him an eternal fame. "The deep damnation of his taking off" not only startled and astonished all mankind, but encircled his brow with the halo of a martyr. Since that memorable day, the language of eulogy has been exhausted in endeavoring to portray the character and the virtues of the Great Emancipator. No genius, however sublime, has declined to lay its tribute at his shrine. No statesman, however exalted, has refused to recognize him as the peer of the most distinguished men of any age. The historian will search in vain among the records of the past for a human character more unsullied, an intellect more comprehensive, a sagacity more unerring, and a wisdom more profound. Poetry has gracefully intertwined its numbers with his praises, and has embalmed his memory in immortal song.

Had he died earlier, he would not have filled the full measure of his fame, and the grand object of his mission would not have been accomplished. But he lived to see the dissolution of the rebel armies; to hear the exultant shouts of our victorious legions; to grasp the hand of the slave redeemed by the genius of emancipation; to see the star-spangled banner floating gloriously over every fort and every citadel that had belonged to the government; to behold treason crushed, the Constitution preserved, and the Union saved.

The carnage of war had ceased. The terrible struggle of contending armies had stopped. The horrid implements of destruction no longer hurled the missiles of death upon opposing ranks. The rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery no longer shook the earth. Peace, white-robed peace, with all its heavenly and purifying influences, had come, and come to stay. The patriotic soldier had discharged

his obligations to the flag. And now, the husbandman prepared to return to his farm; the mechanic to his workshop; the scholar to his study; and the merchant to his counting-room. The duties of the citizen, the love of home, the affection for wife and children, caused those vast armies to disappear like the mists of the morning and the clouds upon a summer sky.

In the midst of universal rejoicing among patriots, men looked forward to a long period of prosperity, in which they expected to recuperate from the ravages of war; when the Nation, under the influence of better counsels, and a purer patriotism, and a richer experience, would commence a more glorious career. The martyred President himself fondly anticipated the time when he could retire from the cares and responsibilities of official station, and enjoy, in quiet retirement, the love and gratitude of the people, whom he had so well and so faithfully served. The dark clouds of sorrow were passing away from his brow. The radiant hopes of the future filled his soul with joy, and spread like a halo of glory over his saddened features. He had arrived at the very summit of personal and political ambition. With the eye of faith he could see the increasing grandeur of this mighty, ocean-bound Republic; could witness, in the near future, a hundred millions of industrious and intelligent freemen spread over this vast continent; could behold the tide of emigration rolling westward with tremendous rapidity, founding powerful States, establishing prosperous and magnificent cities; constructing railroads from ocean to ocean; developing fabulous mines of gold and silver; and filling ten thousand channels of commerce with the productions of our luxuriant soil. He could see this united people proudly and majestically ascending in the scale of nations; commanding the respect and admiration of all mankind; paying off its vast national debt with unexampled rapidity; inaugurating reforms; administering the laws with impartial justice without respect to persons, and then transmitting this rich inheritance to their descendants through unnumbered generations.

In the midst of all these glowing anticipations; in the presence of wife and friends and a crowded assembly; without a moment's warning; with no opportunity for defense, or chance of escape, the bullet of the assassin crushed through his care-worn brain. He lingered for a few hours. The tide of life slowly ebbed away. And on the morning of this day, twenty years ago, the faithful husband, the affectionate father, the devoted friend, the honest citizen, the eminent lawyer, the wise legislator, the martyred President, lay cold in the embrace of death.

The shock was felt to the remotest extremities of the earth. Every civilized people recoiled with horror and execrated the dastardly act. Even barbarism shuddered at the enormity of the crime. Crowned heads shed tears of grief, and the poor down-trodden slave uttered the wailings of despair. All classes of society experienced, in this terrible blow, a personal affliction. This Nation was draped in mourning. The habiliments of woe appeared on every side. Strong men's hearts were crushed, and they wept like children. Across this widespread continent a prolonged wail of agony ascended to heaven, as if the world's final catastrophe had arrived.

But it is appointed unto men once to die. Dust to dust is the common destiny of all humanity. For six thousand years, and more, the tramp of unnumbered millions has been steadily pressing onward to the grave. Generations rise and flourish and disappear before the remorseless scythe of time. Human ambition has never conquered the realm of death. No mortal has ever purchased immunity from its inexorable decision. Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, although they achieved grand victories over countless millions, fell victims to the arch destroyer,

Solomon, with all his wealth, with all his glory; Croesus, Washington, with all his wisdom, could not bribe him for delay. The grand leveler of the human race opens the portals of the tomb to all alike, without respect to persons, without respect to age, or sex, or condition in life.

In the language of the favorite poem of Mr. Lincoln—

“Then why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift flying meteor; a fast flying cloud;  
A flash of the lightning; a break of the wave;  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.  
  
’Tis the wink of an eye; ’tis the draught of a breath—  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death—  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

The funeral ceremonies of the lamented Lincoln were performed upon a magnificent scale. His body remained at the Executive Mansion until the 19th day of April, when the Acting President and his Cabinet, Governors of States and members of the diplomatic corps, distinguished officers of the army and navy, and many prominent citizens, gazed for the last time upon the features of the illustrious dead. The casket, with its precious remains, was then removed to the rotunda of the Capitol, whilst thousands of spectators looked with mournful hearts upon the sad procession. Regiments of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, civic associations, clerks of departments, vast delegations from various States, and large numbers of colored men, marched amidst the tolling of bells, the firing of cannon, and the solemn strains of martial music. At the rotunda the casket was deposited upon a magnificent catafalque. A continuous throng passed through the Capitol from early morn until late at night on the 20th, and more than twenty-five thousand persons took a long, last, lingering look at the well-known features of their martyred President.

Upon the next day began the longest, saddest funeral procession that was ever recorded by the pen of the historian.

Four years previous, on the 11th day of February, he had left his home in this city to assume the duties of the Executive of this great Nation. He was not insensible to the heavy responsibilities which devolved upon him, nor to the dangers by which he was surrounded. I heard him utter the parting words of his pathetic and memorable farewell, in which he said:

“MY FRIENDS: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

And thus he departed from his friends and neighbors upon his grand mission to the Capital of the nation. It was a triumphal progress amidst the enthusiastic cheers of immense multitudes. Thirty thousand welcomed him at Indianapolis.

One hundred thousand greeted him at Cincinnati, including two thousand liberty loving Germans amidst the roar of artillery and profuse decorations. At Columbus he addressed a vast concourse. Thence through Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany to New York city, it was one continued ovation. At this great metropolis more than a quarter of a million of people strove to catch a glimpse of him, who expected to assume the reins of government, and control the destinies of this grand Republic. One hundred thousand persons lined the streets of Philadelphia, where he had agreed to raise the American Flag, on Independence Hall, on Washington's birthday. In his address on that interesting occasion, he referred to the sentiment of liberty, that was in the Declaration of Independence, and said :

"Can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest of men, if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

Who shall say that he was not then conscious of the dangers by which he was surrounded, and had not then a presentiment of an awful and violent death?

With his visit to Harrisburg, his return to Philadelphia, his passage through Baltimore, and his arrival at Washington you are all familiar. The 4th of March arrived. At the front of the Capitol, in the presence of loyal friends and glowering foes, he delivered his inaugural address. He denounced, in emphatic language, the doctrine of secession, and declared it to be his duty to stand by the Constitution and the Union.

He said: "I consider that, in view of the constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself."

But how inexpressibly tender were the closing words of this remarkable address.

He said: "I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bond of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

How prophetic was this language of the memories which now linger around a hundred battlefields, and the graves of more than two hundred thousand patriots, who died that the nation might live.

How prophetic of this period, when a grand chorus of patriotic song ascends from every portion of the land, both north and south, when earnest prayers arise, like incense, from the grateful hearts of fifty millions of people, in favor of the continued and perpetual existence of the Union; when the beautiful flowers of spring are scattered by loving hands upon the sacred ground where slumber both friend and foe alike.

It is not my purpose to enter into the details of this gigantic rebellion. It is sufficient to say that above the carnage of battle; above the terrific shock of armies; above the awful destruction of life and property; above the throes of an agonized nation struggling for life, stood the towering intellect of Abraham Lincoln, calmly surveying the widespread and terrible scene. By his appeals to the

people he created vast armies. By his extraordinary sagacity and intuitive knowledge of men, he selected successful commanders and able counsellors. By his kindness and cheering words, he stimulated the ambition and kindled the patriotism of the private soldier. By his wisdom, he aided in devising the ways and means of defraying the enormous expenses of the government; and by his practical common sense, and excellent substitute for diplomatic skill, he successfully avoided any conflict with unfriendly nations.

Amidst the discouragements of defeat he never yielded to the sentiment of despair. Amidst the shouts of triumph he was never unduly elated by success. Though opposed to slavery, he preferred the Union. But when the auspicious moment arrived, he issued the proclamation which struck the chains from four millions of human beings; "and upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution, upon military necessity, he invoked the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Six months afterwards, the siege of Vicksburg was crowned with victory, under the skillful management of Grant and his illustrious Generals; and the battle of Gettysburg was successfully fought and won by Meade and his gallant soldiers. These were fearful blows to the Confederacy, but when Sherman pierced its heart, and accomplished his grand and glorious march to the sea, he demonstrated its weakness, and foretold its speedy dissolution.

But Mr. Lincoln was elected for another presidential term. In his second inaugural address he exhibited the same generous sentiments towards the nation's foes which he had formerly displayed, and the same characteristics of God-like and magnanimous spirit. Said he, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Such were the sentiments expressed by this magnanimous President but a few weeks before his death. Such a spirit of forgiveness had never been exhibited among the civilized governments of the earth. In other lands, treason would have been punished by slaughter of whole hecatombs of victims. But Lincoln abhorred the shedding of blood. No traitor, with his permission, had expiated his crime upon the scaffold. "*Sic semper tyrannis*," had no apology for its utterance, in any act of his life or in any trait of his character.

But now that gentle, forgiving spirit had been driven from its tenement by the hands of an assassin. His mortal remains had commenced the most solemn and most remarkable funeral procession ever described on the pages of history. For more than sixteen hundred miles they were tenderly and lovingly carried from city to city, from State to State, by lofty mountain peaks, through deep gorged valleys and over extensive prairies to his western home. During the silent hours of night and under the glaring rays of the noonday sun, those precious relics passed through continuous throngs of men, women and children, who reverently stood with tearful eyes and uncovered heads and throbbing hearts as they gazed upon the gloomy panorama. Amidst the tolling of bells, the booming of cannon, and the mournful tones of the funeral dirge, they were transported from Capitol to Capitol until they reached this sacred spot and were deposited within these consecrated grounds.

Here many thousand had assembled to witness the last obsequies of the illustrious dead. Here his old friends and neighbors had gathered to honor his memory

amidst profound grief and loud lamentations. They had known him in his youth and early manhood. They had witnessed his successful struggles in professional life, and his honorable career as their public servant. They had listened to his sparkling wit; his jovial anecdotes; his convincing logic and his powerful arguments, when a candidate for political preferment. They had reposed upon his judgment with implicit confidence. They had trusted without hesitation to his stern integrity. They had selected him as their champion in their memorable contest of 1858 in which he achieved a national fame. They had helped to elevate him to the Presidential chair, and had seen him fill, with distinction, the highest office in the gift of mankind.

But now the closing scenes in the drama were about to occur. The sad rites of sepulture were about to be performed. The last funeral dirge was sung. The last oration was delivered in the eloquent language of the gifted orator. The last benediction was pronounced, and all that was mortal of the illustrious Lincoln was consigned to the silence of the tomb.

Yonder stands his statue, a faithful representation of his person and his features; the same calm and majestic mien; the same peaceful and contemplative look; the same thoughtful and patient appearance. He thinks he looks down upon this vast assemblage, like the presiding genius of this united and prosperous nation, with an approving smile, while he holds in his hand that grand proclamation which is destined to make his name immortal.

Here, too, is a monument worthy of his fame. Erected by the voluntary contributions of the people, all over this broad land, we trust it will last for ages, to commemorate his virtues and testify their gratitude for his services; that it will become a Mecca, toward which the lovers of freedom, throughout the world, will annually make their pilgrimage to drink deep of the spirit of Liberty and renew their allegiance to its cause; and that all races of men, without distinction, will bow reverently before this shrine and ascribe praise and honor to the great Emancipator.

May the affections of the people cluster forever around this monument from foundation stone to turrent top. May its obelisk continue firm and unshaken so that succeeding generations from age to age may be reminded of the character and virtues of Abraham Lincoln.

H. M. Starkloff, M. D., of St. Louis, ex-President of the North American Turner-Bund (Union), was introduced, and delivered an oration in German, of which the following is a translation, by Mr. C. A. Gehrmann, of Springfield, who assures the editor that it unavoidably loses some of its cream in the translation. In its original language, it must be rich, indeed.

#### ORATION BY DR. STARKLOFF.

Twenty years have passed since the ball of a cowardly murderer severed the life-thread of the man chosen by the American people for their supreme leader; he who, in the greatest national danger and calamity, never failed to justify the confidence placed in him. His memory, like that of George Washington, has found a place in the hearts of all, to remain forever. We have assembled here on the anniversary of his death, representative of our great Nations, to give expressions worthy of his memory, and to review the life of him whose noble work is already



engraved in golden letters on the world's history. We come, not to pay tribute to the dead in words alone, but to impress upon our minds that beautiful moral picture which his pure and conscientious life has shown to us; to take it as a guide to our own actions; to use his virtues and noble deeds as a historic banner, to be pointed out to our children as worthy of imitation, and as a precept by which future generations may estimate their progressive ideas and the growth of their excellencies. Abraham Lincoln, whose violent death was a calamity to an entire Nation, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky. The restless life of his father, who moved from place to place, in the vain hope of finding land which would support him without much labor, deprived young Abe of a regular school training, and only under great difficulties he learned to read and write. His desire for knowledge caused him to read and study every book he could lay his hands on. A history of the life of George Washington, which he borrowed of a farmer friend, was a special favorite, and he carried it with him wherever he went. Soon he began to write short pieces. At the age of fifteen, the rudeness of some of his associates caused him to write an article about cruelty to animals. Taking the position of clerk in a store, he soon became popular with his patrons, who considered him the *ne plus ultra* of learning and honesty. When about nineteen, Mr. Lincoln tried his fortunes on a New Orleans trading or flat-boat as pilot and salesman, or supercargo. After making a successful trip, he returned to New Salem, (now extinct) Illinois, where he came in contact with many rude and rough people, who, knowing his great kindness and his peaceable disposition, imposed upon him, and often made him a target for their jokes, until one day, to the surprise of all, and at the expense of his tormentors, he made use of his fists, and speedily terminated his troubles of that kind. This intrepidity caused him to be elected captain of a military company organized to fight the Indians, who were committing depredations against the frontier settlers. Returned home, he took a position as assistant to the county surveyor, and later was appointed postmaster at New Salem, and in that position found time to take up the study of law, and was finally admitted to the bar. Falling in love with an estimable young lady aroused his ambition. He became a candidate for a seat in the legislature of Illinois and was elected. His popularity with the people grew from day to day, and it was he alone who could stand up and offer an energetic protest against slavery. In the meantime, he gained great reputation as an attorney, as he principally took up none but just and honest cases, and prosecuted or defended them vigorously and with success.

No slanderous tongue dared to impeach his integrity, and the popular name, "Honest Abe," remained with him till death. When the great statesman, Stephen A. Douglas, presented his Nebraska bill, by which attention was called to the importance of the slavery question in relation to the Territories, the strife began. Party ties were severed, and a new party, the Republican, came into existence, and Abraham Lincoln became the western leader. The struggle for the seat about to become vacant by expiration of the term of Stephen A. Douglas in the United States Senate, illustrates the greatness and honesty of Lincoln's character. His friends, fearing he would go too far, pressed, and even implored, him to be more reserved in his expressions with reference to the abolishment of slavery. Being thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his views, he could not be induced to proclaim that slavery was in harmony with republican principles. Lincoln was defeated in the Senatorial contest, but in the year 1860 he was nominated by the Republican party as their candidate for President of the United States. From this time a new era began; but his expected elevation by no means made him proud,

but, on the contrary, he appreciated the responsibility placed upon him. He was careful and moderate, devoting himself entirely to the various duties resting upon him. In his exterior and private life he remained the same, simple and cordial. Visitors found in him the same old, honest soul as before. The door was open for everybody, and his hand extended to all in friendship and sympathy. Numberless are the anecdotes told of him and his easy and popular manner toward all. He would receive callers at the White House in the same cordial way as at home. His hands were always cheerfully extended toward the needy and unfortunate. Shortly before his election, the cry for secession became louder and louder. Slander and menace were hurled against him, and all that lying and meanness could do to harm him came into requisition. Lincoln saw the storm brewing, and felt that it would break soon with the greatest fury, but he kept self-control. No word of vindictiveness was spoken. Solid he stood on the platform of his party, which he had accepted. A cry of disappointment from the South, and of joy in the North and West, greeted the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States.

The poor, simple backwoodsman was elevated to the supreme office of the country. To the critics it was a peculiar picture to see this man, who hardly knew how to place his hands and feet, put in the first position in the land. It is true his hands were large, but they remained clean to his death. His feet were heavy, but, in the race for greatness, they outran the swiftest. If personal appearance brought him no admirers, his kindness of heart drew them by millions. The conspiracies against his life, instigated by the followers of Jefferson Davis, were frequent. Numerous letters of intimidation arrived, and whenever he was warned to take more care of himself, he would reply that, in case he should be murdered, his successor would finish what he had begun. With his inauguration, the gigantic work of his life commenced. He formed a Cabinet, of which every member was destined to perform herculean work. Every department was corrupt, every officer antagonistic to the Government, and everything done at the Executive Mansion was speedily betrayed to the South. To clean the Augean stable was no small work; but it was done, slow and sure. Lincoln's position was not enviable. Seven Southern States in open rebellion; enemies in all Northern States; surrounded by spies and unscrupulous politicians; the commencement of hostilities daily expected; the arsenals and treasury empty and resources vague. But Old Abe had the wisdom and courage to meet all these discouraging appearances. His conservative policy did not allow a shot to be fired, in spite of all these warlike preparations under the very eye of the United States troops. At last, on April 12, the rebel general, Beauregard, opened fire on Fort Sumter, whose garrison, nearly starved, and consequently helpless for defense, surrendered the next day. The fall of Fort Sumter finally aroused the patriotism of our people. The flag was insulted. A cry of indignation went through the land. All disloyalty vanished. Defense and self-protection were the watchwords of the Nation, and the war began, with all its horrors and sacrifices, not to end until the stars and stripes proudly floated again, undisturbed, over the United States of America.

Lincoln was now at the zenith of his glory. He who advanced from the most primitive social position to the highest in the land; who, with clear eyes and elastic step, was ready to advance on the path of national greatness, nearer the sun of glory, who shed her blended rays above, while the admiring masses under him followed with keenest interest the eagle's path. The confidence in him grew to be unlimited, and he was almost idolized when he issued his renowned Emancipation

Proclamation, September 22, 1862. In 1864, he was again elected President, with increased majority. Terrible was the news of his assassination to the American people, and of the conspiracy against all the heads of the different departments. All parties arose, as one man, and never was a nation more united in condemnation of the cowardly act committed by the assassin than the American people when they heard of the crime. This inspired unity, this national indignation and grief was grand—sublime! The funeral ceremonies on the route to Springfield were one mourning ovation. No more sincere and devoted mourning for one of such high station can be imagined. No emperor could have ordered funeral obsequies for one of his family more grand and imposing than the people gave to their lost leader.

Honest Old Abe died poor—as poor as he was when he entered the White House. Not all the money the world produced could buy from him the honor and honesty of his name, or any particle of his honest convictions. Lincoln was not brilliant; he had none of those peculiarities that make men great generally; but he had numberless virtues which brought him nearer the hearts of the people. There was no haughtiness nor overbearing in him. Simple and accessible as he was in the log cabin, so he remained at the Executive Mansion of the Nation; and yet he understood, better than anybody else, how to keep imposters and intruders off his hands. No fanatical idealism, no romantic sentimentality irritated his clear mind and sound judgment, yet the deep, poetical aspirations interwoven with his orations gave proof of the ideal imagination and the unlimited love for all that is good and beautiful. But his aspirations seemed only to serve him to adorn and enliven his subjects. His exemplary explicitness; his natural, artless eloquence, sparkling with wit and humor, and a good-natured discretion, always gave him decided advantage over more brilliant and violent antagonists.

No other man knew the people and understood them better than he did, being himself a representative of the purest type of the Anglo-American. A genuine, progressive man, steady and rational, unimpenetrable love for freedom, with full regard for existing laws, he presented in all his actions the clearest comprehension of the natural foundation for social progress. Simple as his exterior was, skill, genius and intelligence had drawn unmistakable lines to his brow. His deep eyes sparkled with sympathy and kindness, and his mouth indicated strong character and will power. The expression of his face was that of a man who had struggled, suffered and fought, who conquered the past and was ready to face the future. He loved the people; his heart was with the soldier, who, in turn, idolized him who could shed bitter tears for their crippled and wounded comrades. His morality, pure as a child's, his untiring working power, his conservative discrimination, and his just regard for the expressed will of the people, stamp him the greatest and best man of the country. Whatever he was reproached for during his life, how severely he often was blamed, never have the results shown a mistake in his actions. He also had his traducers, who, through envy, charged him with being tyrannical, because he would frequently make arrangements, and give commands of great importance without consulting his cabinet; but, in such cases, he invariably followed the dictates of his large and generous heart. He would not overburden anybody with responsibilities, while he divided honors liberally and cheerfully with his co-laborers. Such was this plain man. His tragic death sanctified his great name, and this grassy hill turns every shadow of envy from the one who slumbers beneath it. We will cherish his memory for all time to come. He was the

liberator of four millions of people from the accursed bonds of slavery. He was the savior of his Nation. He died for his country. Honors, thousands of honors forever to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

General and Senator John A. Logan, on being introduced, delivered the following

#### ADDRESS:

On the 12th day of February, seventy-six years ago, in the midst of a hardy pioneer people in Hardin county, Kentucky, a son called Abraham was born unto Thomas and Nancy Lincoln. A few years later, this son is found with his parents in Indiana, where he labored at farm work in assisting his father. There was no opportunity offered him for receiving an education. Under the guidance of his mother, however, he was taught to read and write. He was of studious habits and carefully read all the books he could borrow from the neighbors.

"All that I am, or hope to be," he said, "I owe to my angel mother." In his twenty-first year, he is located in Illinois, doing manual labor, though at times, when he could do so, he was always found, book in hand, storing his mind with useful knowledge. He was a constant reader of the Bible, as well as Shakespeare's works, and from these acquired a better understanding of human action and that which influences the minds of men than all those who criticized him as "an uneducated man" ever had capacity to understand. He served in the Black Hawk war, afterwards several years in our State Legislature, and one term in Congress. Yet, until 1858, when he joined in debate with the lamented Stephen A. Douglas, nothing seemed to afford the opportunity for him to prove to the country his great ability as a lawyer, statesman and debater, as well as a man of thought, research and great power of analysis.

In that great debate, he displayed such wonderful ability as to at once give him a national reputation. His great mind seemed to unfold to his auditors danger after danger that then menaced our beloved country. He so held the mirror before the people that they could plainly see the trouble which must come in the future, if the then policy should be persisted in. He foreshadowed disaster and suggested the way to avoid it. He exhibited clearly to the people that if the destruction of the Union must come, we ourselves must be the author and finisher. His arguments were convincing, his deductions and logic were irresistible.

In all his speeches, his basis was *right* against *wrong*. He convinced all who heard him that he was a man of generous impulses and great kindness of heart. He seemed to feel the wrongs of all down-trodden and oppressed humanity as his own. The impression left upon his hearers was that he had dedicated himself to a work in their behalf.

When elected President of the United States, he entered upon the duties of that office "with malice toward none, with charity for all," and although the circumstances were of the most trying character that ever surrounded any man in undertaking to administer the affairs of a Nation, yet he grasped a firm hold of the helm of the ship of state, and moved on calmly and coolly in the performance of the arduous duties assigned him.

He met each condition of things as presented to him; his great mind took in every situation as it was developed; he proved himself equal to any and all emergencies; and, while our country was passing through the severest ordeal, he kept pace with the advancing sentiments of the people, neither going ahead nor lagging behind, always taking advantage of the proper moment to do the right thing,

as was exemplified by his proclamation of emancipation, giving freedom to an oppressed race. He met all questions at an opportune moment, and seemed ever full of hope as well as confident of the ultimate success and complete restoration of the Union.

Twenty years ago to-day, early in his second term as President, and just as his proud anticipations and fondest hopes were being realized, he fell at the hands of an assassin, a martyr to the cause of human freedom. As the tallest oak in the forest falls, causing the earth to tremble at the shock, so his fall caused the Nation to tremble; stalwart men cried aloud and wept; women wrung their hands and appealed to Heaven to know why this great wrong should have been permitted. This people mourned and would not be comforted; all civilized countries were saddened; a deep gloom covered the whole land; and in grief and sorrow we mourn him still.

In the life of this man there is a lesson that ought to be taught the present and future generations, which would be of more value than the gold that glistens.

Coming from the lower walks of life, without any of the advantages now within reach of all, he struggled through poverty along the rugged pathway of life, overcoming all obstacles that opposed, until he attained the highest position among men. His great heart and mind were directed on the line of doing good to his fellow-man.

Entirely absorbed by this thought in favor of struggling humanity, he had no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth. The benefits showered upon oppressed man, by his great ability and kind heart, by far outreached those which could have been accomplished by the riches of a Cæsar.

Wealth revels behind, while poverty follows us to the grave, but the wealth that leaves its lasting impress upon mankind is that store of kindness which fills the human breast, and the great resources of a giant intellect, whose thoughts and good works live on through time. "So let it be" with Abraham Lincoln. He ascended to the topmost round of fame's ladder, and from thence stepped into the mansion on high prepared for the good and true.

If we could but see him as his sainted spirit stands to-day, not in the blood-besmeared temple of human bondage, but radiant with the light of human liberty and the glory of God playing around him, with shattered fetters and broken chains at his feet, we would behold one of the noblest spirits that ever passed through the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem into the presence of the great white throne of our Heavenly Father.

Gen. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman was not on the programme, because it was not certainly known that he would be present, but, in response to repeated calls, he made the following extempore

#### ADDRESS:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: I am here to-day as one of a delegation from your neighboring State of Missouri to participate with you in these exercises, both of a sacred and patriotic character. We come to manifest our love and respect for Abraham Lincoln, and to lay a simple tribute, our simple chaplet, upon his tomb; and, until I got upon this stage, I had not the least intention of saying one word; but I have been requested to speak by my friends from Missouri, and, therefore, I

speak in their name. Nothing that I can say can add one particle of fame to Abraham Lincoln. He, himself, in life, did his work nobly, and with his own hands penned his name high upon the temple of fame, where it stands to-day in splendor, seen by all men, and becoming brighter and brighter each year, as the mists of passion are dispelled by time.

Since the days of Demosthenes, no man has spoken more eloquently than he spoke at the battlefield of Gettysburg. Since Washington spoke of his favorite States, no man has spoken more kindly than Abraham Lincoln at his first inauguration. Within the last few days, I have received from Washington a fac-simile of the original letter written by Mr. Seward to Charles Francis Adams, our minister to London, which had been overhauled by President Lincoln within a few months of his incoming administration. A word erased here, and a paragraph crossed out there, an insertion of a word where needed—every one shows that no man was his superior in the knowledge of the English language, and that he was a great statesman and a great man. He was such when he lived with you here as a civil citizen, reared in your town of Springfield. You, young men, who have never seen him, have heard your fathers speak of this beloved hero.

There are some gray heads on this stand who knew him well. You have in your charge a sacred trust. You are the custodians of his grave. All that remains of him now are in your keeping. We come here to worship at his shrine, and will return to our homes carrying with us the influences that we receive here. He stands now at the pinnacle of fame. We can heed his counsels and live up to his direction, and dedicate our own lives to the principles which brought his death, for our work is not yet finished. Let us go forth from this place to our callings and missions, carrying influences such as he did wherever he went. Let us try to act as he did, for the good of mankind and the everlasting glory of our country. I thank you.

Mr. E. A. Becker, Corresponding Secretary, read letters received from prominent persons, in the following order:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 21, 1885.—*My Dear Sir:* The President is in receipt of your letter of the 13th instant, inviting him, on behalf of the committee having the matter in charge, to visit Springfield on the 15th of April, for the purpose of attending the anniversary memorial services of the death of President Lincoln.

It would be gratifying to the President to be able to be present on the occasion referred to, but he regrets that his official engagements, which require his presence in Washington at the time named, will prevent his participation in the ceremonies of the day.

Expressing his thanks for the courtesy of the invitation, I am, very truly yours,  
DANIEL S. LAMONT, Private Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 21. *Emil A. Becker, Dear Sir:* I have your letter of the 13d instant, inviting me to be present at the memorial services to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the death of President Lincoln, and bid you to express to the committee my appreciation of their courtesy in inviting me, and of my regret that my engagements make it impossible for me to be in Springfield on the 15th of April. Very truly yours,  
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

FREMONT, O., April 11, 1885.—*My Dear Sir:* Your letter inviting me to attend the memorial services on the twentieth anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., is before me. Abraham Lincoln was the martyr of a stainless cause. It was the cause of America, the cause of the future; it was more—it was, indeed, the cause of all mankind. The triumph of this cause, so good and so great, was due, under Providence, more largely to Lincoln than any other man. He was the embodiment of its spirit, its principles and its purposes. He was the truest representative and the highest type of the plain people, whose courage, patience, fortitude and faith, in the army and at home, won the victory. With each passing year, the unmeasured greatness and the priceless value of the work, of which he was the leader, become more clear. The twentieth anniversary of the appalling event which closed that momentous struggle, the great American conflict, finds the world able to see Lincoln and his deeds with a larger and wider appreciation than ever before. Every anniversary, to the end of time, of the event you now commemorate, will surely bring to Lincoln, to his character, and to the results of his life, the increased esteem, admiration and gratitude of all civilized men.

Regretting that I cannot take part with you in the celebration, I remain, sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

EMIL A. BECKER, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1885. *Emil A. Becker, Esq., Dear Sir:* I thank you for advising me of the memorial exercises proposed to be held by your Association on the anniversary of my father's death. I am not certain that I will be at home in Illinois at that time, and I can, therefore, only express my grateful appreciation of the feelings which cause you to do my father's memory this exceptional honor. Believe me sincerely yours,

ROBT. T. LINCOLN.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, the venerable and illustrious author of our National hymn, "America," (see page 194,) was unexpectedly present. He was then in his seventy-seventh year. The patriotic hymn which he had written fifty-three years before, had been sung in his hearing, during his missionary travels on nearly all sides of the earth. By invitation, he recited this hymn, after which it was sung by the Grand Chorus, thus closing the exercises at the State Capitol. The singing of America was highly appropriate, and served well in place of a benediction.

Dr. Smith had written a poem, expecting it to be read that day by his friend Mrs. Roby. Before that was known, the programme was already too full, especially as every movement had to be made through rain and mud. He then wrote the following dedication, which it is thought proper to insert here, preceding the poem:

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN—A POEM FOR THE OCCASION.

To MRS. LELIA P. ROBY, the noble, generous woman, and the soldiers' true-hearted friend, this poem, written for the celebration of April 15, 1885, is respectfully and heartily dedicated by the author.

S. F. SMITH.

Springfield, Ill., April 15, 1885.

## I.

Heroic statesman, hail!  
 Thy honored name  
 With instrument and song we laud,  
 And poets' lays;  
 Blow, every mountain top, and sheltered vale,  
 And rock and stream—  
 And lisping tongue of infancy, and age,  
 And manhood's prime and woman's love,  
 Combine, that honored name to praise.

## II.

As to Anchises' tomb,  
 With reverent love, pious Æneas came,  
 Intent, with festal rites,  
 To crown his father's fame;  
 So we, with grateful reverence, come to pay  
 This loving tribute at the sacred shrine  
 Where sleeps the patriot bold,  
 The statesman wise, the martyr prince,  
 The peerless man,  
 And on this shrine our fragrant garlands lay.

## III.

Like the wild eagle's flight,  
 When from his rocky height,  
 Down on the plain he swoops, free as the air—  
 Born with a soul of fire,  
 Born to be free,  
 Patient in toil, and danger, and alarm,  
 He ventured all for love of liberty,  
 And helped the lowly in that bliss to share.

## IV.

Grandly he loved and lived,  
 Not his own age alone  
 Bears the proud impress of his sovereign mind;  
 Down the long march of history,  
 Ages and men shall see  
 What one great soul can be,  
 What one great soul can do  
 To make a Nation true—  
 To raise the weak,  
 The lost to seek,



To be a ruler and a father, too,  
 No scheming tool,  
 No slave to godless rule,  
 Gracious, efficient, meek, sublime, refined.

## V.

Ambitious—not of wealth,  
 Nor power, nor place,  
 His aim, a nobler race;  
 His title eminent—an honest man;  
 His, to lift up the rude;  
 His, to be great and good,  
 And good as great;  
 His, to stem error's flood—  
 His, but to help and bless;  
 His, to work righteousness—  
 And save the State.

## VI.

Brave, self-reliant, wise,  
 Calm in emergencies,  
 Steady, alike, to wait, and prompt to move;  
 In counsel, great and safe,  
 Prudent to plan.  
 Righteous to deal with sin,  
 Prone, less to force than win,  
 Strong in his own stern will, and strong in God,  
 Conquering, alone to bless—  
 A loving man.

## VII.

Firm, but yet merciful,  
 In pity bountiful,  
 Calmly considerate, serenely just;  
 Nobly forgiving to the fallen foe,  
 He, the meek sufferer from oppression's blow,  
 Repaying ill with good,  
 E'en as the sandal wood  
 Bathes with rare perfume the sharp axe that smites;  
 Unflinching for the right,  
 Whate'er might come,  
 And, until death,  
 Fervent, decided, faithful to his trust.

## VIII.

Great souls can never die—  
 Death and decay's damp fingers  
 Waste but the mortal;  
 A nobler life spreads its far vista wide,  
 Beyond death's portal;  
 Like an unfading light  
 The life work lingers;

The hero dies: statesman and soldier falls;  
     The Nation finds new life,  
 And prosperous years, and wealth, and peace;  
     And hearts at rest, and grander aims,  
     And righteousness,  
     And souls that dare to be  
     Just as God made them—free;  
 And he who falls, crushed in the bitter strife,  
 Lives, magnified, exalted, ever lives;  
     His work bears fruit immortal.

## IX.

So the great sun, majestic, plows his way  
 Through clouds, and storms, and dim eclipse,  
     And winter's cold, and summer's heat;  
     And nightly dips  
 His flaming disc in the broad western sea,  
 But scatters light and pleasure all the day;  
     Setting, he leaves the world  
 Richer and better for his light and love;  
     Warmer, more fertile, more benign;  
 Sets but to rise, on other lands, and shine  
     Forever, in the galaxy divine.

As stated in an earlier part of this article, preparations were commenced at the Monument, for decorating on a magnificent scale, but the torrents of rain caused everything on the outside to be left in an unfinished condition. The floral offerings filled the catacomb to overflowing. They were arranged in the most artistic manner by the committee of ladies, consisting of Mrs. John A. Nafew, Mrs. M. J. Stadden, Mrs. E. R. Roberts, Mrs. E. L. Higgins, Mrs. A. E. Bently, and Misses Josephine P. Cleveland, Mammie Nafew and Blanche Bentley.

On approaching the entrance to the catacomb the visitor was met by such a volume of perfume from the flowers as to cause one to feel that the olfactories constituted the principle organs of sense. This feeling was heightened by the exquisite scent from the altar of roses sprinkled on some of the earth from the grave of Gen. E. D. Baker, in Lone Mountain Cemetery, at San Francisco. The earth was brought by Gen. Edwin A. Sherman, of Oakland, California, who made the pilgrimage, in order to be at the tomb of Lincoln, on the twentieth anniversary of his death, and to lay this tribute of affection on his sarcophagus.

The floral tributes from Oakland Park, California, Chicago, St. Louis, Quincy, Rockford, Peoria, Ottawa and smaller





NORTH AMERICAN TURNER BUND

(SEE PAGE 223.)

cities, were bewildering in their numbers, beauty and fragrance. To describe them all and name the parties who sent them would occupy several pages of this book. The schools in Springfield nearly all sent flowers. We will have to be content with a description of one only, that from the High School. It was a ladder of green, with a calla lily on each round, and this stanza attached to it:

"For the stars in our country's banner grow dim,  
Let us weep in our sadness, but weep not for him;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years,  
Not for him who in going leaves millions in tears,  
Not for him who has climbed Fame's ladder so high,  
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky."

The Turners of St. Louis, as a memento of their visit and of the occasion, prepared an elaborate

#### OAKEN TABLET,

Five feet across and seven and a half feet high. It consists of base, columns and crown, is of heavy carved oak of gothic design. The carving is in wreaths and drapery, an eagle in bas relief on the crown and an owl on the base. Across the upper part, just beneath the eagle is the inscription in letters raised in the wood,

"PRO PATRIA MORTUUS."

The centre is of white satin, about three by four feet, all under glass, bears the following inscription in gold and black lettering:

In Honor of our beloved Martyr President

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Whose life was sacrificed in the triumphant execution of our grand principles,—the preservation of the Union and the abolition of human slavery. This memorial is dedicated on the Twentieth anniversary of his death, as a token of undying love and reverence, by the North American German Turner Bund.

APRIL 15, 1885.

JOHN TOENSFELDT, *President.*  
H. COLLMER, *Secretary.*

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF GERMAN TURNERS.

F. P. Becker,	G. Bamberger,
J. J. Linck,	E. Gieslmann,
E. Eschmann,	A. L. Bergfeld,
E. F. Weigel,	H. W. Ocker,
J. B. Gandolfo,	E. A. Becker,
D. Denstrow,	A. J. Smith,
J. Nolte,	A. Kleinecke,
F. Pfisterer,	C. Rieger,

The inscription, with the names of officers and executive committee, is surrounded by wreaths of laurel, each with a bow of white ribbon bordered with black, and the name of each organization represented, with the initials, T. B., Turner Bund, or Union, as follows:

New York T. B.	Minnesota T. B.
Chicago T. B.	Ohio T. B.
Central Illinois T. B.	West New York T. B.
Rocky Mountain T. B.	Lake Erie T. B.
Connecticut T. B.	Central New York T. B.
Upper Mississippi T. B.	Missouri Valley T. B.
New England T. B.	Upper Missouri Valley T. B.
New Orleans T. B.	Northwestern T. B.
Indiana T. B.	Pittsburg T. B.
Wisconsin T. B.	South Atlantic T. B.
Southeastern T. B.	Central Michigan T. B.
Long Island T. B.	Pacific T. B.
New Jersey T. B.	Philadelphia T. B.
	St. Louis T. B.

In all twenty-seven districts, bunds or unions are represented, constituting the whole North American Turner Bund.

During the services at the State House it stood on a float, on trucks, in the street in order to give as many as possible an opportunity to see it. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the tablet reached the monument, having been hauled through rain and mud. Its weight is about five hundred pounds. It was first carried into the catacomb, and placed by the side of the sarcophagus, by the Turners, all of whom were Veteran Union Soldiers. It was there dedicated in a neat little address by Mr. John Toensfeldt, of St. Louis, President of the Union. The following is Mr. Toensfeldt's address:

When patriotism was put to the test, when the welfare and preservation of our country called for a sacrifice, be it of wealth, or of life, then it was that the members of the Union, which is called Turnerbund, and in whose name I am to dedicate this memorial, were among the first to answer the country's call. Of their

ranks many did not return. They died for the same cause for which their beloved leader, whose memory we are celebrating to-day, was called away. It is a laudable idea of the survivors to set a token of their love and reverence for him in whom so great principles were personified, to remind the young who grow up in a time that seems comparatively bare of high patriotism and great deeds, that there were men who loved their country more than their lives, and that such men are examples to be followed by the rising generations. From the boundaries of Canada to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, tokens of love and admiration of our martyr President have been sent by all the districts of our Union: laurel wreaths to crown the memory of the dead hero, and to testify our firm adherence to the principles that formed his life's struggle. The oak, with its heart, is an emblem of strength and perpetuity. May the cause for which Lincoln stood, struggled and died, be as strong as the oak at all times."

The tablet was at once taken in charge by the secretary of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, who, as custodian of the monument, had it removed the next day to Memorial Hall, and a fine black walnut base fourteen inches high, put under it, in order to have it stand more firmly and that it might be sufficiently elevated to be seen to better advantage. In honoring Lincoln, the Germans have honored themselves, in placing this beautiful memento of their visit, where it is hoped that it will be seen and appreciated by a long line of pilgrims to this shrine of patriotism.

## DIVISION THIRTEENTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX.

Seventh Annual Meeting—Re-Election of Officers—Seventh Lincoln Memorial Day—Programme—Memorial Services at Grand Army Hall—Rain—Monument over the Grave of Lincoln's Father.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
REVERE HOUSE,  
Friday, Feb. 12, 1886, 7:30 o'clock P. M.

## SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Present—Dana, Power, Lindley, Johnson and Conkling.

Absent—Reece, Wiggins, Chapin and McNeill.

Treasurer Lindley made his report, that there had been neither receipts nor expenditures since our last annual meeting, and that there was consequently the same amount in the treasury that there was then, \$5.05. This was brought about by our having been relieved of any expense, as a society, on the last Lincoln Memorial Day, the citizens of Springfield and the Singing and Turner Societies having defrayed the expenses, to which we contributed as citizens. On motion, it was resolved that the nine members comprising The Lincoln Guard of Honor be, and they are hereby, re-elected a Board of directors, to serve one year from this date, or until their successors are chosen.

The Board of Directors proceeded to organize, which resulted in the election of—

G. S. Dana, President;

J. N. Reece, Vice-President;

J. C. Power, Secretary;

J. P. Lindley, Treasurer,

of The Lincoln Guard of Honor for one year from this date, or until their successors are chosen.

Adjourned, to meet at the call of the President.



## OUR SEVENTH LINCOLN MEMORIAL SERVICE.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
REVERE HOUSE.

Monday, April 12, 1886, 7;30 O'Clock P. M.

## CALLED MEETING.

Present—Dana, Power, Lindley, Johnson, Conkling and Wiggins.

Absent—Reece, Chapin and McNeill.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Reports from all the committees preparing for Memorial Day resulted in the following—

## LINCOLN MEMORIAL DAY.

## PROGRAMME OF THE SEVENTH MEMORIAL SERVICE,

To be held on the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Death of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Services will commence at half-past two o'clock, on the afternoon of Thursday, April, 15, 1886, at the National Lincoln Monument, under the direction of

## THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all citizens, and the strangers who may be sojourning in the city, to be present and unite in the services. If the weather is inclement, the programme will be carried out at Grand Army Hall, at the same hour.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER, - By Rev. Frances Springer, D. D., a retired Lutheran Clergyman, and Chaplain of Stephenson Post, No. 30, G. A. R., Springfield.

SINGING, - - By the Apollo Club, Fred. F. Fisher, Musical Director, with fourteen voices.

ADDRESS, - - - - Hon. James A. Connolly, Springfield.

SINGING, - - - - By the Apollo Club.

READING, - By James H. Rayhill, Professor of Elocution in Illinois College, Jacksonville. An original Poem by Miss Ida Scott Taylor, of Jacksonville, Ill.

READING, - - By Mr. George H. Balch, of Lerna, Ill., an original poem, "Is Lincoln Dead?"

SINGING, - - - - By the Apollo Club.

READING, - By Clinton L. Conkling, a member of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, Springfield, a selection from Lincoln.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION, - By Rev. Charles Austrian, Minister of B'rith Sholom, Hebrew Temple, Springfield.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
THURSDAY, April 15, 1886, 2:30 o'clock. ~

Instead of meeting at the monument, the falling rain made it necessary to accept the alternative provided for in the programme, and assemble at GRAND ARMY HALL, east side of Fifth street, between Monroe and Adams streets.

Present—Dana, Lindley, Johnson, Wiggins and Conkling.

Absent—Our Vice-President, Gen. J. N. Reece, in command of our citizen soldiers at East Saint Louis, to prevent lawlessness by the striking railroad employes; Col. James F. McNeill was at his home in Oskaloosa, Iowa; Captain H. Chapin was at his home in Jacksonville, Ill., and J. C. Power, Secretary, was detained by his duties at the monument until nearly the close of the service.

There was also present a fair audience of citizens and strangers, with all who had accepted invitations to take part in the exercises.

G. S. Dana, the President, as Master of Ceremonies, promptly at the time for opening the service, introduced Rev. Francis M. Springer, D. D., a retired Lutheran clergyman, who was an army chaplain during the war to suppress the rebellion, and is Chaplain of Stephenson Post No. 30, Grand Army of the Republic, who offered the following fervent

#### INVOCATION:

Thou Infinite One, our Creator; Thou art revealed to the human race, but to none else, as "Our Father who art in Heaven." To Thee, therefore, Dear Father, is our worshipful approach at this hour. To Thee is the uplifting of our thoughts in thanksgiving prayer.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the glance of Thine omniscience, the care of Thy wise providence, the favor of Thy forbearance, the condescension of Thy love, the grace of Thy forgiveness, and the assurance of everlasting life in Heaven. We thank Thee for country, *this* country, this fertile, varied, sunny land which Thou madest long ages ago, countless as the stars. To Thee is due also devout thanksgiving for the discovery of America, at that juncture of human affairs wherein Christian faith drew upon its possessor the torture, the flame and the axe of persecution. Hither didst Thy providence guide the frail fleet of Columbus; that in generations soon coming, there might be asylum in the wilderness for Thy faithful ones holding fast the doctrines and promises of Thy Word.

With sincerest thanks, O Lord, we recognize Thy good hand in raising up prudent, courageous, honest men, true to their fellow-men, and true to Thee, who, at sundry times and in divers emergencies, led the way of human progress to broader, purer and nobler attainments. To Thee is due the homage of our worshipful recognition also for Washington and Lincoln and their noble associates and helpers.

And now, Heavenly Father, we pray that the nation born of faith in Thy Word, may never cease to be to all the world an encouraging example of government by the people, for the people. O God, our prayer is that our social and political organization may never be perverted to the destroying uses of anarchy, nor the polluting touch of treason. We pray that equal rights, universal education, industrial prosperity, intellectual achievement, moral purity, and loyalty to God, may always continue, and increase among all classes of our people. Preserve us, O Lord, in peace and firm union among ourselves, and peace with all nations. In all our differences, we invoke counsel of Thee,—that the brotherly inculcations of the gospel may never cease to end our clashes of interest, by just, honorable and peaceful arbitration.

Hear us, O Lord, in these our thoughts of reverent, thankful and suppliant worship, for the Redeemer's sake. Amen.

President Dana then introduced the Apollo Club, consisting of Fred. F. Fisher, Musical Director; first tenors, R. M. Patteson, John Correia, John Fisher, Charles Dowe and Heiko Feldkamp; second tenors, W. L. Patteson, Cass Epler, George J. Vieira and M. F. Wendling; first bass, Arther W. Yockner, W. E. Savage, Henry Abells and Richard Payne; second bass, L. S. Miller, Chas. F. Helmle, Thomas Bryce and Robert Tisdale; accompanist, Miss Maud Thayer.

The Club then sang the Prayer from Freischuets, by Weber.

Softly, softly, solemn measure,  
Soar aloft to deepest azure,  
God adoring and imploring,  
Rise to heaven, to heaven my prayer,  
To heaven, my prayer.

To Thee praying, I am kneeling,  
Lord eternal, now appealing,  
Us to shelter from all danger;  
Send, oh send, thy hosts of angels,  
Thy hosts of angels.

Major James A. Connolly, of Springfield, was introduced, and delivered the following eloquent

#### ORATION:

This memorial occasion awakens memories too sad, too bitter to be spoken. The event it commemorates came like a funeral peal to mar the joyous tones of wedding bells—like a pall of midnight suddenly drawn over the bright face of noonday. The tired legions rested; the arms were stacked. One flag was folded never to be unfurled again; the other, garlanded with victory, was kissed by the glad air in which it waved, the emblem of a nation disenthralled, saved—"the freeman's only hope and home." The sounds of war were hushed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the flowers and grass of early spring had come to deck the graves

of the heroic dead. The camps were vocal with songs of gladness, and the weary veterans were waiting for Father Abraham's word to return to their waiting homes.

<sup>1</sup> The joy of those homes were boundless, and life took on its brightest colors for the wives and families who for years had been waiting, hoping, praying for this day of deliverance; song and shout and glad acclaim were heard on every hand; men grasped each other by the hand in silence, while tears of joy rolled down their faces, the bells rang out their merriest peals, business was suspended, and all thoughts of the great North were turned to welcome the new found peace. But suddenly, in the midst of all these scenes of joy and triumph, as a lightning flash in a cloudless sky, came the fall of Lincoln by the assassin's hand, and all the joy was turned to sadness, a sorrow too deep and bitter at first for words, the nation was struck dumb, and silence fell on all the land; then came the bugle notes of the assembly, and the old battalions formed again in silence, the stacked arms were seized, and mutterings of a vengeance more fearful than had ever stirred those veteran ranks before, now were heard where the songs of peace awoke the echoes but an hour before. Never was an army so tried, never a people so rudely shocked.

From the plain country lawyer, at the beginning of the struggle, regarded by the world as an accident of American politics, eclipsed by the matured reputation of practical statesmen who surrounded him, Lincoln had gradually, without art or artifice, won his way to the hearts of the people at home and the soldiers in the field, the most brilliant statesmen of his day gradually paled before him, as the brightest stars pale before the rising sun; and even the dazzling brilliancy of renown, which victory brought to successful leaders in the field, made them only second to Lincoln in the esteem of all; he had impressed himself alike upon the head and the heart not only of his countrymen but of the world; the crude unwisdom which he was thought to have brought to the administration of national affairs, when submitted to the friction of the times, like the diamond, was polished, until it dazzled the doubters, first into silence, then into praise. Untroubled by ostentatious dignity and unvexed by ambition, the world saw him, with equal ease, reach the lowest depths or the greatest heights of humanity, and all his public career was so illuminated by a kind, genial, loving human nature, that the diplomats of Europe, the statesmen of America, the leaders of action everywhere, as well as the masses of the people, had come to love him for his kindly nature. In diplomacy, a master; in deportment, an exemplar; in speech, a model; he had come to be a standard for other men to be measured by. The world looked on in wonder to see how his human nature, unspoiled by his surroundings, kept gleams of sunshine ever ready to break through upon his darkest hours—to see him with sad face, but courageous heart and wise head, confront the dangers of his time, and, when all others stood dismayed, quietly rise superior to the storm and control it—to see him at times, almost alone, with hand on helm and watchful eye, when night and storm and darkness, in their wondrous strength, threatened destruction. His simple faith in the triumph of the right had come to be to the people "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Surrounded by those who wielded power, he never forgot or lost faith in the plain people from whom the power came; his ear was always open to their pleadings, and the letter of a heart-broken wife or mother, on behalf of a wounded husband or son, claimed his attention more promptly than a state paper from the Court of St. James.

His thoughts followed the soldier boys in their marches and battles; into the trenches and up the bristling heights of Vicksburg; into the clouds at Lookout; on

the bloody fields of Chickamauga and Shiloh; on the death-swept heights of Gettysburg; at Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, the Shenandoah, and the deadly Wilderness, at Libby and Andersonville; and, through it all, his simple faith and kindly human sympathy gradually drew the heart of the army to him, so that, in their hour of victory, they coupled the name of Father Abraham with their songs of triumph, and when sickness, wounds and defeat came, somehow the spirit of his kindly, hopeful human nature reached them in hospital, or on the retreat, or as they lay wounded and thirsting with the awful thirst of the wounded soldier, and through it all that spirit came as a solace and a balm; from his heart to every soldier's heart stretched chords of sympathy, and the assassin's pistol failed to sever them; from every soldier's heart to Lincoln's grave they stretch, and all the kindly feeling of the olden time is awakened as they gather around his tomb.

When he fell then in the supreme moment of triumph, his heart full of kindly feelings for the vanquished, and sympathy for the sufferers, when the people of the north saw him thus wantonly struck down, and the army saw their ideal father hurried to his death by an assassin, can it be wondered that the public heart stood still; that the ranks of the army were reformed; that the stacked muskets were grasped again; that the harsh notes of war rang out again before the echoes of the songs of peace had died away; that the bright and joyous homes of the North were again darkened with a grief more poignant than before because it tread so closely on the heels of joy?

And not only was this true in the homes of the North, but in the desolate homes of the South as well, homes already darkened by the loss of loved ones and shrouded in the gloom of a terrible defeat. Sitting as they were already, amid the ashes and ruins of all they fought for and hoped for, with life only left, to brood in hopeless sorrow over their fruitless struggle their folded banners and their fallen cause, the gleam of peace which had come to them was brightened by the sunshine of kindly sympathy which they, with all the world, had found in Lincoln's nature, and his hand was already stretching out to them in their darkness and desolation; his very nature spanned their darkened skies as a rainbow, bidding them hope; in their shipwreck the friendly sail that was bearing down on them to answer their signals of distress was suddenly sunk to the bottom, and they felt themselves adrift upon an ocean of ruin with no friendly sail in sight.

They surely were left to taste the bitterest fruit of unholy ambition, we to endure a sorrow more keen than any people ever felt; and the army to exercise a self-restraint such as no army ever did before. The palms of victory came to Lincoln, but they were borne to him by the hand of death. The nation mourned him as it never mourned one before. It was not a mere official mourning, but each one felt it as a personal bereavement. The shadow of death entered every household, and its sable drapery covered every door post.

His life was and is a marvel. Honesty, integrity and simplicity were the jewels of that life. In origin humble, in ways simple, without grace of face and form, unskilled in standard state-craft, or in the learning of the schools, he moved through life a plain, sad-faced man, but master of all who came within the magic circle of his witchery, a circle more potent than Richelieu's. He personally won men to him, and those who came in contact with him felt the spell and submitted to its thralldom, led by the invisible chords of his marvelous power. He felt his way to the heart and the judgment of all. He thought as the average man thinks, he reasoned as the average man reasons. No elevation or success moved him. His

nature was a strong adamant to endure all vicissitudes unchanged, but with it was mixed a kindly humor like the flowering vine that climbs the rocky mountain face that gave him a wonderful zest and sparkle, and served him as an *Alladin's lamp* to open to him all the chambers and all the treasures of the hearts of his fellows. In his genial presence:

"The nights were full of music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Folded their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently stole away."

As well might the *hasheesh* eater attempt to analyze the seductive influence as for those who felt the spell of Lincoln's voice and presence to say where and what it was. Others were more polished, learned and graceful, but he attracted even the polished, learned and graceful, and made them forget themselves while listening to him. His power over men was subtle as thought, winning as the love-light in the eye of woman, and happy as the smile that ripples over the face of sleeping infancy.

Though humble in his origin, the world and history care no more for his origin than for that of *Cesar*, *Alexander* or *Washington*. He marked an epoch in history from which men may be measured and events dated. He has become a source himself, as in tracing titles, beyond which it were vain to go. His patent of nobility came from on high, and no rules of heraldry can impeach it. He commenced an era. He is one of the world's corner stones marking the boundary line between freedom and slavery. In the world's Pantheon he holds the place of honor in modern times. His name is linked with every story of the war. His features are engraved in the heart of every soldier. His name was mingled with the shouts of victory on every battlefield where the Union armies triumphed, and Lincoln and liberty are synonyms in the humble cabins of a nation by him set free. His name is preserved in our history, his memory embalmed in our literature, and his acts preserved in our laws and institutions. As President of the Republic he was an example of the simplicity designed by its founders, and as a faithful public servant, forgetful of self, unstained by power, undismayed by defeat, unchanged by success, and thoughtful of the people from whom power comes, he was worthy the emulation of all who may follow him.

"When his work was done, with his name on every tongue, his sunshine on every heart that came within his reach, his homely words engraved on all good hearts, and his memory a treasure for all mankind, he closes his pure and simple life, and carrying, unstained, the jewels of honesty, integrity and simplicity which were the working tools of his life, he laid them before the great white throne, and with him came the tears of joy and songs of praise for their deliverance from millions of God's sable children on earth."

The Appollo Club then sang "America" with the finest effect.

James H. Rayhill, of Jacksonville, Professor of Elocution in Illinois College, also in the Young Ladies Athenaeum, then read an original poem written for the occasion. He prefaced the reading by stating that he had called on a young lady the Friday before and asked her to write a poem for him to

read on Lincoln Memorial Day, and that it was completed the next evening. He then read, with elocutionary precision,

#### OUR ELOQUENT DEAD.

BY MISS IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Again, where the flag of our Nation is spread,  
We stand by the tomb of our eloquent dead;  
And linked with the love that has bound us for years,  
Tread softly the spot that is hallowed by tears.

Yea, hallowed by memories, tender and true,  
That breathe forth their sweets like a rose dipped in dew,  
And burn in the heart as if written in gold—  
Too sacred to utter, too dear to be told.

He sleeps in his rest like a shaft that is cleft;  
A reed that is broken; an unfinished weft;  
A tree that is stricken and crushed by the gale;  
A ship driven seaward, devoid of its sail.

He sleeps like a martyr who died in his prime—  
His deeds written down in the annals of time—  
And gathered about him we honor his dust,  
Our Abraham Lincoln, the noble and just!

O, Slavery! why did America wear  
Thy frown, like the gloom of an awful despair?  
And why did she bow her proud head at thy shrine,  
Nor feel the sweet pity which seems half divine?

O, why did she, crowned like a queen on her throne,  
Sit crushed like a being unloved and alone,—  
Her garments dyed red with the blood of her sons,  
Her quietude broken by clamor and guns?

The graves of our heroes have sprinkled the earth,  
The sound of their anguish breaks in on our mirth,  
And oft in the silence of sorrow and pain  
We grieve for some dear one who sleeps with the slain.

Our hearts seek them out with a desolate cry—  
We picture each face with a lingering sigh,  
And turn, full of tears, to the sword at our side;  
'Twas all for their country these patriots died!

O, Slavery! Abraham Lincoln, the brave,  
Reached out in his pity our nation to save,  
He struck the fell blow that was death unto thee;  
That blow, praise the Lord! made America free!

Ah, could we forget what our Lincoln has done?  
America claims him with reverence, her son;  
She points to his tomb with a feeling of pride,  
And stands like a guardian saint at its side.

And Freedom, the dignified daughter of Peace,  
Each year shall his merited praises increase ;  
The sun shall turn cold and its light fade away  
Ere the world shall forget him we honor to-day.

How modest, forgiving and gentle he was ;  
How slow to condemn, without heaviest cause ;  
How ready to succor the helpless and weak ;  
In deep provocation—how careful to speak !

How honors became him ! Nor did he once boast,  
Tho' placed at the head of America's host ;  
In ev'ry position the world was impressed,  
That Abraham Lincoln was doing his best.

He honored the White House—this man among men—  
As others have honored it often, since then ;  
Aye, greater than all has he proven to be,  
By setting the fettered and helpless ones free.

O, liberty ! wave thy glad colors on high !  
We'll stand by the flag, or we'll perish and die !  
Wave, wave its bright folds till they tenderly spread  
A mantle of love o'er our eloquent dead.

"With malice towards none ;" let his motto be ours,  
We'll try to protect it with all of our powers ;  
We'll try to enact it, tho' short we may fall,  
Remembering that "charity" crowneth it all.

We turn to the past with a sadness to-day ;  
A score and one years since we laid him away !  
A score and one years have passed over our land  
Since he was cut down by a merciless hand !

We mourned for him then, and we mourn for him still,  
Such vacancies left are not easy to fill ;  
Such natures as his, Ah ! but rarely we find,  
Where gentleness, genius and love are combined.

Oh ! statesman and ruler ! Sleep on in thy tomb,  
While April is bursting with leaf and with bloom !  
The glad resurrection Spring-time is here,  
And nature is glowing 'mid sunlight and tear.

Sleep on ; take thy rest ; for the burden of life  
Shall never oppress thee with sorrow and strife,  
But peaceful and calm, as a river that flows,  
Thy sleep shall go on in its silent repose.

We'll never forget thee, tho' seasons decay ;  
Our love shall increase as the years drift away,  
And turning our eyes to the records of Fame  
We'll feel the old thrill, as we glance at thy name.



Yes, lift up the flag! Let its stripes and its stars  
 Be heralds of peace—and not bloodshed and war!  
 Again let its colors be loyally spread  
 O'er Abraham Lincoln, our eloquent dead!

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., April 15, 1886.

Major J. A. Connolly called the attention of The Lincoln Guard of Honor to the fact that there was a gentleman residing at Lerna, Coles county, Illinois, who had written something worthy to be read at the tomb of Lincoln, and form part of our Memorial service. We extended to him an invitation to come and read it. We all feel like thanking Mr. Connolly for his intervention. This gentleman was next introduced, and read:

### IS LINCOLN DEAD?

BY GEO. B. BALCH.

Is Lincoln dead? What means this solemn throng?  
 This drapery and this funeral song?  
 What mean these gathering bands of soldiers brave?  
 Come they to weep around their chieftain's grave?  
 And is he dead? 'Tis true the crumbling urn  
 In which his lofty spirit used to burn,  
 Within this mausoleum vast must stay,  
 'Till angels come and roll these stones away;  
 But even death is powerless to bind  
 With bolts and granite walls so great a mind!  
 The vile of earth in unknown graves may lie,  
 But Lincoln and his deeds will never die.

He lives in every patriot's heart enshrined,  
 A star of hope to all as slaves confined,  
 Inspiring all the weary sons of toil  
 To win the race and gain the victor's spoil.  
 His deeds, deep burned on history's fairest page,  
 Will brighter shine in each succeeding age,  
 And nations yet to be will shout his name,  
 And future bards arise to spread his fame.  
 "Lincoln" will be the watchword of the brave  
 On every field where freedom's flag shall wave,  
 And down thro' all the cycles yet to come,  
 His name will gladden many a heart and home.

When freedom's bells rang out upon the air  
 Like roar of lions in some lofty lair,  
 Proclaiming loud to all beneath the skies  
 That "Truth, tho' crushed to earth, would soon arise;"

Pealing in rhythmic notes, from shore to shore,  
The joyful news that treason was no more;  
That God, by him, a wondrous work had done—  
A house, divided, had been joined in one—  
’Twas Lincoln’s voice we heard, the bells were still  
Had he possessed a less heroic will.

And down among the fields of cane and corn  
The hounds are hushed, and hushed the waking horn;  
Decay and rust have claimed the cruel chain,  
At rest the lash, and crushed the cries of pain.  
The hound, the horn, the lash, the cries, the tears,  
Were buried ’neath the sweeping flood of years;  
And shouts as if the brazen gates of hell  
From off their massive hinges swung and fell.

And those so long in chains and darkness there,  
Had once more breathed sweet freedom’s balmy air,  
Arose from all the liberated throng  
“Like sound of many waters” joined in song.  
’Twas Lincoln’s voice, the slave were still a slave  
Had he not stretched his generous arms to save!  
His voice still rings in Freedom’s jubilee.  
As sung by those his matchless will made free.

Our starry flag were in the dust to-day,  
Had he, like others, basely turned away.  
Its stars were wandering orbs in unknown space,  
Had he not fixed them in their changeless place;  
The brightest gem in all the shining host,  
Without his matchless power the rest were lost,  
But now they brightly beam o’er all the land,  
He Orion fair, they his shining band.

But here he sleeps the sleep that waits us all,  
That knows no waking till the trumpet call.  
Walk softly, then, for here the angels stay,  
Whom Heaven appoints to watch the sleeping clay.  
Here love keeps constant vigil o’er his dust,  
And guards with sleepless eyes her sacred trust;  
And it is well to keep, with ceaseless care,  
A casket which contains a gem so rare.

At morning’s early dawn, may sweet perfume  
From fragrant flower embalm this honored tomb,  
While warbling wild birds’ sweetest songs arise  
In morning anthems to the bending skies.  
Else, filled with sadness, may they cease to sing,  
And pass this sacred place on silent wing.

At noon, may softest sunbeams kiss the place  
Where sleeps the noblest of our age and race,  
While trees of fadeless green their shadows spread  
Around this silent mansion of our mighty dead.

May silent dew's descend from evening skies,  
 And all this monumental pile baptize,  
 While all the stars in silent wonder gaze  
 Upon the homage man to greatness pays.

When midnight hangs her sable curtains 'round  
 This silent sepulch' and hallowed ground,  
 May naught be heard except the ceaseless tread  
 Of those who keep this palace of the dead;  
 With sleepless eyes, may they their vigils keep  
 While o'er his tomb Pleiades shall weep.

But tho' these stones may sink beneath the sod,  
 Yet Lincoln lives, and dwells in light with God;  
 A seraph, winged, he waits before the face  
 Of Him whose awful presence fills all space.  
 He still broods o'er this free, united land,  
 Bearing sweet olive branches in his hand;  
 And, as he wings the continent, he cries:  
 "Arise! O fairest of all lands, arise,  
 Thy higher, nobler calling to fulfill:  
 A grander destiny awaits thee still!  
 Light thou the path of all who dare be free,  
 And live for God and crushed humanity."

There is a matter, not on the programme, that it seems highly appropriate should be introduced here. After the monument was erected to the memory of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois, the grave of his father, Thomas Lincoln, was without a name. It is in a country place called the Gordon Graveyard, surrounding a small Cumberland Presbyterian Church, situated about twelve miles southeast of Mattoon, in Coles county, Illinois. The writer is assured, by one who knows all the circumstances, that the last act of Mr. Lincoln, before leaving Illinois to take his seat in Washington as President, was to visit his father's grave, and while there he placed money in the hands of a certain party to have a monument erected. The money was never used for the purpose, and Mr. Lincoln was never apprised of the neglect. In 1876, a poem was written and circulated in the neighborhood, entitled

#### THE GRAVE OF THE FATHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY GEORGE E. DALCH.

In a low sweet vale, by a murmuring rill,  
 The pioneer's ashes are sleeping;  
 Where the white marble shafts, so lonely and still,  
 In silence their vigils are keeping.

On their sad lonely faces are words of fame,  
But none of them speak of *his* glory ;  
When the pioneer died, his age and his name,  
No monument whispers the story.

No myrtle, nor ivy, nor hyacinth blows,  
O'er the lonely place where they laid him ;  
No cedar, nor holly, nor almond tree grows  
Near the Plebian's grave, to shade him.

Bright evergreens wave over many a grave,  
O'er some bows the sad weeping willow ;  
But no willow trees bow, nor evergreens wave,  
Where the pioneer sleeps on his pillow.

While some are inhumed with the honors of State,  
And placed beneath temples to moulder ;  
The grave of the father of Lincoln, the great,  
Is known by a hillock and boulder.

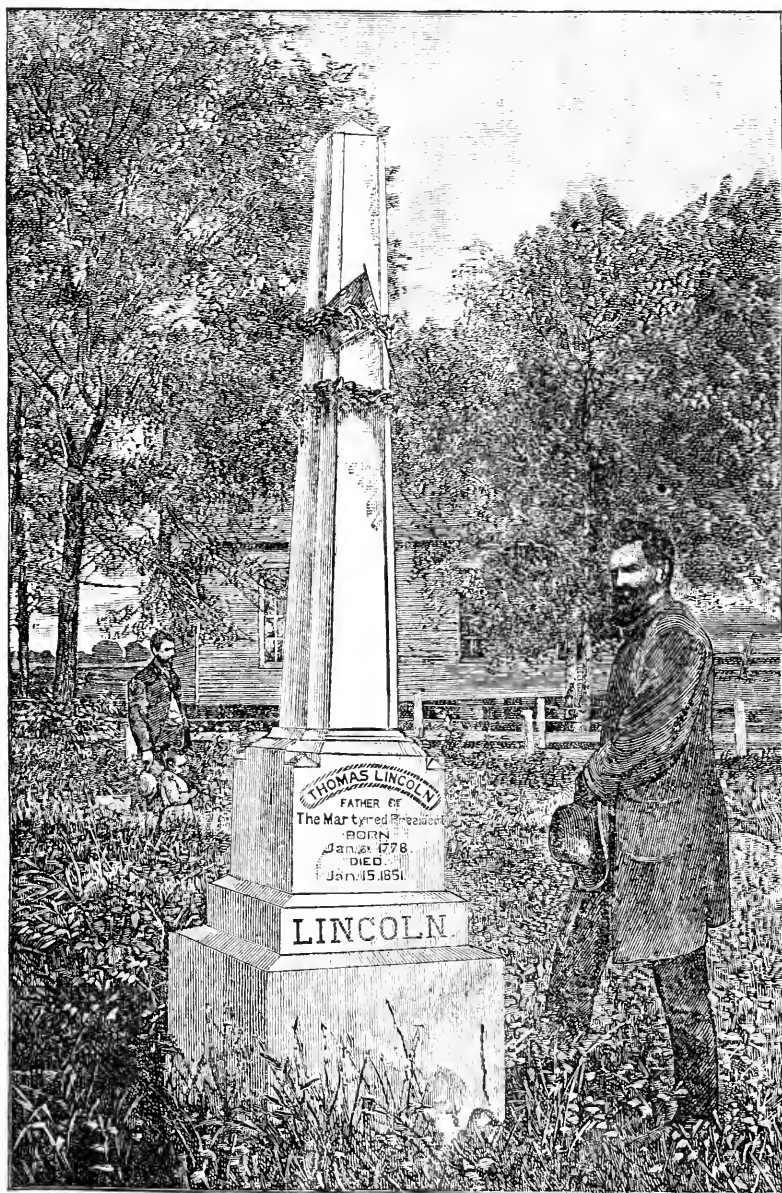
Let him take his lone sleep, and quietly rest,  
With naught to disturb or awake him ;  
When the angels descend to gather the blest,  
To Abraham's bosom they'll take him.

Like the frosted leaf, or the evening gray,  
The old pioneers are passing away ;  
The few who still battle with life's troubled wave,  
Are white for the harvest, are ripe for the grave.

The publication of the above poem stirred the people up to raise money for the purpose, of which Robert T. Lincoln contributed \$100, and a very neat monument of white marble was erected over the hitherto neglected grave. (See the inscription.)

The boulder spoken of at the end of the fifth verse was placed on the grave by President Lincoln at his last visit, and remained there until the monument was erected, when it was carried off by some relic-seekers from Chicago.

While Mr. Balch was in Springfield attending the Lincoln memorial services, he voluntarily promised the writer that he would have a picture made of the monument over the grave of President Lincoln's father, and deposit it as a memento, in Memorial Hall of the National Lincoln Monument here. He had the picture made in June, and at the suggestion of the artist, very properly had his own likeness taken, standing a short distance from the monument. He very much desired to present it here in person, but before a copy could be finished he sickened, and after lingering some weeks,



GRAVE OF THOMAS LINCOLN.

death reached forth its sickle and claimed him for its own. He died September 4, 1886, at his home near Lerna, Coles county, Illinois. The artist, knowing the intentions of Mr. Balch, sent the picture to the custodian of the monument, with the following note, which explains itself:

MATTOON, ILL., September 6, 1886.

MR. J. C. POWER, *Dear Sir*—I am very sorry to inform you of the death of Mr. George B. Balch, the poet. He died Saturday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and was buried yesterday. So it devolves on me to send you the picture in which he was so much interested. I made it in June, and Mr. Balch's desire was to take it to Springfield in person.

Yours truly,

GEORGE BRADSHAW.

The last, or seventh verse, was added to the poem after the monument was erected, and the negative for the picture taken ten years after the other six verses had been written. The very day the author penned it he was taken with what proved to be his fatal illness, and they are probably the last words he ever wrote. Mr. Bradshaw, in sending the picture and speaking of the disappointment of Mr. Balch in not being permitted to come to Springfield with it, says: "I am glad I made it as I did, because Geo. B. Balch was a grand, good man, whose moral and intellectual worth cannot be over-estimated." He was for many years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was known to be deeply religious and ardently patriotic, and he breathes both into his poetry.

The same remark may be truthfully applied to the poem, "Is Lincoln Dead," by Balch, that is made of another, read at a former memorial service, "That it is worthy to live with the best that has been written about Lincoln." When Mr. Balch finished reading his poem, the Apollo Club sang the following

#### DIRGE.

How blest are they who so honored years  
 Pass like an evening meteor's flight;  
 Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears  
 Whose course is short, is short, unclouded bright!  
 Oh, cheerless were our lengthened way,  
 But heaven's own light dispels, dispels the gloom;  
 Streams flowing downward from day eternal;  
 And cast a glory around the tomb.  
 Oh, stay thy tears, the blest above  
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,  
 And sung a song of joy and love;  
 Then why should anguish, why should it reign on earth?

In compliance with the established rule that at least one member of The Lincoln Guard of Honor shall take part in every memorial service, Clinton L. Conkling read the following from Raymond's Life of Lincoln:

On the 21st of March, 1864, a committee from the Workingmen's Association of the city of New York, waited upon the President and delivered an address, stating the general objects and purposes of the association, and requesting that he would allow his name to be enrolled among its honorary members. From the President's reply to this address I make the following extracts: (He himself quotes largely from his message to Congress in December, 1861.)

"GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: The honorary membership of your association, so generously tendered, is gratefully accepted. \* \* \* \* \*

"There is one point to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing, if not above labor, in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them, and drive them to do it without their consent. Having proceeded so far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers, or what we call slaves. And, further, it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer, is fixed in that condition for life. Now there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed, nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless.

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between capital and labor, producing mutual benefits. \* \* \* \* \*

"There is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in these States, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress, and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to touch or take aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost. \* \* \*

"None are so deeply interested to resist the present rebellion as the working people. Let them beware of prejudices, working division and hostility among themselves. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds.

"Nor should this lead to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprises. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

On being introduced, the closing prayer and benediction was offered by Rev. Charles Austrian, Rabbi of the B'rith Sholom congregation, Hebrew temple, Springfield.

Tears are all in vain over the remembrance this day recalls. They cannot efface the sorrow, nor heal the wound father Abraham's death left on our hearts. Our thoughts are especially directed towards him on this day; his love and his kindness are again vividly presented to our minds. We will ever devote this anniversary to honor his memory, and render it useful to us by deeds of charity, compassion and mercy towards others, and by offering fervent prayers to Almighty God for the happy repose of his spirit. And Thou, O God of mercy, who art the Lord of the living and the dead, deign to hearken to thy children's prayer for the repose of this great father's soul. We beseech Thee, O Lord, extend to him Thy mercy and forgiveness, since the most righteous are not without sin. Receive him in Thy dwelling place among those who have done Thy will, so that he may enjoy the blessings reserved for Thy holy ones, who have lived on earth. Monuments of stone may decay and vanish, but his illustrious name will be forever engraven in the deepest recesses of our hearts. O, may there also be repose granted to all the dear and beloved souls gathered in yonder fields. The spirit of God may lead them into the fields of eternal happiness and peace. May the blessing of Divine Providence rest upon you all congregated here. The Lord bless and preserve you. The Lord cause his countenance to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance and grant you peace. May peace abide within your walls, prosperity and happiness within your habitations. Amen.

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THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
LELAND HOTEL, MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886,  
7:30 o'clock P. M.

#### CALLED MEETING.

Present—Dana, Power, Lindley, Johnson, Wiggins and Conkling.

Absent—Reece, McNeill and Chapin.

Bills for printing programmes and for flowers, amounting to \$5.50, were ordered to be paid.

Secretary was ordered to transmit a resolution of thanks, with our seal attached, to each, for the assistance rendered in our late Memorial Service, to Rev. Francis Springer, D. D.,



to Fred. F. Fisher, musical director, and the members of the Apollo Club; to Hon. James A. Connolly; to Miss Ida Scott Taylor; to Prof. James H. Rayhill; to Mr. Geo. B. Balch; to Rev. Charles Austrian; and to the Grand Army of the Republic for use of their Hall.

The feeling was unanimous that, before another annual meeting, a public statement should be made of the causes (heretofore secret) which led to the organization of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, and that we should either discontinue some of our arduous labors or increase the number of our members.

## DIVISION FOURTEENTH.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN.

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Eighth Annual Meeting, and Eighth Lincoln Memorial Service—The Lincoln Guard of Honor Assess Themselves Five Dollars Each to Defray the Expenses—Lincoln Monument Association give Their Assent to the Proposition to Exhume the Body of the President from its Temporary Burial Place and to Bury it Permanently—Programme—Oration by Bishop Seymour—Oration by Hon. W. H. Collins.

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THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
REVERE HOUSE.

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1887, 7:30 o'clock P. M.

## EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Present—Dana, Power, Lindley and Johnson.

Absent—Reece, Wiggins, Conkling, Chapin and McNeill.

All the officers were re-elected for one year, or until their successors are chosen.

G. S. Dana, President.

J. N. Reece, Vice-President.

J. C. Power, Secretary.

J. P. Lindley, Treasurer.

It was mutually agreed that we would observe the twenty-second anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln, April 15th next, as Lincoln Memorial Day, but leave the hour and programme to be determined at a future meeting.

It was also mutually agreed, at the suggestion of Mr. Lindley, by the members present, that with the concurrence of the absent ones, each of our nine members will contribute five dollars to defray the expenses of our Eighth Memorial Service.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

## OUR EIGHTH LINCOLN MEMORIAL SERVICE.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
LELAND HOTEL,  
Tuesday, Mar. 22, 1887, 7:30 o'clock P. M.

## CALLED MEETING.

Present—Dana, Reece, Power, Lindley, Chapin, Wiggins and Johnson.

Absent—McNeill and Conkling.

Minutes of our last, which was our eighth, annual meeting read and approved.

The Secretary reported that, with the approval of President Dana, he had invited Bishop Seymour, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Springfield, to deliver the principal address at our next Lincoln Memorial service, and that the invitation had been accepted.

The Secretary was instructed to send an invitation to Hon. W. H. Collins to deliver the second address on Memorial Day. He was also instructed to extend an invitation to Mrs. E. S. Johnson to read a selection of her own on Memorial Day.

The Secretary reported that he had obtained written consent of every member of the Executive Committee of the Lincoln Monument Association, to have the body of President Lincoln exhumed and buried in the catacomb under the sarcophagus, and the body of Mrs. Lincoln by his side on the east. He had done this in order that The Lincoln Guard of Honor might be relieved of any further care, responsibility or secrecy in the matter. His actions were approved by the members present, and the hope expressed that the re-burial might be accomplished before Memorial Day.

In view of the probability that the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln would be re-buried, making more or less rubbish in and about the catacomb, and to avoid being driven to seek shelter, in the event of the weather being stormy, the Secretary was instructed to prepare a paper, under seal of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, asking for the use of Representative Hall, in the State Capitol, in which to hold our memorial service April 15th. Mr. Wiggins was made a special committee to present the paper and secure the Hall.

It was ascertained that all the members approved the proposition to contribute five dollars each to defray the expenses

of our approaching memorial service. The amounts were to be paid to the Treasurer without further delay.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
LELAND HOTEL,  
Monday, April 8, 1887, 7:30 O'Clock P. M.

#### CALLED MEETING.

Present—Reece, Power, Lindley, Johnson, Chapin, Wiggins and Conkling.

Absent—Dana and McNeill, both out of the State.

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

Secretary reported that Hon. W. H. Callins had accepted the invitation to deliver the second address; that Mrs. Johnson had accepted the invitation to read a selection of her own; and that the use of Representatives Hall had been granted by a vote of the House, to The Lincoln Guard of Honor, for holding our Eighth Memorial Service.

Secretary reported that Rev. Dr. McElroy of the First M. E. Church had been invited to offer the opening prayer, and Rev. Dr. Johnson of the Second Presbyterian Church had been invited to offer the closing prayer and benediction, on Lincoln Memorial Day, and that both had accepted.

The following programme was arranged, and 500 copies ordered to be printed:

#### LINCOLN MEMORIAL DAY.

##### PROGRAMME OF THE EIGHTH MEMORIAL SERVICE,

To be held on the Twenty-second Anniversary of the Death of

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Services will commence at two o'clock, on the afternoon of Friday, April 15, 1887, in Representatives' Hall at the State Capitol, under the direction of

#### THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all citizens, and the strangers who may be sojourning in the city, to be present and unite in the services.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER, - By Rev. N. W. McElroy, D. D., Pastor of the First M. E. Church  
Springfield.

SINGING BY QUARTETTE—"Come Unto Me," - - - *Chandler.*  
Mrs. E. Huntington Henkle, Mrs. Frank W. Wellman, Mr. Frank H. Jones,  
Mr. Chas. S. Crowell.

ADDRESS, - - By the Right Rev. George F. Seymour, S. T. D., LL. D.,  
Bishop of the Diocese of Springfield.

- READING, - - - By Mrs. E. S. Johnson, wife of one of our Members.  
 SOLO—"The Tear," - - - - - *Stigelli.*  
 Mrs. E. Huntington Henke.
- ADDRESS, - By Hon. W. H. Collins, of Quincy, a Member of the Illinois  
 House of Representatives.
- READING, - - - - By Clinton L. Conkling one of our members.  
 A historical paper on the labors of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, in guard-  
 ing against vandal hands the remains of Abraham Lincoln.
- DUET—"Abide With Me," - - - - - *Donizetti.*  
 Mrs. Henkle and Mr. Frank Jones.
- PRAYER AND BENEDICTION, - By Rev. D. S. Johnson, D. D., Pastor of the  
 Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
 MEMORIAL HALL, NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,  
 Thursday, April 14, 1887, 9 o'clock A. M.

## SPECIAL MEETING.

Present—Reece, Power, Lindley, Johnson, Wiggins, Chapin, and Conkling.

Absent—Dana and McNeill.

Arrangements were previously made between The Lincoln Guard of Honor and the Executive Committee of the Lincoln Monument Association, for exhuming and reburying the bodies of President and Mrs. Lincoln. In pursuance of that object, the Secretary of the L. G. of H. sent a written notice of the hour to begin the removal, to each member of the Lincoln Monument Association. The Secretary, as Custodian of the Monument, had previously caused a vault or receptacle to be prepared in the catacomb for the bodies. In addition to our own seven members, and six members of the Monument Association, there were present, our Secretary, being the Custodian of the Monument, and his assistant, Geo. W. Trotter; the sexton or superintendent of Oak Ridge Cemetery, Mr. Meredith Cooper; the undertaker, Mr. Thos. C. Smith, who prepared the body for sepulture when it was put in the Monument in 1871; Leon P. Hopkins, a plumber; J. O. Irwin, the builder of the receptacle in the catacomb, with his mechanics and laborers—in all about twenty persons.

When everything was ready, The Lincoln Guard of Honor led the way to the spot marked B, in the ground plan, where the bodies were exhumed and conveyed to Memorial Hall.

The Lincoln Guard of Honor, in a brief address by Vice President Reece, formally returned the bodies to the Lincoln Monument Association. The Monument Association then and there caused the coffin of President Lincoln to be opened, when the features were identified, beyond a doubt, by every one present who had ever seen him in life. A certificate to that effect was prepared and signed by the six members present of the Lincoln Monument Association.

That terminated what had been for years a sacred trust on the part of The Lincoln Guard of Honor. Under direction of the Lincoln Monument Association, all present joined in conveying the bodies to the catacomb, lowering them into the vault, filling it with concrete, relaying the tessellated marble floor over them, and returning the empty sarcophagus to where it had stood for many years. The Lincoln Guard of Honor then dispersed without formal adjournment, to meet next day at the State Capitol to conduct the Lincoln Memorial Services. A complete history of the removal may be found in the sixth division of this volume.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,  
STATE CAPITOL OF ILLINOIS, HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
Friday, April 15, 1888—2 o'clock P. M.

#### EIGHTH LINCOLN MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Present—Reece, Power, Lindley, Johnson, Chapin and Conkling.

Absent—Dana and McNeill (both out of the State).

Both Houses of the Legislature having adjourned for the day, a large number of the members joined in the services. The weather being remarkably fine, there were many citizens and strangers, both ladies and gentlemen, in attendance.

Precisely at the time for opening, Vice-President Reece, acting master of ceremonies, introduced Rev. N. W. McElroy, D. D., Pastor of the First M. E. Church, Springfield, who offered the following

#### INVOCATION:

Oh, Thou God of the humblest individuals, of all individuals, of all nations and peoples, of all ages of the universe! Thou who art Supreme over all! The King of angels and of men! The holy, just Lord and Ruler of all! Help us to submit to Thy authority, to be obedient to Thy laws, to be loyal to Thy government, to love and serve Thee with perfect hearts and willing minds. Thou hast said, "The

righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," and we gather here to-day in fulfillment of this promise. We thank Thee for Abraham Lincoln. He was Thy gift. We thank Thee for his providential history, for the life of hardship in his earlier years, for the rough discipline of his life conflict; for his sympathy with all humanity and our civil institutions; his oneness with the people; his peerless abilities; his great mind and greater heart; his sterling integrity; his profound common sense; his patriotism; his private virtues and public deeds. "The memory of the *just* is precious." Help us to cherish his memory.

"The lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."

Help us to imitate his virtues, and to cherish the institutions he loved so well, and for the perpetuation of which he gave his life. Forbid, we pray Thee, that in our land should be repeated the history of the nations who have forgotten Thee; that, through our vices, should be forfeited the priceless boon for which Abraham Lincoln died. May we not be unworthy sons of noble sires—the ignoble similitude of fathers who were men in reality, and not the likeness of men without profound convictions and moral character. Help us to foster all those institutions and influences which develop manly character, like that of our martyred leader, whose virtues we celebrate in these Memorial services, and to do all we can to banish from our land every influence of an opposite character. May the heritage of our liberties, God's richest political gift to man, watered by the blood of patriots and martyrs, be perpetuated to the latest generations of men. May "Liberty, fraternity, and equality," in the true and divine sense, become speedily the heritage of all peoples. Preserve our land from civil strife, from foreign war, from plague and pestilence, from drought and famine, and especially preserve us from those vices which are more destroying than all these combined.

Help us to truly appreciate and honor our great and good men; help us to reverence their memories, to prize their virtues, to heed their counsels, to strive to be like them. Perpetuate our civil and social institutions, and may we be indeed a nation whose God is the Lord! Let Thy blessing rest upon the exercises of this hour. Bless the words which may be spoken, accept our praises, forgive our sins, and bring us at last to eternal life, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

The quartette, Mrs. E. Huntington Henkle, Mr. Frank H. Jones, Mrs. F. W. Wellman and Mr. Charles S. Crowell, then chanted

#### COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"The spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that thirsteth come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

#### I.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

## II.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

## III.

Just as I am Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O, Lamb of God, I come, I come! Amen.

Right Rev. George F. Seymour, S. T. D., LL. D., Bishop of the diocese of Springfield, on being introduced, delivered the following

## ORATION:

*Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I am here at the request of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, to address you on this occasion, the anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln.

I come to you from duties multiform and onerous, and I must hasten to a conclusion, because the train will soon be here, which will bear me away to discharge other duties, which await me on the morrow.

I have had no leisure to put on paper what I am about to say to you. I must speak without any special preparation, and I must therefore crave your indulgence, if there should appear that lack of finish in my remarks, which time and labor alone can bestow. Beyond this I have no apology to offer, since I hold that every American citizen should be so conversant with the history of his native land, that he ought to be able, on a moment's notice to give a creditable account of himself on any important subject, or in reference to any illustrious character, to which his attention might be called. Especially should this be the case in regard to him, whose memory we are met to-day to honor.

The years are not so many, nor have we drifted so far away from our civil war but that a large proportion of us, who are assembled here, may be able to recall as a part of our personal experience the recollection of those trying times. It would be more than a thrice told tale to repeat in your hearing the story of Lincoln's life, and the tragic incidents of his death; it would be superfluous to attempt to delineate his character, and mark him off from ordinary men, by exhibiting those qualities and traits, which so eminently fitted him for the position and the trusts to which God called him.

To undertake to do any one or all of these things for the benefit of the younger portion of my audience would now be unnecessary, since competent hands are engaged in preparing for the press memoirs of Lincoln, which in part are already in possession of the public, and which, when completed, will leave scarcely anything to be desired in preserving for the future a faithful and appreciative sketch of his life and services.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the men, who with patient industry are gathering from every available source the reminiscences of others, and with faithful diligence are adding their own stores of personal information, and with graceful pens are moulding the material into a narrative, which from every point of view, accuracy of statement, fullness of detail, and literary excellence, has rarely been surpassed,



Nor again need I tell you how the residence of Lincoln in Springfield has associated our city with places of earlier renown, and made it one of the sacred spots of the United States, of which school children will learn in their geographies and histories, and whither pilgrims will come to visit the home, where Lincoln lived, and the tomb where his body reposes in death. We cannot forget that from this city, *our city*, Abraham Lincoln went forth in 1861, to take the reins of government in the darkest hour of our nation's history, and hold them firmly, and steadily while the storm of civil war prevailed throughout our borders, and until success rested upon our cause, and the preservation of our Union was an assured fact. We cannot forget that God permitted him to live until the clouds were breaking, and then, when he could see the promised land of peace and prosperity not far off, he fell by the assassin's bullet, and when all was over, this city received, amid a nation's tears, his mortal remains as a sacred trust, and holds them under the shelter of a noble monument, in the custody, from the time it was dedicated and down to this hour, of a most loyal, devoted and sympathetic guardian, J. C. Power, Esq.

All this, we say, it would be unnecessary for us to tell you again to-day. You have heard it often before and we may now more profitably address ourselves to lessons useful for the present and the near future, suggested by a brief retrospect of the past crises in our nation's career.

1. Looking upon our country as it presented itself to the eye when first the white man came hither for colonization, it was one vast hunting ground, roved over by comparatively a few Indians. The first struggle was *for possession of the soil*. It seemed unjust on the one hand that the natives should be driven out, and that strangers should come in, but on the other it seems even more unjust that a few savages, less in number probably than the population of Illinois to-day, should hold a continent, not for settled habitation, or cultivation, but simply for hunting or fishing. In the progress of events, we are not urging that the whites dealt fairly by their red brothers, but we are saying that the contest long drawn out settled finally a principle, when our ancestors, after one hundred and fifty years, demonstrated the fact that they came to stay, to reclaim the wilderness, and utilize the resources of the country, the principle, namely, that the earth, to the extent of its ability to sustain man, is meant for his occupation. The Indian wars of our colonial era culminated in a supreme effort made by a warrior statesman, King Philip, at the close of the seventeenth century, two hundred years ago to crush the whites, and drive them out forever. He did his best, he massed the tribes near by, he sought to induce the tribes far off to strike a simultaneous blow, he displayed rare tact and genius. He did his best and failed, and America became the home of the white man. This point was virtually settled then. It had cost our forefathers much more than we can readily imagine or tell. It was a period of continual hostility. The foe was always on their track. He was in ambush by the roadside, in the field, near the meeting house. He came upon the colonists unawares at all hours, and the price of safety was perpetual vigilance. At last the victory was won and the continent was ours.

2. Then came a *second war*, familiarly known as "the French and Indian," because the French associated with themselves the disaffected Indian tribes, and sought to subdue the English settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, and bring the entire country under the dominion of France. The question at issue was, *shall America be English or French*. The French claimed that they were first upon the ground, that they had colonized Canada and established their missions and

trading posts from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and that in consequence all the land was theirs. Their plan was, with their Indian allies, to close in from the north and west and hem the English in between their guns and bayonets and the sea, and so compel them to submit. The English resisted, and with the aid of the mother country in the end made good their resistance, and conquered France, and settled forever the question that this continent was to be dominated by the English and not the French.

3. Out of this war, so happily terminated, arose the differences, which led after a few years to what we familiarly call "The Revolutionary War." The parties were ourselves and that very Mother Country, who had so lately helped us in our conflict with France. England claimed that as she had been put to great expense in equipping armies, and sending them over the ocean to assist us, we ought in all fairness to share in bearing the burden of debt, which the late war had entailed, and accordingly she proceeded without consulting us, and without our consent to lay taxes upon us. The taxes were fairly laid upon articles, which would reach the rich rather than the poor, but the principle involved, *taxation without representation*, aroused the indignation of our ancestors, and for this, and many other grievances, which they recited in the Declaration of Independence, they proclaimed themselves free, and resisted successfully the attempt of Great Britain to coerce them into obedience. The result of this war settled the character of our institutions, as republican, and not monarchical.

4. The Revolutionary war, as concluded by the treaty of Paris in 1783, did not completely set to rest the claims of Britain over us. She yielded the land, but she would not give up the sea. She asserted her right, despite our flag was flying at the mast head, to board our ships, and search for English sailors, and if she found, as she supposed, any such, to drag them from our decks, and impress them into her service.

The war of 1812, which lasted three years, *vindicated for us our rights upon the ocean as well as upon the land*, and so our independence complete and entire was secured.

5. The Mexican war involved the issue, whether *we would enlarge our borders beyond the limits of our original territory*, secured to us by our success in the Revolutionary struggle, and acquired by purchase from France. The result was in the affirmative, and our southwestern frontier was advanced far into what had been the Mexican domain by the addition of California to our Republic.

6. We cannot give too much praise to the statesmen, who framed our constitution. Considering the school in which they had learned their politics, resistance to the encroachments of centralized power from Great Britain. Considering the environment by which they were surrounded in their friends and allies, the Frenchmen of that day on their march to anarchy, it is indeed wonderful that they elaborated an instrument so conservative and admirable in its provisions. The surprise is that there is so little to criticize. There was one element in our corporate system, which, whatever may have been the individual opinions and preferences of the makers of our constitution, they were unable to eliminate, that element was slavery. It was evil in itself and evil in its consequences, but it was everywhere. It existed in every State from New Hampshire to Georgia. It had been introduced in colonial days, and represented a large amount of what men were pleased to call "property." It would have been impracticable to legislate it out of existence, or ignore it; it must be recognized negatively, if not positively in spite of its absolute inconsistency with the emphatically avowed principles of our Declaration of In-

dependence. Accordingly it was born with our birth as a nation, and after irritating our system from our infancy up until we were more than three score years and ten old, it involved us in our latest and most distressing war, most distressing, because it was a war *between brethren*.

We need not trace the causes which led up to this most fearful outbreak. We hoped, we trusted, we prayed that it might not come, but when the flag of our country was dishonored at Fort Sumter, the great mass of the people in the north were united as one man, and Springfield sent forth her Lincoln, to be President of the United States, just as the shock of the conflict began. How heroic he was, how strong, how gentle and patient, because he was so strong, how wise and sensible and well balanced we all very well know. It seemed as if God had raised him up to be our leader at this supreme exigency in our nation's career. We feel, some of us, if he had been spared that the delicate task of reconstruction would have been conducted on broader, sounder principles, and that wounds would have sooner healed and fraternal comity have been sooner restored.

As it is, *we are one people now*. Slavery is gone, the poison is expelled from our system. Our constitution has been amended, history has fixed its meaning on vital issues, which once divided us. It seems as though we were destined to live on as a happy, united nation, but we must not suppose that all perils are past, that all perplexing questions are settled. This in the nature of things cannot be. We are advancing with too rapid strides in every element of growth to lead an easy, indolent life, free from care and responsibility, and possibly from struggle. Already we are in the midst of social problems, which may assume, ere we are aware of it, proportions and relations perilous, not only to our political fabric, but to our families and homes. They involve the relation of capital and labor, and deeper than this they reach to the very foundations of social and domestic life.

The watchword, we may say, of this country is *labor*. Our immense resources are yet, comparatively speaking, undeveloped. We have still thousands of square miles to appropriate and occupy, forests to fell, cities to build, railroads to construct, mines to dig, ships to launch, besides providing supplies for the millions of population already dwelling on our soil. Our land invites the immigrant to come here and labor, with the promise of ample remuneration for his toil. In response, they have come in great numbers, and are still pouring in with ever-increasing volume. We welcome them, for the most part, heartily, because they form a valuable contribution to our nation, and we have to thank them for having furnished us with some of our foremost men in every sphere of life. But with this most respectable and useful class of immigrants, there comes to our shores *the scum of European cities*, the outcasts of society, whose hearts are full of hate for order, and society, and government of whatever name; whose hands are against every man; who make war on all settled institutions—on marriage, on home, and on family life; who are the foes of property, and courts of justice, and penal restraints; who impiously say there is no God—the anarchists, the communists, the nihilists, the atheists. The danger lies not simply in these men coming to our soil to dwell; it is not simply the poison of their presence and the contagion of their example and speech which we have reason to dread, but it is that we speedily incorporate them into our system, we take the virus into our national blood, by giving them the franchise. Other nations do not thus imperil their safety, nay, their very existence, by allowing the avowed enemies of God and the Bible, and marriage, and home, and the oath, and the bonds which hold mankind together, by allowing them, I say, to vote, and hold office, and, as far as they can, control the State for

its destruction, and not for its preservation. Here lies our present peril, and we are wise if we arouse ourselves to its threatening aspect. Whenever the relations of society are strained, as now labor and capital seem to be arrayed against each other, in murmurs, and sporadic acts of violence, and strikes, anarchy takes advantage of the occasion as its opportunity, and seeks to make matters worse, and rejoices in iniquity. It shelters itself often under organizations, which, in their avowed aims, seem beneficent. It labors to poison the minds of children with its diabolical teaching, and corrupt the morals of women by its infamous suggestions.

This seems to be the lesson of the day and of the hour, my friends. It needs the wisdom, and prudence, and patience, and firmness, and gentleness of a Lincoln to grapple successfully with such a problem as this. May these virtues be granted to us as a people, and the strength to use them in such wise as to quell sedition and every evil work, and make us dwell together in unity and safety.

Let me congratulate The Lincoln Guard of Honor and, through them, the city of Springfield that, in the providence of God, Lincoln belongs to this city. Here he won his earlier laurels as a lawyer and a politician. From this place he went forth, with your plaudits and prayers, to assume the duties of the presidential office in the most trying hour of our country's need; thither his body, cold in death, was borne back, amid your tears, to rest in your lovely cemetery until the resurrection. Stars of smaller magnitude fade, and are lost to sight as we recede in distance. So with men of lesser note, years obscure them, as we drift away from them in time. Springfield has its star, whose lustre will never be dimmed and whose light will never go out, in the possession of one of America's best and greatest sons—Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. Edward S. Johnson then read the poem by H. H. Brownell, entitled

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

16. How, from gray Niagara's shore  
To Canaveral's surly shoal,—  
From the rough Atlantic roar  
To the long Pacific roll;  
For bereavement and for dole,  
Every cottage wears its weed,  
White as thine own pure soul,  
And black as the traitor deed.
17. How, under a nation's pall,  
The dust so dear in our sight,  
To its home on the prairie passed  
The leagues of funeral;  
The myriads morn and night,  
Pressing to look their last.
18. And, me thinks, of all the million  
That looked on the dark dead face,  
Neath its sable plumed pavillion,  
The crone of a humbler race,  
Is saddest of all to think on,  
And the old swart lips that said,  
Abraham Lincoln, oh! he is dead.

For the remainder of the foregoing poem see page 162.

Mrs. E. Huntington Henkle then sang,

#### THE TEAR.

When grief and anguish press me down,  
And hope and comfort flee,  
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,  
And stay my heart on Thee;  
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,  
And stay my heart on Thee.

When death invades my peaceful home;  
The sunder'd ties shall be  
A closer bond in time to come,  
To bind my heart to Thee,  
To bind, to bind, to bind my heart to Thee.

Lord, not my will, but Thine be done!  
My soul from sin set free,  
Her faith shall anchor at Thy throne,  
And trust alone in Thee.

When grief and anguish press me down,  
And hope and comfort flee,  
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,  
I cling, I cling, and stay my heart on Thee;  
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,  
I cling, and stay my heart on Thee.

Hon. William H. Collins, of Quincy, Illinois, on being introduced, taking for his subject, the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered the following

#### ORATION.

The builder of the planet upreared vast mountain ranges, upon whose shoulders the continents repose. Here and there some lofty cone towers above the wilderness of pine and granite, in such majestic grandeur, that its outlines can only be measured from an extended perspective. Nations crystalize about great men. In some crisis, a man arises, the magnitude of whose accomplishments and the grandeur of whose character, can only be measured from the standpoint of universal history. Only as we comprehend the stupendous drama of which he was the guiding genius and inspiration, can we appreciate his personal gifts and the service he wrought for the world. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. He not only served his nation but the cause of civilization and mankind.

A rational philosophy of history is based upon the conception of an intelligent plan underlying the growth of society and the development of the race.

All the phenomena of history are the exhibits of an evolution from lower to higher forms. The rise and fall of empires contribute to progress. Out of the crucibles in which nations have been reduced to ashes some residuum comes to fertilize and enrich the future. Through the ages with their shifting scenes of action and reaction, runs a definite purpose. Society reaches toward its climax. Civilization is impatient of the existing conditions of ignorance, disorder and injustice. Far off, though it may be, the trend of historic forces is toward universal self-government, luminous with wisdom, founded in rightousness and administered in a spirit of love. Only as we recognize this stream of tendency which leads to the

"One far off divine event

To which the whole creation moves,"

can we appreciate the genius and service of him who for a time may have directed its forces.

The problem of modern civilization is the maintenance of democracy or self-government among groups of men in the harmony of a federal system. Abraham Lincoln's crowning service was the solution of this problem. What, then, is the principle, its history and his connection with it?

The individual is best governed who governs himself in righteousness. The state is best governed which is self-governed in justice. Such government is freedom regulated by law. The law which limits, protects freedom. For ages, war has been the common condition of mankind. The military type of civilization has prevailed. Tribal organizations, states, kingdoms, empires have ever held themselves ready for conflict. Though in some nations great men have arisen who were men of genius in art, literature and politics, none ever learned how to hold self-governing groups together as a whole. The political experiments of the states of Greece, brilliant as their partial civilization was, were failures in federation, both from their inherent incapacity for self-government, and from pressure from without.

The Roman Empire consolidated many provinces with an apparent success, but it was a central government at the expense of self-government in the provinces. It was centralization at the cost of local freedom. The central government was a close corporation, which did everything in its own interest. When the temple of Janus was closed, "Pax Romana" meant repression or absorption and the destruction of local liberty. The ecclesiastical authority which, in an unholy partnership with the civil power, sought the control of the European States during the middle ages, adopted the policy of the Empire, and everywhere repressed both civil and religious freedom.

The government of diverse groups by representation and combined in a central government with a written constitution, was the invention of the English-speaking people. Their insular position, protecting them from the interference of contiguous nations, while they made their political experiments, made it possible. But the law of evolution demanded a stage commensurate with the magnitude of the problem. It was provided, America was discovered. Spain with her incapacity to conceive of self-government much less establish self-governing colonies sank with her "invincible armada," and ceased to be a menace to civilization. France with despotic theories of government was driven from the new world by the victory of Wolfe before Quebec. This was the most significant event of the 18th century. It was followed by great historic results. A virgin territory of vast extent was secured for the use of the people, who alone thus far in history, had

shown a capacity for self-government. A vast ocean lay like a moat about the land, so that people jealous of new ideas and not in sympathy with free forms of government, could not interfere. A few savages only were to be brushed away from the advancing frontier. A fertile soil and bountiful harvests, with peace, gave the people leisure for the study of the art of government and experiments with this principle.

The war with the mother country was unlike the war which ended with the victory of Wolfe (a war of two people with antagonistic ideas), it was a war sustained by a part of the English people in behalf of principles time has shown to be equally dear to all. It left the people absolutely free to try the experiment of Federal government. This principle is, that States have exclusive jurisdiction in their local affairs, while, upon the questions of common concern between groups of States, decisions shall be reached by the legislation of the central government represented by States and by the whole people. It is only by this principle that it is possible to hold together groups of men spread over vast areas, with diverse local interests, in orderly and peaceful relations, without a sacrifice of their freedom. The adoption of this principle, and the working of it into the Constitution of the Government, was the most perfect piece of constructive statesmanship the world ever saw. Gladstone might well say: "The American Constitution is, as far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

As it was the task of the fathers of the Republic to inaugurate this principle, it became the work of Lincoln to carry it through a crucial and exhaustive test.

He could not have had a grander opportunity or a more conspicuous theater of action. It would seem that the institution of slavery was introduced into this country by Providence, so that the Federal principle might be subjected to a supreme trial. Only such an interest could ever have inspired eleven States with a supreme devotion to the heresy of "States Rights." This enlisted their pride of patriotism and the consecration of their religion. For this they organized their entire military power as a unit. For this they organized all the moral and physical power of caste prejudice, intensified by the strongest possible contrasts of color and physical feature, deepened by the intellectual and moral debasement of centuries of barbarism.

These States had been governed by men who for long years had a definite and determined policy of nationalizing slavery, with secession and the overthrow of the Federal principle as the alternative. They held close economic relations to England and hoped for her naval support. Even among his closest advisers, there were those who were in doubt about the right of coercion of a State by the central government. It was somewhat of a problem whether the great mass of the people would fight for the principle. There never was a greater problem or a severer task. Yet Mr. Lincoln organized the moral and material resources of the country, beyond all the precedents of history, and achieved an absolute victory.

Many ardent haters of slavery were impatient with him because he put the maintenance of the Union first. Time has shown his deeper wisdom. The destruction of slavery was incidental. He knew that if the Union was preserved, with the principle of local self-government, emancipation would be the sure result. Emancipation was a priceless blessing. But more vitally interwoven into the very fiber of the national life was this principle of Union, with local independence. Would it be overthrown by the first serious social problem it had to meet, or would it be an example of a successful experiment in self-government to other ages and all lands?

If the adoption of this principle is essential to freedom, peace and the highest civilization, then the war, terrible as it was, was worth, to the nation and the world, the blood and treasure of generations. Mr. Lincoln so believed. He believed that victory, so purchased, would be the earnest of the future peace and freedom of mankind. As expressive of his theory of the war, and of his belief that this principle was the issue, what more conclusive than his own words of matchless eloquence on the battlefield of Gettysburg:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In his letter to Mr. Greeley he said: "My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. I intend no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere might be free."

The victory of this principle in its supreme test, marks an epoch in history. As the ages recede, it will be more and more sharply defined. And he who guided its progress and made it triumphant, will be the man of the epoch.

When there is to be a marked movement of progress, Providence always raises a man for the task. Such an one was the Semitic genius who came up out of the swamps of the Nile, to organize a swarm of slaves into a nation. Such was Socrates—out of his poverty enriching the world as the father of intellectual life. Such was the carpenter's Son—who established the spiritual republic of God, with liberty and love as its law. Such was Luther—who broke the shackles which despotism forged for the human intellect. Such was Shakespeare—who translated the world's wisdom into matchless song and filled it with music. Such was Washington—who organized peasants into armies, and won the victories of progress and of peace. Such was Lincoln—solving the profoundest problem of civilization and touching with the heaven of peace and freedom the life of the race. For I do not doubt that as self-government in righteousness is the highest law of the individual life, so self-government in justice, among the nations, is the highest law of national life. Evolution working by this principle and under the Divine direction, justifies the expectation that the nations of the earth will yet disband their armies and abandon the military for the industrial type of civilization. Disputes will not be settled by war. The wage of battle will be as obsolete between nations as between individuals. International questions will be settled by federal tribunals. Their decisions will be sustained by the public opinion of the world.

All possible groups of men developed to the self-governing grade, will combine under federal systems and attain the largest possible life. The wonderful weapons of modern warfare, the immense structures of military art on land and sea, will be gazed on with wonder as the monuments of a civilization long passed away. As history develops along this line towards this consummation; above the levels of common humanity, across the intervening distances of history, the service and fame of Lincoln, will stand out in glorious majesty as the mountain



stands out from the interminable forests, its grand lines clearly defined and its sublime peak, by day, bright with the splendor of the sun; at night crowned with the stars!

Emerson says, that when the Architect of the Universe has points to carry in his government he expresses himself in the structure of minds.

I shall briefly allude to Mr. Lincoln's personal endowments.

He had the power of seeing truth with the clearness of absolute vision. He saw principles in their profoundest and largest relations. As the eye is made for light, his mind was made to comprehend truth. Truth was to him

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

In his earliest intellectual awakening, the theorems of Euclid were his favorite study. The mental exercise of solving these by original solution, was to him a sort of creative ecstasy. I saw him once when the simple statement of a scientific truth new to him, kindled him with child-like enthusiasm, which flashed in his eye and suffused his face with a radiant glow. His humor was the relief which comes in waving and undulatory lines to a mind which first sees things with absolute directness, on "the shortest line between two points." He relished stories because they were diagrams which pictorially illustrated truth. To him all visible things were language. He saw through things to principles. When the politician wove his sophistries and delusions to tangle the public mind for the sake of cheap and temporary results, he cut through to the fundamental principle. So he showed the difference between a politician and statesman. As a bee, guided by divine instinct over all the fields, gathers its treasure; so he, amid all the illusions, confusions, sophistries, passionate enthusiasms, party cries and tangling subtleties could ever discern the truth. A lie or a sophism was revolting to his soul. The spirit of truth led him upward to the loftiest elevation and clearest atmosphere of intellectual life, as in Dante's great poem, the poet is led by the gentle and sainted Beatrice, who comes from heaven to be his help; and through all the ascents of paradise, interprets for him all truth and leads him from star to star.

He had also the prophetic quality of mind. The logical and prophetic gift are closely associated, if not one. The intellect which sees truth in its absolute relations sees equally its logical applications, hence it sees not only its relations to the present, but to the future. Like Moses, Mahomet, and others, he had the prophetic preparation. Great heroes come out of the wilderness to society; not out of universities. The loftiest peak rests on invisible pillars in the common earth. Genius comes from the common people. Epochal heroes come from the life of the shepherd and the frontiersman. Face to face with themselves and with God in nature, they learn the heart of God and the heart of man, and can speak from one to the other. In solitude, great souls are visited with great thoughts and become conscious of a mission to men. As the Hebrew came down from the mount, his face luminous with the reflected light of the mysterious theophany he had witnessed, Lincoln came from the rude wilds of the Sangamon, with the light of a divine vision in his soul. He had met face to face, the triune theophany of eternal *truth, justice and love*. Henceforth, his life was under the spell of a sublime consecration. Henceforth, he felt the sovereignty of conscience. Right and wrong rose up in his mind in sharp and eternal contrast. Without any subtleties of philosophy he appealed to the moral sense and the common sense of the people, assailing wrong with a terrible earnestness. He seemed to have no personal ends. Fortune, honor, fame, was nothing. Truth, right, justice, was everything. And so when his greatest task began, he seemed only to seek to establish

in the hearts of the people a love for the federal union with all its implications of justice and liberty. His grasp of the real issue, his prophetic vision of results, his lucid analysis, his axiomatic statement, his elevation of thought, the overmastering energy of his large and magnetic nature, gathered men about him as a leader. He loved men as men. No splendor of position, advantage of relation, persistence or plausibility of claim, could blind him to absolute justice. His insight pierced to the heart of things and men. The hearts of men were his books. Events were his instructors. To the mass of men, the stars are stars and nothing more. Kepler climbed the ladder of their rays and read their secret, the law of their life and motion. To Lincoln, men were not mere units and nothing more, but personal centers of thought, passion, joy, hope, aspiration and despair, and he entered into sympathy with them. His heart was timed to beat with the heart of mankind, and so he lived and thought and wrought for man as man. Like a bugle blast sounding a charge, was his utterance on the eve of the war. Uttered at this Capitol, they make it seem as Holy Ground. "The doctrine of self-government is right, absolutely and eternally right. When the white man governs himself, that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government, that is despotism."

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature, opposition to it in his love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism. I object to it (the Nebraska Law), because it assumes this, that there can be right in the enslavement of one man by another. I object to it as a dangerous dalliance for a free people; a sad evidence that, feeling prosperity, we forget right; that liberty, as a principle, we have ceased to revere."

"Our republican robe is soiled and trailed in the dust. Let us repurify it, let us turn and wash it white in the spirit, if not in the blood, of the revolution. Let us turn slavery from its claims of moral right back upon its existing legal rights and its arguments of necessity. Let us re-adopt the Declaration of Independence and practices and policies which harmonize with it. If we do this, we shall not only save the Union, but we shall have so saved it as to make and keep it forever worthy of the saving. We shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free, happy people the world over shall rise up and call us blessed to the latest generations."

These words will be wisdom and music while the ages come and go. Like diamonds gathered in the fields of thought by the thinker from the wilderness, polished to exquisite perfection by the touch of his genius, they will shine and sparkle in the diadem of his fame forever.

Mr. Lincoln had the gift of wisdom. Men may have much knowledge but no wisdom. He had the highest genius for statesmanship—common sense. It was this common sense which, in the babel of many voices, the fury and confusion of war, could ever detect the "still small voice" of wisdom. He saw, as a fundamental principle, that a policy, to succeed, must have the support of public opinion. It was this common sense which, beyond other gifts, helped him to solve the problem. He had to direct the unwise zeal of friends and the jealousy of rivals, the treason of covert enemies and schemes of foreign nations, while he encountered the most persistent and powerfully organized military force of all time. He had to harmonize all varieties of opinion—love for the Union, hatred for slavery. He had to repress anti-slavery zeal. He had to yield doubtful points and gain the advantages of compromise without concessions of principle. He comprehended the temper and prejudices of the people, and led them while he seemed to follow.

To the over-zealous, he seemed slow. To the conservative, rash. Those who thought only of emancipation feared, at times, that he was disloyal to liberty. He knew that premature action in the direction of emancipation would cripple his armies. A logical result of the struggle, he knew it could abide its time. The exquisite delicacy of adjustment of his policy to the development of public sentiment, under the stern tutelage of war, will ever challenge the admiration of mankind. He followed it, yet he led it. He restrained it, yet he nourished it. He curbed it, yet he crowned it. In relation to which we may apply the simile of the poet:

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto man is woman.  
Though she bends him, she obeys him?  
Though she draws him, yet she follows."

He was, in the largest sense, a religious man. Loyalty to the law of rectitude and love is the consummate and perfect flower of religion. He sought absolute harmony with his environment. Not that he accepted, as a complete explanation of life, the tenets of any sect, but he had that absolute loyalty to the Highest which transcends creeds and forms.

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be."

He walked with God. He was so much larger than other men that, in his highest, he needed God for a companion. All the world's greatest men have had a reverent spirit and believed that the Supreme mind worked and spake through them. Lincoln felt, with reverent awe, that he was an instrument of the divine purpose. So absolute was his loyalty that the perfection and strength of his action was one with the lift of the tides and the roll of the world. Under his grand life was ever the solid earth; over it, the arch of the infinite heaven. He stood firmly on the one; he looked steadfastly into the other. When deputations of good men, representing their orders or sects, presented to him their measures of duty and their standards of action, he listened; but all the while, at the other end of the line, he was in converse with God as his chosen son, and from whom, in the confidence of mutual trust, he received his commissions. What finer scorn and fiery moral anger than his at the slightest hint of unfaith. "There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery our black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so, I would deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe."

It sometimes seems that Mr. Lincoln was not an actual character, but an incarnation or embodiment of the nation's spirit and life. If at any period during the war, the question had been asked, how does the loyal element of the nation feel? What does it seek? What is its spirit? The answer would have been found in his mind and heart. As the nation thought, he thought; and as it felt, he felt; he was timed to its spirit and in affinity with its inmost secret. The North was not warlike by nature, nor was he; it shrank from prosecuting the war, but it conscientiously persisted to the end; so did he. He was the key to the war. He moderated passion, and kept pity and humanity at the front. He was not rigid in discipline, for the army was fighting its own battles.

With charity for all and malice toward none he fought with his great heart brooding over the whole nation, and with tears of love and compassion for both

sides. Civil wars are generally vindictive. He was tender hearted and had infinite patience. He looked upon all men in weakness or in wrong, with a pity, profound to the degree of melancholy.

Helen of Argo had such universal beauty that everybody felt related to her. There was significance in the popular expression, "Father Abraham." The nation felt for him filial affection. While the dutiful sons fought for the integrity of the home, it was only a question of time, when the foolish prodigals, their heritage wasted, would come to themselves and return.

With as strong an arm as ever struck for the right; with as clear an eye as ever took in this world; with as keen an eye and just a judgment as ever weighed human life; with as pure a heart as ever throbbed with human sympathy; he saved his nation, freed the slaves, established the principle on which alone the nations of the earth can dwell in peace and freedom, and so solved the problem of civilization.

The man by whose monument we stand has been lifted by his service and character up out of a single nation's homage and love. He belongs to mankind. The granite will crumble. The beautiful and eloquent bronzes will vanish under the touch of time and change; but the beauty of his devotion, the grandeur of his service and the exaltation of his life will forever hold the heart of mankind, and no shadow will ever dim the splendor of his fame.

Clinton L. Conkling, one of our members, then read a brief historical paper on the labors of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, in guarding against any further attempts that might be made to steal the body of Abraham Lincoln. A full history of the attempt that was made, is recorded in the sixth division of this volume, beginning on page seventy-five.

Mrs. E. Huntington Henkle and Mr. Frank H. Jones, then sang the duet

#### ABIDE WITH ME.

##### I.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

##### II.

Swift to the close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O, thou who changest not, abide with me!

##### III.

I need Thy presence each passing hour,  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

## IV.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. D. S. Johnson, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, was on the programme, but sickness prevented his being present. Rev. Francis Springer, on being invited to do so, offered the following very appropriate

## PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Our Father who art in Heaven, to Thee is our thought in reverend words of worship. We thank Thee for this auspicious occasion which awakens in us the memory of the innumerable and rich blessings with which Thou hast favored us and the land wherein Thou hast given us inheritance.

Thou, O God, dost wisely and beneficently hold sceptre over the nations. With sincere and devout thanksgiving we gladly accept the truth that Thou art our God, the Father of this National Republic, the most equitable, humane, and beloved government on earth.

In all the trying experiences of this Nation, Thou, Heavenly Father, hast raised up able, brave, upright and patriotic men to lead in statesmanship, to command the armies, land to give their lives if required, for the deliverance of the Nation and to perpetuate political and religious liberty and equal rights among men. We thank Thee for the bright galaxy of heroic and virtuous characters which adorn the pages of our history;—for the Washington who broke the sword of the oppressor and led on our forefather's to National independence;—for the Abraham Lincoln whose gentle, courageous and wise spirit inspired his countrymen to preserve and continue the National Union which their fathers had begun, and to widen the area of freedom.

O, Dear Father in heaven, be Thou always our shepherd. May Thy presence never cease, as a conscious and precious influence in the minds of all our people, to the end that, with increasing generations, they may be increasingly upright and loyal to Thy throne; and that this christian country—land of the free and home of the brave,—may ever be the morning star of hope and happiness to all the world.

And unto Thee, Divine Parent, be due homage, obedience and love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,

AT THE LELAND HOTEL,

Friday, April 22, 1887, 8 o'clock P. M.

Present—Reece, Power, Lindley, Johnson, Wiggins, Chapin and Conkling.

Absent—Dana and McNeill, both out of the State.

Vice-President Reece called the meeting to order.

Reading of minutes of last meeting, which was our eighth Lincoln Memorial Day, was dispensed with.

All bills for expenses connected with our last memorial service, amounting to \$45, were audited and ordered to be paid.

Adjourned.

J. C. POWER, *Secretary*.

### THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,

LELAND HOTEL, Monday, Feb. 13, 1888—8 o'clock P. M.,

(Sunday, the 12th, being the Anniversary.)

### NINTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Present—Dana, Reece, Power, Lindley, Johnson and Wiggins.

Absent—McNeill, at his home in Oskaloosa, Iowa; Chapin, at his home in Jacksonville, Illinois; Conkling, at his home in this city, convalescing after sickness.

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

On motion of J. C. Power, it was

*Resolved*, That the entire nine members—Gustavus S. Dana, Jasper N. Reece, John Carroll Power, Joseph P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, James F. McNeill, Noble B. Wiggins, Horace Chapin and Clinton L. Conkling—be, and they are hereby elected a board of directors, to serve one year, or until their successors are chosen.

The board of directors proceeded to organize by reëlecting the outgoing officers for one year, or until their successors are chosen. The election resulted in the choice of

G. S. Dana, President.

J. N. Reece, Vice-President.

J. C. Power, Secretary.

J. P. Lindley, Treasurer.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of our Society, after the attempt of demons in human form to steal the body of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, that they might, by the possession of it, extort gain, having, at the suggestion of an officer of the Lincoln Monument Association, first made the remains temporarily secure,

we organized under the laws of the State of Illinois as The Lincoln Guard of Honor, that we might more effectually guard against any further attempts that might be made by vandal hands to rob his tomb; and

WHEREAS, It was obviously indispensable that we should shield the real objects of our origination from the public as the only sure way of accomplishing them, for that reason one of them was made to institute and maintain memorial services on the anniversaries of his birth and death; and

WHEREAS, We have eight times, from 1880 to 1887, inclusive, arranged for and conducted, on the anniversary of his death, each, an increasingly beautiful and impressive memorial service, so that the day has become known as Lincoln Memorial Day; and

WHEREAS, The exhuming of the body of President Lincoln, by The Lincoln Guard of Honor, from the grave where they had secretly buried it years before, and delivering it, April 14, 1887, to the Lincoln Monument Association, before whom it was identified, as attested by a large number of witnesses, and the burial of it with that of his wife, in our presence, in a receptacle prepared under the supervision of our Secretary (as the Custodian of the monument), and encasing them in concrete six by five feet and a half, and eight feet long, with a wall one foot and a half thick of hard burned brick, laid in Portland cement, around that, making the whole equal to a solid mass of stone six feet deep, eight and a half feet wide and eleven feet long, terminates our labors and responsibilities; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the directors and officers elected at this meeting, being for one year or until their successors are chosen, we will consider their term of office perpetual, if there is not another election; that we will retain our organization under its corporate name as long as there is a member living, and will meet for social or other purposes on the call of any two members, or on the death of a member, as it was, early in our history, mutually agreed that upon the death of any member, the survivors will act as pall-bearers.

*Resolved*, That we will not again conduct Lincoln Memorial Services, but will leave that to the citizens, or to a new society under another name, and we will heartily join, as citizens, on any Lincoln Memorial Day that they may inaugurate.

*Resolved*, That our Secretary be, and he is hereby instructed, to have a neat casket made, of sufficient size to contain our record book, certificate of incorporation, seal and press, gavel made of live oak from the steam ship of war Kearsarge, crimson silk velvet collar covered with patriotic emblems in gold, sent to our Secretary by friends of Lincoln in California, as a mark of their approval of his efforts as Custodian to protect the tomb from desecration, and any papers that it may be desirable to preserve—put all in the casket and keep it in Memorial Hall of the National Lincoln Monument, that they may be left there as mementoes when we cease to use them. On the death of any member, it shall be the duty of any surviving member or members to see that the fact is entered on our record book.

On motion of J. P. Lindley, it was resolved that we now adjourn.

J. C. POWER, *Secretary*.

## DIVISION FIFTEENTH.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

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Before closing the account of our labors, it is thought to be no more than is due to all parties that a brief, individual statement concerning each of our members should be placed upon record; therefore the following sketches are prepared, beginning with our President.

## GUSTAVUS SULLIVAN DANA.

Gustavus S. Dana was born October 3, 1839, at Hartford, Connecticut, his parents having, not long previous, moved there from Worcester county, Massachusetts.

From some time in the first half of the seventeenth century, the name of Dana has been quite numerous in the New England States, and is borne by many men distinguished for literary, scientific and professional attainments. They were patriots also; many of them served their country in diplomacy, statesmanship, or as soldiers. Mr. Joshua Hill, the maternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was a soldier in the Revolutionary army from the colony of Massachusetts. He served under General Sullivan, which fact is commemorated in the christian name of Mr. Dana.

G. S. Dana came to Illinois with his father's family in 1855, and served an apprenticeship of three years to the trade of a machinist, in Springfield. He returned to Hartford in 1858, and was quietly working at his trade when the rebellion opened. He enlisted there, April 18, 1861, in the First Regiment Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, for three months. At the end of that term of service, he again enlisted in the Sixth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry for three years. In that regiment he became sergeant-major, second lieutenant and first lieutenant. Lieutenant Dana was promoted March 3, 1863, to captain in the Signal Corps of the United States



Army. He served in that position until September 21, 1864, when, in consequence of failing health, he resigned.

Gustavus S. Dana and Miss Alice Overand were married, July 12, 1864, at Hartford, Conn. In October, 1865, they moved to Springfield, Illinois, where he was engaged in mercantile business twenty-two years, until the spring of 1887. From the autumn of 1887, for about one year, he was superintendent of one of the numerous coal mines in and about Springfield.

Always taking a deep interest in military affairs, while engaged in mercantile pursuits Mr. Dana found time to serve as Inspector-General of the Second Brigade of the Illinois National Guard from 1874 to 1881, inclusive, and is now, 1889, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Brigade. Mr. and Mrs. Dana have not any children. They reside in Springfield, Illinois.

Mr. Dana was one of the nine men who assembled in Memorial Hall of the National Lincoln Monument, February 12, 1880, and there organized The Lincoln Guard of Honor. That day he was elected President, and, by reflections, has been continued in office to the present time. It is part of his nature to be prompt in the discharge of every duty connected with anything he undertakes. He has been our only President, and unless there is a change not now contemplated, he will remain so for life.

#### JASPER NEWTON REECE.

Jasper N. Reece was born April 30, 1841, at Abingdon, Knox county, Illinois. At the age of fourteen years both his parents died, leaving him to take his chances for acquiring an education in the common schools of the State.

When the call was made by President Lincoln, in April, 1861, for 75,000 volunteers to aid in suppressing the slaveholders' rebellion, the quota of Illinois was quickly filled, leaving thousands of men ready to battle for their country. Young Reece, with others, went to Missouri, where the people were not so loyal, and there enlisted in a regiment for that State. In May, 1864, he became captain of Co. C, 138th Illinois Volunteers, in which he served until October 14, 1864, when he was mustered out with an honorable discharge.

September 19, 1861, Jasper N. Reece was married to Miss M. J. Allen, at Abingdon, Illinois. They have three children. The eldest, Edwin A. Reece, is married. He is connected with the Northern Pacific Express Company, and is located at Phillipsburg, Montana. The other son, Roy R., and daughter, Cora, reside with their parents.

In 1871 Mr. Reece was elected first assistant clerk in the House of Representatives of the 27th General Assembly of Illinois. From 1873 to 1879 he acted as chief clerk in the office of Secretary of State, under Col. George H. Harlow, who was twice elected for four years each term. Mr. Reece served as chief clerk in the office of U. S. Marshal for the Southern District of Illinois, from July, 1880, until January, 1883. He was private secretary to Governor John M. Hamilton from January, 1883, to January, 1885.

Having a fondness for military life, early in 1877, Mr. Reece became a member of Battery B, in the Illinois National Guard. In July, that year, he was promoted to Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, on the staff of General Erastus N. Bates, commanding the Second Brigade. In that position he assisted in suppressing the riots at East St. Louis in July, 1877.

In November following General Bates resigned, and Colonel Reece was promoted Brigadier General, to fill the vacancy, his commission dating November 26, 1877.

Gen. Reece was ordered by the Governor of Illinois to East St. Louis, on the breaking out of the strike by the railroad operatives in April, 1886. For six weeks he held the reins with such a firm hand as to bring order out of the wildest confusion, without firing a gun.

When The Lincoln Guard of Honor was organized, Gen. J. N. Reece was elected Vice President, and by continuous re-elections has held the office to the present time—1889—and will doubtless do so as long as he lives. He retains his farming interests in Warren county. He is also interested in coal mining near the city of Springfield, Illinois, where he resides.

## JOHN CARROLL POWER.

My grandfather, Joseph Power, was the youngest of seven brothers, who were all soldiers from Loudon county, Virginia, in the patriot army during the American Revolution. His second son, John Power, was born in Loudon county in 1787. When he was six years of age the family moved, in 1793, to what became Fleming county, Kentucky.

The Power family were among the earliest colonists in Virginia, and were quite numerous in the counties of Loudon and Norfolk. Rev. F. D. Power, of Washington, D. C., who was chaplain of the U. S. House of Representatives during the administration of President Garfield, is a native of the latter county. He came to Springfield a few years ago, and in an



Power.

interview, we, from various causes, came to the conclusion that we were both descendants of the same early colonists. But at what time the family came from Europe, neither of us have any knowledge. From him I learned that the accompanying COAT OF ARMS was brought from Ireland by the earliest emigrants of the name, and has been in possession of the descendants for generations. Not being versed in heraldry, I do not know the significance of it, but insert it here as a family curiosity. Other accounts of the Power family say, that with a little different spelling, the name came to England with William the Conqueror, and was taken to Ireland with some military expedition. There are families of the same name in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Some of them spell it Powers. We who adhere to the shortest orthography, believe that ours was the original, and that others have carelessly permitted the addition of the letter s, for it seems easier for the average citizen to say Powers than Power.

I was one of the original movers in organizing the Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. As a common sense precaution, each applicant for membership is required to furnish documentary evidence that one or more of

his ancestors aided in some way to achieve the Independence of the United States of America. When a boy, I heard my grandfather, hundreds of times, relate incidents of his army life but he had no record of it so far as I knew. To what extent the Government kept a record, I was not informed. In February, 1890, I wrote to Hon. Wm. M. Springer, member of Congress from my own district, giving a brief statement of what I knew on the subject, and asking him to put me in the way to learn more. In due time a communication came to me from Hon. Green B. Raum, Commissioner of Pensions, who informed me that all the records of the Revolutionary War, in possession of the Government at Washington, were in the custody of the Pension Bureau.

Gen. Raum caused a copy to be made from the records, which shows that my grandfather, Joseph Power, was born March 11, 1764, near Leesburg, Loudon county, Virginia; that in November, 1780, he was drafted for two months, and was not required to do any service, except to march to Fredericksburg and return home to await further orders.

In February, 1781, he was drafted for three months, marched to Williamsburg, to Yorktown, back to Williamsburg and Jamestown, guarding places and watching the movements of the enemy.

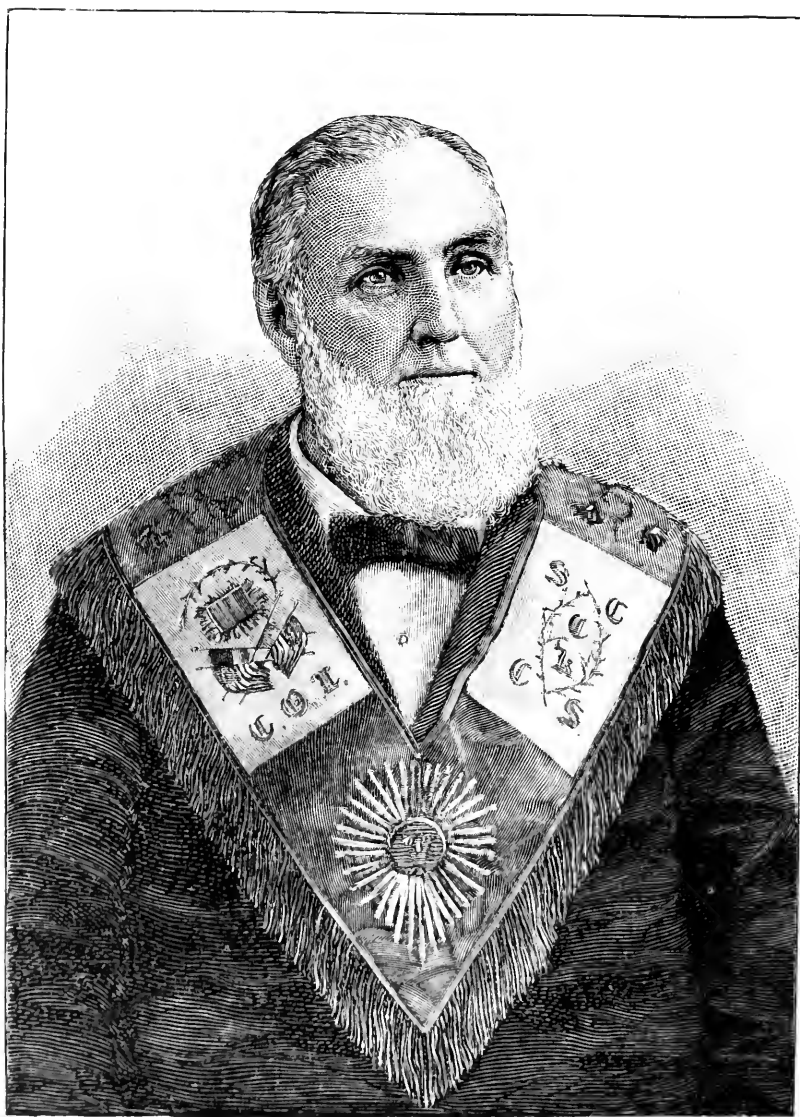
In the latter part of August, 1781, my grandfather, Joseph Power, enlisted for three months, under Capt. Augustus Elgin, to serve in the Battalion commanded by Major George West, marched to Yorktown, joined the main army, participated in the Siege of Yorktown, and the capture of the British army and its commander, Lord Cornwallis, October 19, 1781.

March 19, 1890, a full copy of the transcript from the records at Washington, was filed with the Secretary of the Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in Chicago, and upon that evidence my name was enrolled as a member, only a few days before the death of the President of the Society, Gen. George Crook.

My grandfather, Joseph Power, died in Fleming County, Kentucky, June 4, 1849, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

There is a curious family tradition on the maternal side of my ancestors. The story is, that sometime during the sixteenth century, after a great storm, in which many ships were wrecked off the coast of Holland, a large wooden bowl was





**J. C. POWER, CUSTODIAN NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,**  
AS AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE  
**LINCOLN GRAND GUARD OF HONOR, CALIFORNIA DIVISION,**  
Photographed on his 70th Birthday, by PITTMAN.

found afloat, with a boy babe in it, quietly sleeping. He was very appropriately christened "Sea Bowl." He became a strong, healthy man, married, and raised a family. In time the two words constituting his name became one, and with a little difference in orthography, constituted the surname of his descendants. One of them, Jasper Seybold, found his way into the colony, now State of Maryland, and there married a Miss Carroll, belonging to one of the numerous Carroll families of that State. Jasper Seybold and his wife moved to Fleming county, Kentucky, also, where they raised a family of six sons and six daughters.

John Power, from Loudon county, Virginia, when he grew to manhood, married one of the Seybold daughters—Sally Seybold. They were my parents. I was born in Fleming county, Kentucky, September 19, 1819, and supplied with the name at the head of this sketch. John Carroll Power and Sarah A. Harris were married May 14, 1845, at Aurora, Indiana, her native place. Her father, William Tell Harris, who died many years ago, was an accomplished linguist. He was a native Englishman. His grandfather, William Fox, founded the first Sunday School Society in the world, in the city of London, September 7, 1785. Mrs. Power's grandfather on the maternal side was Rev. John Wadsworth, a clergyman of the Church of England. He was rector of one parish near the city of Manchester for about forty years. Mrs. Power was educated at Granville, Ohio, in an institution conducted by the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which her parents were members.

The attempt to steal the body of Lincoln attracted almost universal attention, and was commented on in ways almost innumerable. Being then, as now, Custodian of the Monument, my name was often mentioned. Before that I had formed a very pleasant acquaintance with General Edwin A. Sherman, while he was in the U. S. Government service at Reno, Nevada, and after the removal of his headquarters to San Francisco, and his residence to Oakland, California. He had visited the Lincoln Monument, and is at the head of The Lincoln Grand Guard of Honor, which holds Lincoln Memorial Services in many towns and cities on the Pacific slope. We have kept up a pleasant correspondence from our first meeting to the present time. Gen. Sherman prepared a beautiful

testimonial in recognition of the services of the Custodian. It is composed of a sonnet, with a likeness of the Custodian, the whole surmounted by a profile of Lincoln. It is intended to be, and is, framed. It is altogether so complimentary that I have heretofore refrained from publishing it. But now that it forms part of history, I insert it here:

TO JOHN CARROLL POWER.

BY MAJOR E. A. SHERMAN, RENO, NEVADA.

Oh, guardian of a Nation's trust,  
Still watchful o'er the sacred dust  
Of martyred Lincoln—immortal gem  
In Freedom's treasured diadem,  
Of all the true beneath the sun,  
Thou faithful soldier—knight! "Well done!"  
Let this be thine emolument;  
Thou hast kept his monument!  
No jackal, lynx, nor prowling ghoul,  
Nor midnight thief with burglar's tool,  
Nor traitor spy, nor murderous knave,  
Can rob the Martyred Lincoln's grave,  
The Jewel's safe beneath the tower—  
'Tis guarded well by Honor's Power.

Later, Gen. Sherman summoned some of his immediate friends, and they purchased and sent to the Custodian still other valuable testimonials. One is in the form of a collar, of the richest red, white and blue silk, lined with crimson satin. Gold fringe is pendent from all parts of it, and the entire surface is covered with patriotic emblems in gold. Accompanying the collar came a massive ring of gold. On the outside of the ring, in addition to some cabalistic letters and characters, the sun and all-seeing eye; 57, the number they gave him as an honorary member of their local society, is enclosed in a triangle; 21, the number Illinois occupies as a member of the American Union of States, is enclosed in a five pointed star; 13, the number of the original States of the Union; 38, the number of States when it was sent; and 56, the number of the signers to the Declaration of American Independence; also the number of the years of Lincoln's age at the time of his death. These latter numbers are each enclosed in a circle. Inside, the ring bears the inscription, "To Sup. Cust., G. G. C., John C. Power, Springfield, Ill. From his California Fraters."



Not having any children to take an interest in these souvenirs, it is my desire that they shall be deposited and kept in The Lincoln Guard of Honor cabinet, which we expect to have prepared and placed in Memorial Hall of the National Lincoln Monument.

I was elected secretary of our organization, and by reëlections have continued to occupy the same position.

#### EDWARD SHRADER JOHNSON

Was born August 29, 1843, in Springfield, Illinois. He received such education as the public schools of Springfield afforded, and in addition to that, served four years' apprenticeship at the printing business. He was engaged with his father in the boot, shoe and leather trade when the slaveholders' rebellion broke out. He enlisted on the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men, April, 1861, in Co. I, 7th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for three months; was appointed first sergeant, and served as such the full time of his enlistment. He reënlisted July 24, 1861, for three years, in the same company and regiment, at Mound City, Illinois. Sergeant Johnson remained there in charge of the regimental property while the company returned home on furlough. At the election of officers in Springfield, notwithstanding his absence, he was elected First Lieutenant, and served as such until February 15, 1862, when he was promoted to Captain, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Captain Noah E. Mendell, who was killed in battle at Fort Donelson two days before. Captain Johnson commanded his company until Dec. 22, 1863, when he reënlisted with his company as a veteran. He continued in command until April 22, 1864, when he was promoted to Major of the regiment. Major Johnson was appointed by Gen. John M. Corse, September 30, 1864, Post Commandant at Rome, Georgia, and served as such until the movement of the grand army on Sherman's "march to the sea," in November following. He then returned to his regiment until all were mustered out, July 25, 1865.

Major E. S. Johnson participated in the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, siege and capture of Corinth, Florence, Savannah, Bentonville, besides innumerable skirmishes amounting almost to battles.

While the Major was on detached duty, his only brother, John W. Johnson, two years younger than himself, and a member of the same company and regiment, was killed Oct. 4, 1864, at the battle of Allatoona Pass, Georgia.

Major Johnson was engaged in business in Springfield from the close of the rebellion for more than two years. In consequence of impaired health, and for observation, he planned a European tour, and in company with Dr. Rufus S. Lord (now deceased), left Springfield March 30, 1868. They went by steamer from New York to Liverpool, thence to London, and from there to Paris. From Paris they went to Nice, on the Mediterranean, entered Italy at Genoa, thence to Pisa, Leghorn and Naples. They visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius, etc., etc. From Naples to Rome, Florence and Verona. In Austria they visited Trieste and Vienna, thence to Dresden, in Prussia. From there to Berlin, Potsdam, Cologne, down the Rhine to Coblenz and Mayence, where they left the Rhine and visited Baden Baden, Heidelberg and Strasbourg; entered Switzerland at Basle, thence to Berne, Luzerne, Mount Rigi, Martigny, and by the mountain pass, Tete Noir, to Chamounix, in the midst of the mountain region including Mont Blanc. Thence to Geneva, and from there to Paris, where he met Dr. Lord, from whom he had separated at Strasbourg. From Paris they went to London, thence to Edinburg, Scotland, and back to Liverpool, where they took steamer for New York. From the latter city they proceeded to Saratoga, Ticonderoga, on Lake George, Plattsburg, Ogdensburg, Prescott, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Sarnia, where they took steamer for Chicago, reaching Springfield early in September, having spent more than five months in physically and mentally invigorating travel.

Edward S. Johnson was married August 10, 1869, in Springfield, to Laura I. Clinton, who was born October 21, 1848, in Springfield, also. They have three children—Edward Russell, Robert Stanton and Mary Clinton.

Mr. Joel Johnson, the father of Edward S., was a native of Massachusetts. In 1835 he commenced keeping hotel in Springfield, and continued in the business forty-two years. Late in life he founded one of the principal hotels in Springfield, and in honor of a historic name and event of his native

State, called it the "Revere House." Soon after Edward S. returned from his European tour he was associated with his father in the hotel business, and on the death of the latter, in May, 1877, became the proprietor of the Revere House, which he is conducting at the present time—1889.

After the attempt to steal the remains of President Lincoln, in selecting only men who were known to be true and trusty to guard them, the writer, having been deeply impressed with his brilliant record as a soldier for the preservation of the Union, and his many other excellent qualities, invited Major Edward S. Johnson to join us, which he accepted, and became one of the nine who organized The Lincoln Guard of Honor. He has been prompt and faithful in the discharge of every duty. Now that our work is done, he, with the others forming our band, will, no doubt, remain a member for life.

#### JAMES FLOYD McNEILL.

James F. McNeill was born October 15, 1841, in Springfield, Illinois, and was educated in the public schools, and graduated in the High School of that city. Two months before he was twenty-one years of age he enlisted, August 12, 1862, for three years in Co. G, 114th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, to aid in suppressing the great slaveholders' rebellion. He was promoted to sergeant-major, served the full term of his enlistment and three days over, and was honorably discharged Aug 15, 1865. He was afterwards clerk in the office of Adjutant-General of the State. Then he became corresponding clerk in the First National Bank of Springfield, Illinois, and remained with that institution until the spring of 1883, when he resigned in order to go into business at Oskaloosa, Iowa. He is now—1889—assistant cashier in The Farmers and Traders National Bank of that city.

The origin of this branch of the McNeill family in America was with two brothers—John and Archibald McNeill—who emigrated from Scotland in 1770. Archibald was a physician, and settled in Georgia. John was a General in the British army. He took leave of absence and settled in Kent county, in the colony of Maryland. When the war was commenced by England, in 1775, against the colonists, because they would not submit to taxation without representation, Gen. McNeill

was ordered home for duty, but refused to go, his sympathies being with the colonists. He aided them in many ways without entering the Revolutionary army, and was trusted by them in return. At one time some American officers were holding a consultation at his residence. He discovered a man under a window, eavesdropping. He walked back and forth by the window, with apparent unconcern, until he threw the man off his guard, and then, with a sudden movement, plunged his cane through the glass into the face of the eavesdropper, who, with a howl of pain, escaped with the loss of an eye.

When General McNeill declined to obey the summons of his government, to be put in a position to fight the colonists, which he believed would be wrong, that was very near of kin to doing the right, by fighting for them. So that, if such a term were admissible, he was negatively a Revolutionary soldier and officer.

Gen. John McNeill had two sons. His eldest son, Francis Asbury McNeill, was born in Maryland in 1809, the same year in which Abraham Lincoln was born. He became a minister in the Methodist Episcopal church, and in time his health failed so that he could not regularly continue public speaking. That caused him to turn his attention to the study of medicine, and in 1834 became a graduate as Doctor of Medicine, at the University of Maryland, in Baltimore. Dr. F. A. McNeill moved with his family to Springfield, in 1835, where he practiced medicine for twelve years, still retaining his ministerial connection. In 1847 he again resumed his ministerial labors, which he regarded as the real work of his life. After about five years thus spent, he was again compelled to abandon it.

His great abhorrence of human slavery led him to feel that it was not derogatory to his ministerial profession for him to take part in politics, and he was a delegate from Ogle county, Illinois, to the convention at Bloomington, in 1856, which gave birth to the Republican party in Illinois. Being personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, he was among the first to advocate, as an editor at Mt. Morris and in public speeches, his election to the office of President of the United States. He was one of the Representatives from Ogle county in the Legislature of Illinois when the rebellion commenced in 1861. He was, at different times, army surgeon and army chaplain, both in the field and at different posts. Rev. Fran-

cis A. McNeill, M. D., died February 3, 1872, at Mount Morris, Ogle county, Illinois. His eldest living son bears the name at the head of this sketch.

The most difficult part of preparing these sketches of our members, has been to induce the six who each did gallant service in the Union army, to give a plain statement of their individual services. This reluctance comes, doubtless, through fear lest they should seem to magnify their own achievements, which is one of many evidences that the truly brave man is always modest and unassuming. Not having an opportunity, after I commenced the preparation of them, for a personal interview with Mr. McNeill, I finally drew from him a written statement, which I give *verbatim*. His comrades speak of him in the highest terms, but there could not be anything more modest than this statement:

"As to the battles I was in during the war, I can make no great boast. It was my fortune—good or bad—to be considered smart enough for clerical work at Quartermaster's Department and sundry Headquarters of District, Post, etc., until the greater part of my term of enlistment had expired before I could get to my regiment, which was done after much struggling on my part. After I joined the regiment I was with it until mustered out, in all its duty, beginning at the terrible disaster of Guntown, Mississippi, which misfortune was retrieved shortly after at Tupelo; thence through Arkansas and Missouri to Nashville, Tennessee, and winding up at the siege and capture of Mobile. Yet, as I say, my experience in battles, as compared with so many, is to me no foundation for claim to meritorious mention. I think it was to my hurt that I was detached from my regiment so long, and it was not my seeking or preference, but I, soldier-like, could only submit."

[To have served from Guntown to Mobile would not admit of a disparaging remark, from any other than the man who rendered the service.—EDITOR.]

After his service in the army in time of war, James F. McNeill took an active part in military affairs, while in Springfield, in connection with the Illinois National Guard. He was the first Adjutant General of the Second Brigade, under Gen. E. N. Bates, which position he resigned to accept the adjutancy of the Fifth Regiment, under Col. James H. Barkley, and was promoted to the office of Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, which office he held until his resignation, when he was about to move from the State to Iowa, in 1883.

James F. McNeill was married in Springfield, November 18, 1872, to Miss Julia E. Hibbs, a native of New York city. They have two children—Walter F. and Mabel.

Mr. McNeill, being one of the nine who organized it, was elected Treasurer of The Lincoln Guard of Honor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office until his removal from the State. He still retains his membership, and will do so for life. He, with his family, reside at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

#### JOSEPH PERRY LINDLEY.

Joseph P. Lindley was born March 20, 1842, at Mansfield, Ohio. His parents were both natives of Pennsylvania, were married there, and moved to Ohio in 1821. They both died when the subject of this sketch was seven years of age. He was engaged in business in Ohio county, Kentucky, when the slaveholders' rebellion commenced. In 1863 he entered the telegraph service as operator, in connection with railroading. In 1867 he became the local ticket agent at Springfield, Illinois, of the Chicago & Alton railroad, and has occupied that position continuously to the present time—1889.

Joseph P. Lindley and Miss Julia A. Herndon were married in Springfield, November 19, 1878. They have one son, Joseph Fleetwood Lindley, born April 4, 1887.

Mr. Lindley has been a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity for many years, and is now Eminent Commander of Elwood Commandery No. 6, Knights Templar, in Springfield.

Mr. Lindley was in full sympathy with the Union cause during the war, and in connection with telegraphy and railroading, his services, though not equal in aid of suppressing the rebellion, were next in importance to carrying a musket.

By consulting the eighty-second and two succeeding pages of this volume, it will be seen that Mr. Lindley was one of the six men who prepared for the secret burial of President Lincoln's body, by placing it in a receptacle for that purpose on the night of November 18, 1878. For want of time, and the desire to get out of the suffocating atmosphere in which we were compelled to labor, it was not completed that night, but the grave was left about midnight for the Custodian to fill up. The next day Mr. Lindley was married, and was away on his wedding tour, when the Custodian received warning, through the U. S. mail, of possible danger on the night of November 21. The absence of Mr. Lindley on his pleasant mission, the demands on the time of McNeill, Johnson and

the Custodian, by the great number of visiting Odd Fellows in the city, made it devolve on Dana and Reece to fill up the grave on November 22, as will be seen by the reference above.

Joseph P. Lindley was one of the nine men who, by mutual agreement, assembled in Memorial Hall in the monument and organized The Lincoln Guard of Honor. As a member of that organization he has ever been true and faithful in the discharge of every duty. When Mr. McNeill moved to Iowa in 1883, thus vacating the office of Treasurer, Mr. Lindley, at the informal request of the other members, discharged the duties of the office *pro tem.* to the end of Mr. McNeill's term. At the annual election in 1884, Mr. Lindley was elected Treasurer, and has continued by reelection to the present time—1889. He will doubtless fill the office, the duties of which are now nominal, to the end of his life.

#### NOBLE BATES WIGGINS.

Noble B. Wiggins was born October 21, 1841, on a farm at Newburgh, near Cleveland, Ohio. His remote ancestors were from England and Wales. His father was a native of Montpelier, Vermont, and his mother of Newburgh, Ohio.

N. B. Wiggins was brought up to farm labor in summer, and attending district school in winter. In the fall of 1859 he was placed in the educational institution at Hiram, Ohio, presided over by James A. Garfield. After two years devoted to study he enlisted, September 19, 1861, at Newburgh, Ohio, in Co. G, 42d Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, for three years. The 42d regiment was commanded by Col. James A. Garfield until he was promoted to Brigadier General, in the line of promotion that led up to the office of President of the United States.

In order that the reader may understand something of the hardships endured by the young men who volunteered to sustain the government of our country, while others under just the same obligation to sustain it, were in armed rebellion against its lawful authority, I will give a brief synopsis of what one of the most fortunate of those young men endured—fortunate because he got through without the loss of life or limb.

After Private Wiggins' enlistment, the regiment went into Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio, October 8. The men were employed in constant drilling until the last of December, when

the regiment was ordered to Big Sandy river, West Virginia. Twelve days after leaving Camp Chase, January 10, 1862, they were led into the battle of Middle Creek by Col. Garfield. The rebels were commanded by Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky. In February the regiment made a forced march of twenty-five miles in one day and captured Pound Gap, an important strategic point. A month or two later, the 42d was sent to Louisville, and from there to Lexington, Kentucky. From there they marched across the State to Cumberland Gap, another important point, arriving in July. There Private Wiggins was promoted to corporal, and assigned to color-guard of the regiment. In August they were in the battle of Tazewell, Claibourne county, Tennessee. In September the 42d left the Gap for a march across the State of Kentucky to Greensburg, on the Ohio river, one of the hardest marches recorded during the war, and their only subsistence for sixteen days was parched and grated corn. The regiment crossed over into the State of Ohio, and after three weeks rest in camp, were ordered up the Kanawha valley to Charleston, West Virginia. In November, the 42d went down the Kanawha, Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Memphis, Tennessee, and from there to the mouth of the Yazoo river, arriving December 25. On the morning of the 26th they left their boats. From that to the 30th they were in one continuous battle, ending in the charge of Chickasaw Bayou, one of the hardest fought battles of the war. In this series of battles the entire forces on the Union side were commanded by Gen. W. T. Sherman. January 1, 1863, the 42d went down the Yazoo to the Mississippi river, and went into camp at Young's Point. January 10 the 42d, with other forces, were in the battle of Arkansas Post, under command of Gen. John A. McClernand, of Springfield, Illinois. After that battle they were ordered back to Young's Point, and worked on the canal intended to cut Vicksburgh off from navigation. In March they were sent to Milliken's Bend, from there across the country to a point below Vicksburg. There the 42d Ohio Infantry became a part of the vast army under Gen. U. S. Grant that, about May 1, commenced the siege that terminated July 4, 1863, in the capture of all the strongholds of the rebels, with vast quantities of arms and munitions of war, in and around Vicksburg, Mississippi, with forty thousand prisoners of war.



From there the 42d Regiment was transferred to the Army of the Gulf. Corporal Wiggins was promoted to First Sergeant. They had no more hard fighting, but were constantly on the move, serving nearly two and a half months over the term of his enlistment. Sergeant Wiggins was mustered out with his regiment, receiving an honorable discharge, at Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1864.

A summary of the services of Sergeant Wiggins may be stated something like the following: He marched four times across the State of Kentucky. All his marching reached over 3,000 miles, and the longest period he was permitted to remain in any one camp was three months, in 1864, at Plaquemine, Louisiana.

The important battles in which he bore a part, were: Middle Creek, Ky., Pound Gap, Ky., Cumberland Gap and the capture of Tazewell, Tenn.; sixteen days constant skirmishing, on parched corn rations, from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio river; Chickasaw Bayou or Haines' Bluff; Arkansas Post and siege and capture of Vicksburg.

This may appear like an extended notice, but it really compresses into the very smallest limits, that which may be said of a large majority of more than a million of men, who so loved their country that they were willing to cast their lives in the balance, against others of almost equal numbers, who had determined that if they could not use the machinery of government to rule the fairest land on earth, in the interest of slavery and oppression, they would ruin it. The mental and physical strain of years of marching and fighting, with carnage of battle and witnessing the burial of comrades by thousands in trenches, would seem to be sufficient to obliterate all the finer feelings of our nature. But we find, that like hundreds of thousands of others, Sergeant Wiggins passed through it all, and came out one of the most kindly and genial of gentlemen.

He remained at and about his former home in Ohio nearly two and a half years.

Newburg is the home of a branch of the famous hotel family of the Lelands. April 6, 1867, N. B. Wiggins left Ohio, for Springfield, Illinois, and became identified with the new Leland Hotel, just completed in that place, by a joint stock company, at a cost of \$320,000.

Noble B. Wiggins and Clarissa P. Leland were married Oct. 21, 1869, at Newburgh, Ohio. They have two sons and a daughter; Horace Leland Wiggins, born March 27, 1871; Lewis N. Wiggins, born May 22, 1876, and Lucy Alice Wiggins, born July 7, 1881, all three in Springfield, Illinois. They have also an adopted son, Jerome A. Leland, born in New York City, July 30, 1874. The father of the latter, Major George S. Leland, was a brother of Mrs. Wiggins. Major Leland was Chief Commissary in the Union army, and was stationed at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, during the year 1863 and 4. Major Leland died at New York, August 3, 1882.

N. B. Wiggins has always taken much interest in military affairs, and since the Illinois National Guard was organized, under the laws of the State, in the year 1877, he has been on the military staff, successively, of all the Governors of the State—Beveridge, Cullom, Hamilton, Oglesby and Fifer. He now—1889—holds the rank of Colonel and A. D. C.

Colonel N. B. Wiggins was one of the nine men who organized The Lincoln Guard of Honor, and has always been prompt in the discharge of every duty connected with the same, and like each of the others, he will be a member for life.

With his brother-in-law, Horace S. Leland, under the firm name of Leland & Wiggins, they are the owners and proprietors of the Leland Hotel and Leland farm, at Springfield, Illinois. (July, 1889.) Horace S. Leland died at the Leland Hotel, August 4, 1889, leaving Mr. Wiggins in charge of the hotel.

#### HORACE CHAPIN.

Horace Chapin was born December 27, 1827, at Springfield, Massachusetts. He is in the seventh generation from Deacon Samuel Chapin, who as one of the Boston colony, was among the first to leave there and settle in Springfield. Quartus Chapin, in the sixth generation from Deacon Samuel Chapin, was the father of the subject of this sketch. Quartus Chapin, on the day he was twenty-one years of age, enlisted in Captain Carew's company of Massachusetts militia, and shouldered his musket in defense of Boston, in the war with England in 1812. Quartus Chapin afterwards married Ruby Sexton, of Somers, Connecticut. They lived many years in the town of Chicopee, Hamden county, Massachusetts, mov-

ing from there to Concord, Morgan county, Illinois, in 1853, where he was engaged in farming until his death, which occurred in 1858. The son, Horace Chapin, was educated at Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Massachusetts. In 1849, he went to Perrineville, Monmouth county, New Jersey. There, and at two other points in the same county, he spent three years in teaching. From there he came to Morgan county, Illinois, in 1853, where, in company with his brother Lyman, they purchased land, and opened successfully a large stock and grain farm. A part of that farm has become a villiage of four or five hundred inhabitants, and bears the name of Chapin. It is on the Wabash railroad, ten miles west of Jacksonville.

Horace Chapin and Miss Augusta Swazey, a native of Buckport, Maine, were married January 10, 1859, at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

When the war of the rebellion opened, Horace Chapin was in full tide of his farming operations. He was importuned by ten or more of his workmen to go into the army, who said, "If you will go, we will go with you." Hastily making arrangements for leaving his farming interests in the hands of his brother Lyman, he enlisted August 20, 1861, in Co. K, 27th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for three years, and was soon after raised to the rank of First Lieutenant of the company. After the battle of Belmont, Missouri, November 7, 1861, he was promoted to Captain of Co. D, in the same regiment, which company he commanded in the battles of Union City, Island No. 10, and Corinth, Mississippi; Nashville, LaVergne and Stone River, Tennessee, and Chickamauga, Georgia. In the battle of Chickamauga, September, 20, 1863, he received a gunshot wound in the ankle joint of his right leg. Nine weeks later the leg was amputated about three inches below the knee. Capt. Chapin afterwards received a recommendation signed by Gen. Sheridan, his Division commander, Col. Bradley, his Brigade commander, and all the officers of his own regiment, for a position in the Invalid Corps, which he declined to apply for, but returned home and was honorably discharged, being mustered out of the service in September, 1864. He removed his family from Chapin to Jacksonville, where he was appointed assistant United States assessor in the Tenth District of Illinois. He served in that capacity from July, 1865, to April, 1867, when

he was appointed postmaster at Jacksonville, by President Johnson, and reappointed by President Grant, serving, in all, four years.

In April, 1867, Captain Chapin purchased a two-thirds interest in the Jacksonville daily and weekly *Journal*. He assumed the business management of the same in July, 1871. In April, 1875, Mr. M. F. Simmons purchased one-third interest in the paper of Mr. R. H. Hobart, the editor, and one-half of Captain Chapin's interest. By this transaction, Mr. Simmons became two-thirds owner, and assumed editorial control, leaving Captain Chapin one-third owner and business manager. In 1876 he disposed of his remaining interest, and in September, 1878, purchased an interest in the property and associated press franchise of the *Illinois State Journal*, at Springfield, the oldest newspaper in the State, and became its business manager. In February, 1885, Mr. Chapin sold out his interest in the *State Journal*, and has not since been in the newspaper business.

While Captain Chapin lived in Springfield, The Lincoln Guard of Honor was organized. The writer of this thought that a man who had made such sacrifices for the principles Lincoln died for, could be trusted to guard his tomb; he therefore called upon and invited the Captain to take part in instituting a society for that purpose. The invitation was, after due consideration, accepted, and every duty connected with it has been faithfully and patriotically discharged. He will doubtless remain a member for life.

Captain Chapin has no children. Himself and wife are members of the Congregational church, and reside in Jacksonville, Illinois.

#### CLINTON LEVERING CONKLING.

Clinton L. Conkling was born in Springfield, Illinois, Oct. 16, 1843. His remote ancestors, on his father's side, came from England about 1650, and settled at Salem, Massachusetts, and afterwards moved to East Hampton, Long Island, New York, from whence the family spread through New York State and elsewhere in the country.

The Levering family settled, before the American Revolution, at Germantown, now part of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Some of their descendents moved into Maryland. James C. Conkling, a native of New York city, became a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey, came to Springfield, Illinois, in November, 1838, and was admitted to the bar the following winter. He was married in Baltimore, Maryland, September 21, 1841, to Miss Merey A. Levering, a native of that city. They are the parents of the subject of this sketch.

Hon. James C. Conkling was cotemporary with Abraham Lincoln from the time they both began to practice law in Springfield, until Mr. Lincoln became President of the United States. Mr. Conkling now, after more than half a century of continuous practice in the State and Federal courts, and the administration of many public trusts, with snow-white locks, moves with a step as elastic as that of many a younger man. He continues to reside in Springfield. He was one of the original members of the National Lincoln Monument Association, and is now a member of the same, reorganized as the Lincoln Monument Association.

When Clinton L. Conkling was a boy there were no public schools in Springfield, as we understand the term now; but through such public schools as there were, and private tuition, he acquired sufficient education to prepare him for college. In 1860 he was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut, and graduated there in 1864. He was admitted to practice law in the State and Federal courts in 1867, at Springfield, Illinois, and has since been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States.

A little episode in connection with his college days is indelibly impressed on the mind of Mr. Conkling. He was spending his vacation in the city of Baltimore, with relatives on his mother's side. On the ever memorable April 19, 1861, when the first Union soldiers from Massachusetts, passing through that city on their way to the capital of the nation, were assailed by a rebel mob with paving stones and gunshots, and some of their number killed. The soldiers, in return, fired on the mob, and killed some of their number. This was the first blood shed by the great slaveholder's rebellion. C. L. Conkling, then but little more than seventeen years of age, was on the outskirts of the mob, where people of Union and secession sentiments indiscriminately commingled. He saw that fighting was going on, and finally that lives had been lost on both

sides. He remembers distinctly the impressions made upon his own mind, that war had actually commenced, but where it would end, no mortal could tell. For ten or twelve days after that, he was unable to get a telegram to his parents in Springfield, or to get out of the city.

It is a memorable coincidence that this was the eighty-sixth anniversary of the first blood shed in the American Revolution, at Lexington, Massachusetts, April 19, 1775. Later in the war, when everything in Baltimore was completely under control of the government, it so happened that young Conkling was again there on a visit when a rebel raid under Gilmore, the famous cavalry leader, was made into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Mr. Conkling remembers that the excitement was, for a time, almost as great as that of April nineteenth.

Mr. Conkling has never been a seeker after official positions to any considerable extent, although he has discharged some important duties in connection with county affairs. He has been connected with the public city library of Springfield, for some years, as director. He is now President of the Board of Education for the city of Springfield, and is generally interested in public affairs.

Clinton L. Conkling and Miss Georgie Barrell were married March 12, 1868, in Springfield. They have two daughters, Georgie B. Conkling and Katharine L. Conkling.

At the organization of the National Lincoln Monument Association, May 11, 1865, C. L. Conkling was elected Secretary, though not a member of the Association. He served through the time of and superintended all the heaviest work, such as preparing and sending out circulars and recording the contributions as they came in. In consequence of business engagements he tendered his resignation as Secretary Dec. 28, 1865, which was accepted Jan. 18, 1866.

When the time came that it was believed organized protection of the body of President Lincoln against ghouls and vandals was necessary, great caution was exercised, in order that none but the trustworthy should be placed on guard. Clinton L. Conkling was invited to be one of the little band. Upon the object and necessity for such an organization being explained to him, he entered heartily into the spirit of it, and was one of the nine who, by mutual agreement, organized

The Lincoln Guard of Honor. As will be seen in the record, he has often aided very materially in our Memorial services, and always contributed liberally to defray the expenses. Although there is not likely to be anything further for us to do, he, with all the others, will remain a member for life.

He is now—1889—a member of the law firm of Conkling & Grout, practicing attorneys of Springfield, Illinois.

THE END.











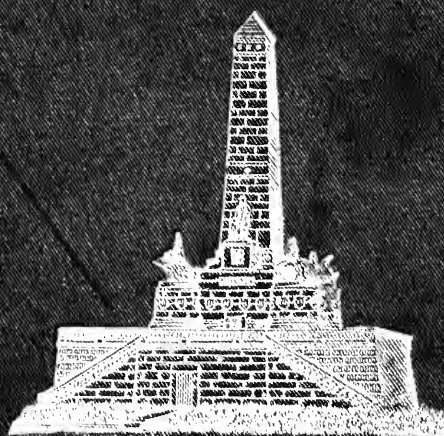




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